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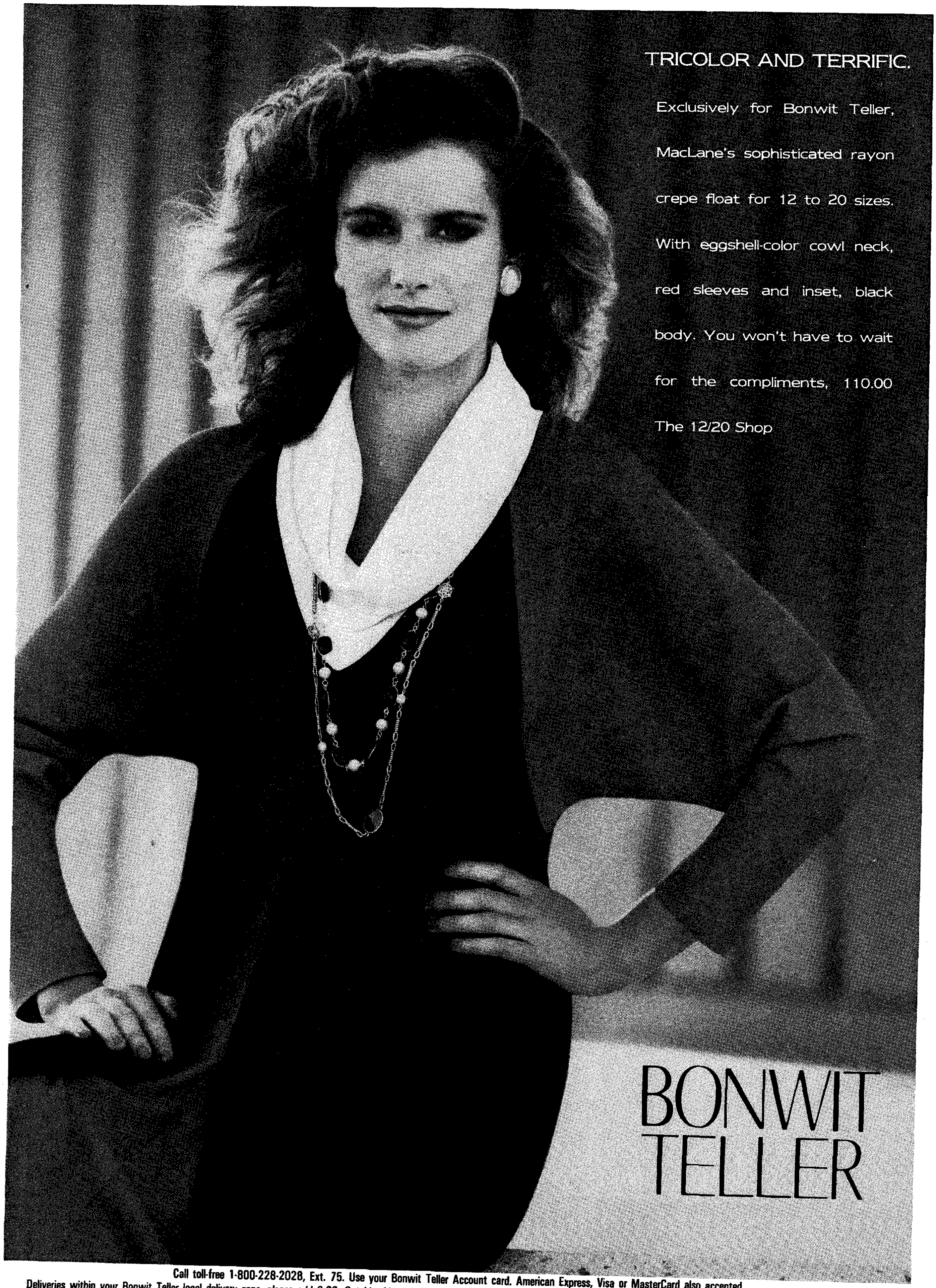

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Ah, Wilderness!—O'Neill's domestic comedy of innocence at the turn of the century is so charming, so funny, and so firmly crafted that all it needs is a passable performance. Several members of the company assembled by the Roundabout for its pleasant production are considerably better than passable, notably Philip Bosco as the father of the family that the play is about; Scott Burkholder as his moonstruck, bookish middle son; Robert Nichols as his bibulous brother-in-law; and Laurinda Barrett as his spinster sister. (Haft, 227 W. 27th St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, July 24.)

Beckett Plays—Three brief plays by Samuel Beckett. The haunting "Catastrophe," in which David Warrilow gives a silent, eloquent performance, first appeared in this magazine. Alan Schneider was the impeccable director. (Reviewed in our issue of 6/27/83.) (Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Breakfast with Les and Bess—Holland Taylor and Keith Charles in a comedy by Lee Kalcheim. (Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Brighton Beach Memoirs—Neil Simon's new and reputedly autobiographical comedy is worth seeing for the performance by Matthew Broderick as its fifteen-year-old hero. (4/11/83) (Neil Simon Theatre, formerly the Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Caine Mutiny Court-Martial—An excellent revival of Herman Wouk's courtroom thriller about a dotty Navy captain in the Second World War. With Michael Moriarty, John Rubinstein, and half a dozen other admirable actors. (5/16/83) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Cats—A musical version of T. S. Eliot's "Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats." Music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, choreography by Gillian Lynne, and direction (and some lyrics) by Trevor Nunn. A superb spectacle, which may run for years and give cats the right to vote and hold office. (10/18/82) (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6222. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Cradle Will Rock—A spirited revival of Marc Blitzstein's "labor opera," with alumni of John Houseman's Acting Company. Mr. Houseman himself tells as a prologue the dramatic story of the show's original opening in 1937, with the late Mr. Blitzstein alone onstage at the piano. The actor-singers, notably Randle Mell, Michele-Denise Woods, and David Schramm, are splendid. (5/23/83) (Douglas Fairbanks Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

An Evening with Quentin Crisp—A revival of the one-man show, with new material from Mr. Crisp's book, "How to Become a Virgin." Preview Wednesday, July 13. Opens officially on Thursday, July 14. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 4.)

Extremities—Farrah Fawcett in a play by William Mastrosimone. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Fool for Love—Sam Shepard's play is as near a miracle as makes no matter—mysterious, funny, and beautiful. It is about two battling, loving lovers in a motel room at the edge of the Mojave Desert and about many other matters as well. Will Patton and Kathy Whitton Baker have the leading roles. Mr. Shepard directed. (6/6/83) (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, July 31.)

FunHouse—Eric Bogosian in a one-hour one-man show. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Thursday through Saturday at 8. Closes Saturday, July 16.)

Greater Tuna—Ronn Carroll and Michael Jeter portray twenty citizens (m. and f.) of the third-smallest town in Texas, in a play that is as broad as a cartoon but is also sharp and satiric and frequently funny. It was written by Jaston Williams, Joe Sears, and the director, Ed Howard. (11/1/82) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, July 17: Gilbert and Sullivan's **H.M.S. Pinafore.** . . . ¶ Starting Wednesday, July 20: Victor Herbert's **The Red Mill.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

Merlin—Doug Henning is an excellent illusionist and a sorry musical-comedy star. He should forget the Druids and stick to sawing comely women in two. (2/28/83) (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

My One and Only—Tommy Tune and Twiggy make a pair of delightful lovers in a musical whose book, by Peter Stone and Timothy S. Mayer, succeeds in embracing half a dozen classic Gershwin songs. An irresistible show. (5/9/83) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

'Night, Mother—A faultlessly written play by Marsha Norman, starring Kathy Bates and Anne Pitoniak. The subject matter is grim—a young woman's determination to commit suicide—but one is often amused as well as touched by the family verities that Miss Norman manages to bring to light as if for the first time. Tom Moore directed. (4/11/83)

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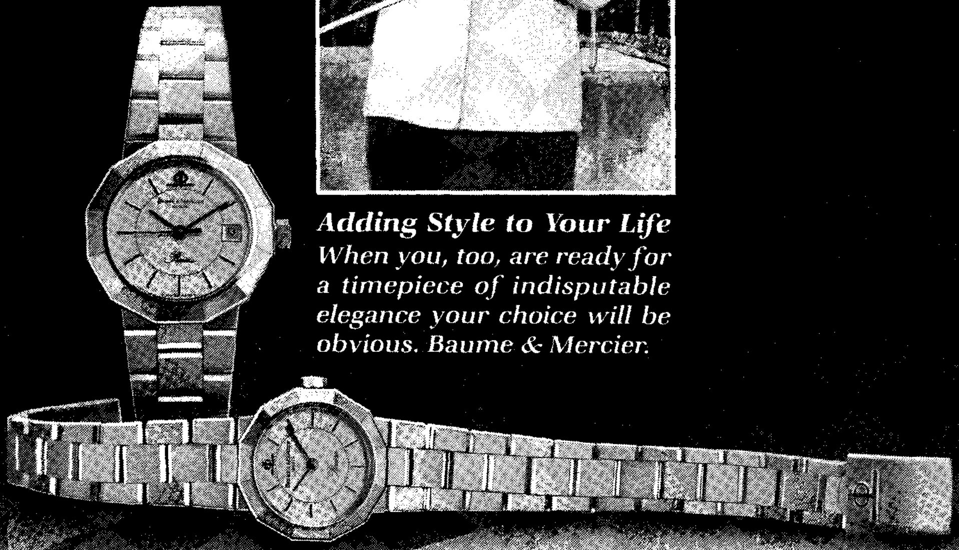

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

(Golden, 252 W 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2)

On Your Toes—A hit musical of 1936 that deserves to remain a hit, thanks to the music of Richard Rodgers, the lyrics of Lorenz Hart, the choreography of George Balanchine, and the direction by George Abbott, who also helped write the book. This production stars Galina Panova and Lara Teeter. (3/14/83) (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 977-9370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Passion—Frank Langella and Roxanne Hart head a fine cast in an oddly misshapen but always engrossing comedy about the perils of adultery. The author is Peter Nichols. (5/23/83) (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Private Lives—Richard Burton and (maybe) Elizabeth Taylor in an embarrassing betrayal of the classic Coward comedy (5/16/83) (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 575-9200. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, July 17.)

Quartermaine's Terms—The title character of Simon Gray's funny, sad comedy is a teacher whom loneliness has made even more bubble-brained than God did. Lee Richardson plays the leading role, and he is well supported by Roy Poole, Caitlin Clarke, Anthony Heald, and Dana Ivey. Kenneth Frankel directed. (3/7/83) (Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Ridiculous Theatrical Company—Presenting Charles Ludlam's **LE BOURGEOIS AVANT-GARDE.** (One Sheridan Square. 691-2271. Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8.)

Taking My Turn—A buoyant musical with Margaret Whiting, Tiger Haynes, Victor Griffin, Cissy Houston, Ted Thurston, and Mace Barrett, all of them noted singers and dancers who are presumed to be old but whose performances refute that presumption at every turn. The very good songs were written by Will Holt (lyrics) and Gary William Friedman (score). Robert H. Livingston was the able director. (6/20/83) (Entermedia, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 475-4191. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

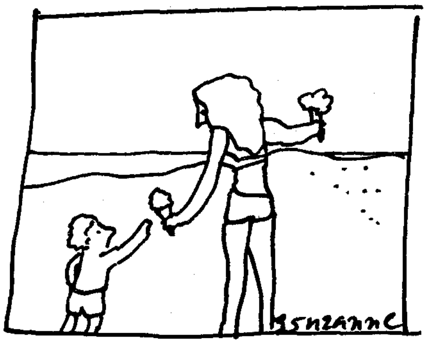
True West—Sam Shepard's comedy about two rival brothers in California, which was given an unsatisfactory production last season, has now been transformed by the clowning of Bruce Lyons and Dan Butler. Gary Sinise was the excellent director. (11/29/82) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Mondays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10.)

Winners—A revival of Brian Friel's beguiling comedy (with sad overtones) about a pair of lovers who spend a day on a hilltop above the Irish town of Ballymore. Bernard Shaw's larky **HOW HE LIED TO HER HUSBAND** makes a suitable prologue to this agreeable evening. (5/2/83) (Susan Bloch Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Yellow Fever—A delightful comedy-mystery that neatly parodies private-eye movies as it goes its merry way. The setting is the Asian section of Vancouver in the nineteen-seventies. R. A. Shiomi is the deft playwright. All the actors do well under Raul Aranas's direction. (1/17/83) (47th Street Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. 586-2696. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

You Can't Take It with You—A fine revival of the Kaufman-Hart comedy written in the thirties. Jason Robards heads the big and frolicsome cast; the director is Ellis Rabb. (4/18/83) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, July 17.)

Long Runs—**AGNES OF GOD:** John Pielmeier has written a three-sided discussion of mounting asperity conducted among a Mother Superior, a psychiatrist, and a nun who has given birth to (and perhaps murdered) a child. The cast consists of Diahann Carroll, Geraldine Page, and Maryann Plunkett. Michael Lindsay-Hogg is the director. Starting Tuesday, July 19, Lily Knight will replace Miss Plunkett. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **AMADEUS:** Peter Shaffer's method as a dramatist is to devise an intricate puzzle and then resolve it, displaying much wit and erudition along the way. The puzzle in this instance is whether Mozart was poisoned by his contemporary, the composer Antonio Salieri, or, no less wickedly, reduced by him to professional failure and poverty. David Birney plays the villainous Salieri, and Mark Hamill plays Mozart. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **CLOUD 9:** Caryl Churchill's comedy about the "confusion" of sexuality—first in a British outpost in Africa in 1880 and then in a park in London in 1980—is a clever and original work that adds a measure of confusion all its own. It is nimbly performed under Tommy Tune's brilliant direction. (Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE DINING ROOM:** The action of A. R. Gurney, Jr.,'s delightful play takes place over the past fifty years or so, in a formal dining room somewhere in New England, and this action is a matter of brief scenes about a large assortment of characters who are portrayed by six accomplished actors. David Trainer was the good director. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Wednesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 7 and 10; and Sunday at 7. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, July 17.) . . . **DREAMGIRLS:** Michael Bennett's whizbang and totally synthetic musical about show biz. The breeze is terrific. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 9,656 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Pleasant old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **JOSEPH AND THE AMAZING TECHNICOLOR DREAMCOAT:** A musical derived from the Old Testament story. Andrew Lloyd Webber composed the score and Tim Rice wrote the lyrics. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3) **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P Robinson designed the menacing plant, and it speaks and sings in the menacing baritone of Ron Taylor (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477 Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) **NINE:** A musical version of Fellini's "8½," with charming music and lyrics by Maury Yeston, a stunning set by Lawrence Miller, and sensationally attractive costumes by William Ivey Long, but the book (by Arthur Kopit) is an embarrassing anti-feminist tract. Sergio Franchi is the star (46th Street Theatre, 226 W 46th St. 221-1211. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2.) . . . **SISTER MARY IGNATIUS EXPLAINS IT ALL FOR YOU** and **THE ACTOR'S NIGHTMARE:** "Sister Ignatius," the second of Christopher Durang's brace of one-acters, is a scathing satire on Catholic education: a crazy nun verbally molests her small pupils until she is given her comeuppance by four visiting alumni. In the curtain-raiser, "The Actor's Nightmare," a businessman dreams that he is on a stage and forced to perform, giving rise to a cluster of shrewd parodies of respected playwrights. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **TORCH SONG TRILOGY:** Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by Harvey Fierstein, which star David Garrison as a Jewish homosexual hustler and drag queen. Jonathan Hadary substitutes for Mr. Garrison at the matinée performances. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)



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MISCELLANY

Radio City Music Hall—Sandy Duncan is the star of this year's summer show, "Five Six Seven Eight . . . Dance!" (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Daily, except Thursdays, at 2:30 and 8.)

Forbidden Broadway—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

DANCE

American Ballet Theatre—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday, July 13, at 2: "Symphonie Concertante," "Duets," "Sylvia Pas de Deux," and "N.Y. Export: Op. Jazz." . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 13, at 8: "Concerto" and "Giselle." . . . ¶ Thursday, July 14, at 8: "Symphonie Concertante," "La Sonnambula," and "Push Comes to Shove." . . . ¶ Friday, July 15, at 8: "Symphonie Concertante" and "Giselle." . . . ¶ Saturday, July 16, at 2: "Concerto" and "Giselle." . . . ¶ Saturday, July 16, at 8: "Follow the Feet," "Flower Festival Pas de Deux," and "Giselle." (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000.)

Roland Petit's Ballet National de Marseille—Opening performances of a two-week engagement that will run through Saturday, July 30—Monday, July 18, at 7:30; Tuesday, July 19, at 8; and Wednesday, July 20, and Saturday, July 23, at 2 and 8: "Proust-Les Intermittences du Coeur." . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, July 21-22, at 8: "Notre Dame de Paris." (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—Jazz in a lively Chelsea bar and restaurant bedecked with nautical stuff. Friday and Saturday, July 15-16, **HAL GALPER'S** trio will take over the tiny, four-foot-high bandstand, and on Friday and Saturday, July 22-23, **JAKI BYARD,** a free *and* stride pianist, bandleader, and jazz professor, will drop by with his trio. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A dark, large, carpeted club, with deep-blue tablecloths and a curvy bar. Pop-funk pianist Ramsey Lewis is here through Sunday, July 17; on Monday, July 18, pianist Bobby Enriquez will perform; and beginning Tuesday, July 19, flutist **DAVE VALENTIN** will lead his hot Latin-jazz band. Sets begin at ten.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The lineup: Wednesday and Thursday, July 13-14, UHF trumpeter **MAYNARD FERGUSON** and his orchestra; Friday, July 15, the Teenagers and Chicago-blues guitarist **LUTHER (GUITAR JUNIOR) JOHNSON;** Saturday, July 16, a benefit concert featuring **LOUDON WAINWRIGHT III** and fellow folkies; Tuesday, July 19, the **PHIL WOODS** quartet and the **PEPPER ADAMS–LOUIS HAYES** quartet; Wednesday and Thursday, July 20-21, Doug & the Slugs and **FOURTEEN KARAT SOUL;** and Friday and Saturday, July 22-23, O'Bryan. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A sophisticated New York bar; it has dark wood panelling, driven conversationalists, and some good musicians. Pianist **ROSS TOMPKINS** works with bassist **GEORGE MRAZ** through Saturday, July 16; on Monday, July 18, **HUGH LAWSON** and **CALVIN HILL** will begin piano-bass collaborations. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Broadway Joe's, 315 W. 46th St., near Eighth Ave. (246-6513)—Pianist **JIMMY LYON,** who works until ten at the Waldorf at a sumptuous Louis XVI Steinway that belonged to Cole Porter, performs after ten-thirty in this theatre-district bar and restaurant at a teeny, white trail-size Kawai that sounds pretty darn good. Mr. Lyon can be heard on Fridays and Saturdays. On Wednesdays and Thursdays, cornettist **WARREN VACHÉ** leads a trio from eleven to two.

Café Pierre, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI** plays fervent jazz disguised as hotel music Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one. Dining and dancing.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Exposed rafters, weathered, splintery wood posts, decrepit neon beer signs, and a general ramshackle feel. All this and rock and roll, too: Wednesday, July 13, Bad Brains and Toxic Reasons; Thursday, July 14, Jeanie Smith and Strate A's; Friday, July 15, Treble Boys; Saturday, July 16, Sonic Youth and Live Skull; and Tuesday, July 19, the Penetrators, Pale Face, and Brooklyn Dead. Shows nightly from long after nine-thirty.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**ALBERTA HUNTER,** at eighty-eight, proves that people today are singing the blues and old standards a lot longer. She's here with her trio from nine-thirty, through Saturday, July 16. On Monday, July 18, pianist **TEDDY WILSON,** who did wonders for Benny Goodman, Billie Holiday, and others, and who is still pretty wonderful, will arrive to perform at nine and eleven-fifteen. On Sundays, pianist Ronnell Bright plays. Dining.

Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—Plaid-flannel-shirt heaven during the non-summer months; it's T-shirt time now. Wednesday, July 13, Gallant Poachers; Saturday, July 16, Stacy Phillips; Wednesday, July 20, John Roberts and Tony Barrand; and Saturday, July 23, the Gridlock String Band. Music from nine.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The tradition-minded house sextet goes to work at eight-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Sunday, July 17, the Kenny Hing quintet will be onstage from about nine-fifteen. On Mondays, Ed Polcer's quintet has the floor, and on Wednesdays, the Bill Simon and George Simon quintet is here from five-thirty to eight-thirty. Dining.

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Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Electric violinist Noel Pointer, whose solos tend to be excessively rhapsodic, leads his outfit through Sunday, July 17; on Tuesday, July 19, two real bluesy tenor saxophonists, **HANK CRAWFORD** and **DAVID (FATHEAD) NEWMAN,** will take charge with their quintet. The first set begins at nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Folkie City, that is: Thursday, July 14, at eight and eleven, guitarists **JOHN RENBOURN** and **STEFAN GROSSMAN;** Friday, July 15, the Violent Femmes; Saturday, July 16, Frank Maya; Monday, July 18, Lynn Samuels; Tuesday, July 19, Andy Pasternack and Gerry Devine; Friday, July 22, Tex Rubinowitz and Johnny Seaton; and Saturday, July 23, the Harp Band. Music from about nine; Monday, which is hootenanny night, from about eight.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A big, echoing, soundstage-size space to hear music in: Wednesday and Thursday, July 13-14, **HILTON RUIZ** and **EDDIE GOMEZ,** a fine, driving piano-bass duo; Friday and Saturday, July 15-16, bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM** and pianist **BROSS TOWNSEND,** with singer Marilyn Johnson; Sunday through Tuesday, July 17-19, Mike Melillo; Wednesday and Thursday, July 20-21, pianist **JOHN HICKS;** and Friday and Saturday, July 22-23, Billy T. Scott. Music Mondays through Thursdays at eight-thirty, ten, and eleven-thirty; Fridays and Saturdays at eight, eleven, and one; and Sundays at seven, eight-thirty, and ten. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Pianist **RICHARD SUSSMAN'S** trio works through Sunday, July 17; on Wednesday, July 20, guitarist Matt McErlean will bring in his trio. Mondays, Baba Motta plays piano and sings, and on Tuesdays **CHUCK WAYNE,** whose guitar solos are still bebop fast, leads a trio. All these groups begin at about ten. Sundays from five to ten belong to pianist and singer Baba Motta, and Loumell Morgan plays piano the same hours Mondays through Fridays.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—The East Side twin—it's actually a little fancier—of a West Side hangout. This one attracts neatly dressed couples and hires jazz pianists. (The other attracts some of the West Side literati and plugs in a jukebox.) Tuesdays through Saturdays are currently the property of Washington, D.C., pianist **JOHN EATON.** On Sunday and Monday, July 17-18, **MIKE ABENE** will man the dining-room grand. Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—Five Dixieland players and trumpeter Spanky Davis hit it Tuesdays through Saturdays; on Mondays, trumpeter **MAX KAMINSKY** leads them. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A bustling corner bar and restaurant that is often crowded—but, fortunately, crowded with good listeners. They're listening to fine piano-bass duos: **JOHN BUNCH** and **PHIL FLANIGAN** through Saturday, July 16; **ROLAND HANNA** and **RON MC CLURE** beginning Tuesday, July 19; and **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA** every Sunday and Monday. Music from about ten.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—No, this isn't the Department of Rockabilly at the New School. It's a degentrified Schrafft's, where the authentic Texas ambience is more representative of Austin than of Dallas. Wednesday and Thursday, July 13-14, **ALBERT KING** and Urgence; Monday, July 18, Alan Collins and Rossington Collins; Tuesday, July 19, Ellen Foley; Wednesday, July 20, **PETER ROWAN, FLACO JIMENEZ,** Tex Logan, and Willie & Annie Nininger; and Thursday, July 21, Lonnie Mack. Music from about eight-thirty nightly. Dining.

Lush Life, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—A nice, comfortable, unpretentious jazz club. Wednesday, July 13, belongs to Ray Nelson; Thursday through Saturday, July 14-16, the great drummer **PHILLY JOE JONES** will guide his quintet; Tuesday and Wednesday, July 19-20, will be given over to the Eddie Allen quintet; and Thursday through Saturday, July 21-23, will be claimed by hardboppers **BILL HARDMAN,** on trumpet, **JUNIOR COOK,** on tenor sax, and their quartet. Sets begin at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine-thirty, midnight, and two Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Marty's, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—**KENNY RANKIN,** the pleasant pop-jazz folkie, sings here through Saturday, July 16; on Monday, July 18, the real fine jazz-singing duo, **JACKIE CAIN** and **ROY KRAL,** will take charge with their combo. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining.

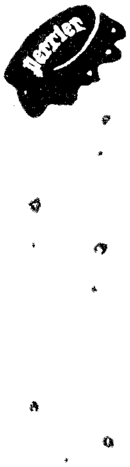
Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Singer and lyricist **JON HENDRICKS & COMPANY** are present. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen. On Monday nights from nine to midnight, the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Band occupies the bandstand. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A well-attended, well-run upper West Side night club that brings in satisfying jazz, rhythm-and-blues, and funk bands. Wednesday, July 13, Alvin Fields; Thursday, July 14, Sherry Winston; Friday and Saturday, July 15-16, vibraharpist **ROY AYERS;** Monday, July 18, Elliott Randall and Julie Eiqenberg; Tuesday, July 19, Venus Dodson; Wednesday and Thursday, July 20-21, jazz singer **CARMEN LUNDY;** and Friday and Saturday, July 22-23, gospel and pop singer **CISSY HOUSTON,** whose sets can turn into a celebration of sixties soul music. Music from ten until two. Dining.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A small, famous, formerly just-folkies club, but now you can hear jazz and large helpings of rock. The current roster: Wednesday, July 13, George Worthmore, Blue Sparks from Hell, and the Pinch; Thursday, July 14, Doug Wain & the Demos, the Deal, and Motivation; Friday, July 15, Cha Cha Fernandez & the Slumlords, Soviet Sex, and Mondo Boffo; Saturday, July 16, the Skip Castro Band and Mojo Bone; Monday, July 18, Robbie Seidman, Electric Storm, and Pep and the Cat; Wednesday, July 20, Steve Postel, Cody Lee & Walk, and Strate A's; Thursday, July 21, the Roustabouts, the Sharps, and the Backbones; and Friday and Saturday, July 22-23, the **PERSUASIONS.** Shows begin at ten and twelve-thirty. On Sundays after ten, the place is given over to a jazz-rock jam session. Dining and dancing.

Peacock Alley, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from six to ten.

Peppermint Lounge, 100 Fifth Ave., at 15th St. (989-9505)—Rock and roll into the night: Friday, July 15, **ALAN VEGA;** Friday, July 22,



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the Violent Femmes; and Saturday, July 23, the Waitresses. Music after eleven-thirty.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—An Art Deco playroom on the sixty-fifth floor. **SY OLIVER** and his orchestra play for listening, dancing, and gawking out the windows Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

Red Blazer Too, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—A large, busy establishment that has a slightly touristy feel to it. Traditional jazz is presented from about nine every night but Sunday, when it begins at seven. Dining.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Rock and roll in more Art Deco—in this case, a very large ballroom: the dance floor measures forty by fifty feet. Wednesday, July 13, the Shirelles; Thursday, July 14, Eurythmics; Friday, July 15, Ministry; Saturday, July 16, Men Without Hats; Monday, July 18, Urban Blight; Thursday, July 21, Madonna; Friday, July 22, You and Urban Blight; and Saturday, July 23, the Rockats. Shows usually begin after midnight.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—Jazz and jazz-rock on the second floor. The players: Wednesday and Thursday, July 13-14, Marilyn Redfield; Friday and Saturday, July 15-16, **FRENCH TOAST,** a stirring octet; Sunday, July 17, Clifford Carter; Tuesday, July 19, George Wadenius; Wednesday, July 20, Rock Wilk; Thursday and Friday, July 21-22, **DEUCE,** an R. & B. quintet; and Saturday and Sunday, July 23-24, saxophonist **BOB MINTZER.** Music from ten.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—Sambas and other musical sounds from Rio, Bahia, Salvador, and the jungle. On weekends, patrons can become percussionists: they are given previously emptied and mysteriously resealed Brahma beer (it's Brazilian, of course) cans partway filled with rice and tantalizingly shakable. Wednesday, July 13, Cigano; Thursday, July 14, Mixed Grill; Friday, July 15, **PÉ-DE-BOI;** Saturday, July 16, Brazuca; Tuesday, July 19, **EDISON MACHADO;** Wednesday, July 20, Clive Stevens; Thursday, July 21, Brazuca; Friday, July 22, **LOREMIL MACHADO & THE SARAVA BAHIA BAND;** and Saturday, July 23, **PÉ-DE-BOI.** Music from ten. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—This knotty-pine night club keeps bringing in proven jazz players, and the place keeps on being crowded. The lineup: tenor saxophonist **PHAROAH SANDERS,** through Saturday, July 16; Sunday, July 17, **THIAGO DE MELLO & AMAZON;** Monday, July 18, the **GIL EVANS ORCHESTRA;** and Tuesday through Saturday, July 19-23, **CRAIG HARRIS** (on wild trombone and didjeridoo, a four-foot-long Australian trumpet made from a tree trunk) and his quintet. Shows from about ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—**CHARLES BROWN,** the personable-as-all-getout, sophisticated R. & B. singer and red-hot pianist, performs in this simple, basic, blues room Wednesdays through Saturdays. Shows begin after nine-thirty.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—In the big downstairs room, Mondays are salsa nights: on July 18, Ruben Blades and José Bello will share the stage along with guest jazz soloist, trombonist **STEVE TURRE.** Shows from nine. On Friday and Saturday, July 15-16, **ESTHER SATTERFIELD** will alternate with the absolutely jumping R. & B. organist **JIMMY MC GRIFF;** the following Friday and Saturday (July 22-23) will belong to **MONGO SANTAMARIA** and the **CHICO HAMILTON** quintet. Shows at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. On Tuesdays, out on the Terrace, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** and her trio are on duty after nine. Wednesdays and Thursdays, from nine-thirty to one, and Fridays and Saturdays, from ten to three, are attended to by pianist **JUNIOR MANCE** and bassist **MARTY RIVERA.**

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Perhaps the most famous basement in the world. Pianist **JIMMY ROWLES** and his quartet wind up their week on Sunday, July 17; on Tuesday, July 19, L.A. pianist **JACK WILSON'S EAST/WEST COALITION** will move in. Mondays are **MEL LEWIS** big-band nights. Music from ten.

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Village West, 577 Hudson St., near Bank St. (691-2791)—A nice bar with tile floors, a pressed-tin ceiling, a bandstand bounded by a brass rail, and a hairpin turn (which leads to the dining room). Guitarist **LAURINDO ALMEIDA** plucks and strums through Sunday, July 17; on Tuesday, July 19, drummer-singer **GRADY TATE** will arrive. Music at nine and eleven Sundays and Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. No music Mondays.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—A surprising number of people know about this cozy little place situated just north of scores of meat-packing plants and truck docks—the live-in lofts of tomorrow. Esther Blue can be heard Mondays through Wednesdays; Kuni Mikami has the Thursday-through-Sunday shift. Music begins at eight-thirty. Dining.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A loose and informal Columbia University neighborhood hangout for swing-and-bebop music admirers and players. The schedule: through Saturday, July 16, tenor, alto, *and* soprano saxophonist **BENNY WATERS;** Sunday, July 17, pianist **DICK KATZ** and trombonist **JIMMY KNEPPER;** Monday and Tuesday, July 18-19, Percy France; Wednesday through Friday, July 20-22, **GEORGE KELLY'S JAZZ SULTANS;** and Saturday, July 23, Shelbo's Jump Band. Music from nine.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—In the twenties, there was a speakeasy at this address; in the seventies, Reno Sweeney. Now the premises have been turned into a SoHo-sleek and spacious bar and restaurant, with a musical passageway between them. Pianist Bill O'Connell and bassist Clint Houston collaborate through Saturday, July 16; on Monday, July 18, bassist Brian Torff and pianist Jim Roberts will come in for six nights. Sundays belong to **JOHN BUNCH** and **PHIL FLANIGAN.** Music Mondays through Saturdays from nine, and Sundays from eight-thirty.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

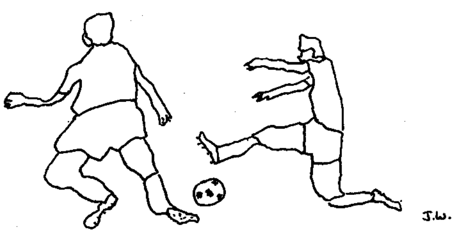
GALLERIES

John Ahearn—Wall sculptures reflecting life in the South Bronx (some of the castings were actually made in the streets), the liveliest a double-Dutch jump-rope tableau. There are also four pieces by Rigoberto Torres, who collaborates with Ahearn. Through Aug. 26. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

Tom Butter—A sixteen-foot sculpture of translucent, colored fibre glass which has taken root in the Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden like some flamboyant botanical sport. Through Sept. 30. (Second Ave. at 47th St.)

Rafael Ferrer—Paintings, constructions, and drawings from the past decade. Through Aug. 10. (Museo del Barrio, 1230 Fifth Ave., at 104th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 10:30 to 4:30; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 4.)

Jan Groth—Drawings in which a vibrant black line traverses a white field, and large tapestries in which the design is white and the ground a rich black. Through Friday, July 22. (Goodman, 24 W. 57th St.)



Mati Klarwein—Visionary landscapes and a few portraits. Through July 29. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Josef Levi—Paintings and drawings simulating the masters—self-portraits of van Gogh and Rembrandt paired on the same canvas, for instance, or copies of heads by Matisse and Vermeer, van Dongen and Warhol, or Chuck Close and a Ravenna mosaicist. Through Friday, July 15. (O. K. Harris, 383 West Broadway. Opens at noon.)

Hitch Lyman and Gary Kulak—Watercolors of gardens in Italy by the former, and garden arbors in welded steel (one full size) by the latter. Through July 29. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Philip Pearlstein—Large watercolors of nudes done in his characteristic close-up, impersonal style. Through Aug. 17. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. A Pearlstein retrospective will open at the Brooklyn Museum on Friday, July 15.)

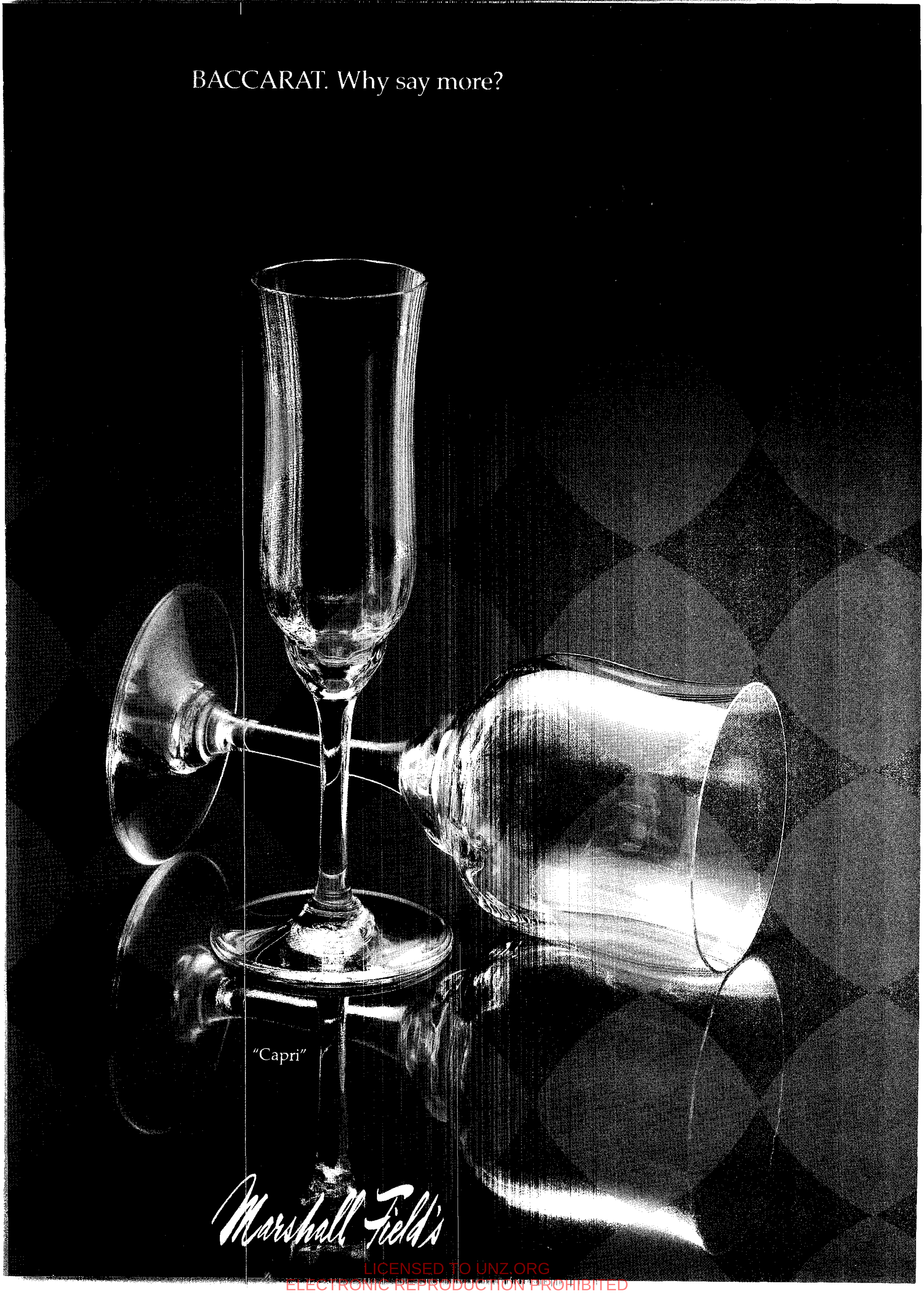
Andrea Zakin—Emblematic paintings in oils and paint sticks. Through July 26. (Ingber, 460 West Broadway. Opens at noon Tuesdays through Saturdays.)

Paul Zelevansky—A three-dimensional installation devoted to a fictitious city. Through July 29. (Freidus, 158 Lafayette St.)

Pratt Invitational Alumni Exhibition—One or more works (paintings, photographs, constructions) by twenty former students, who include Nancy Grossman, Sylvia Plachy, Clayton Pond, and George Segal. Through Saturday, July 16. (469 Broome St.)

Creative Time—This well-known art booster is presenting two separate projects this summer: At **BATTERY PARK CITY,** Gate 18, Chambers and West Sts. (bring your beach pail), six outdoor installations, each one devised by an artist-architect-performer team to serve in turn as the setting for the respective performers, who will be offering their programs (individually) on Sunday evenings as the summer marches on. First up is David Van Tieghem, on Sunday, July 17, at 6:30. (Exhibition hours are Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5:30. Admission to Mr. Van Tieghem's performance is five dollars.) . . . **ART IN THE ANCHORAGE,** Cadman Plaza West and Front St., Brooklyn, ten art installations designed by R. M. Fischer, Jane Greengold, Suzan Pitt, and others, for an indoor space under the Brooklyn Bridge. (Admission is two dollars; hours are daily noon to 8; closes at 7 on Wednesdays.)

Group Shows—At the **ALA,** 32 W. 20th St.: Five young Roman artists, among them Bruno Ceccobelli and Gianni Dessì, showing paintings, sculptures, and drawings. Through Sept. 15. . . . **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS,** 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St.: The annual Old Master print show, strong on Rembrandts (fourteen out of a total of three hundred plus). Through Aug. 5. . . . **BONNIER,** 420 West Broadway: Paintings and sculptures by Robert Ryman, Joel Shapiro, Brice Marden, and others. Through July 29. . . . **MARISA DEL RE,** 41 E. 57th St.: Works incorporating found objects, by such artists as Nevelson, O'Keeffe, Man Ray, and Richard Pousette-Dart. Through July 29. . . . **THE DRAWING CENTER,** 137 Greene St.: "Great Drawings from the Collection of the Royal Institute of British Architects": The greats (who are not just British) include Palladio, Wren, Wright, and Inigo Jones. Through July 30. (Open Saturdays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **FOURCADE,** 36 E. 75th St.: New drawings by gallery artists Dorothea Rockburne, Michael Heizer, Malcolm Morley, and others, plus a few that are less new, by Gorky, Giacometti, Klee, and Le Corbusier. Through Sept. 16. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **GLADSTONE,** 152 Wooster St.: Eleven artists (Jenny Holzer, Tim Rollins, Ida Applebroog, others) exhibiting paintings, video, photographs, etc., that fall into the category of social commentary. Through July 29. . . . **HAMILTON,** 20 W. 57th St.: Delicate wood cabinets with unusual screens and drawers by Loren Calaway; shaped canvases heavily encrusted with grimy-looking paint by Michael David; and figurative oils by Dona Nelson. Through July 29. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **KNOWLTON,** 153 Mercer St.: Abstract and semi-abstract landscapes and urban scenes by Gregory Amenoff, Porfirio Di Donna, Peter Flaccus, and George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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Peck. Through Aug. 26. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **MILLER,** 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Paintings and works on paper by Louisa Chase, Roberto Juarez, and Robert S. Zakanitch. Through July 29. . . . **NOSEI,** 100 Prince St.: Two enigmatic figure paintings by Sabina Mirri, a young Italian newcomer, are included in the summer show of works that are mostly by familiar gallery artists. Through July 29. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **PEARL,** 38 E. 57th St.: Paintings from the fifties by Clinton Hill, Mark Rothko, Stephen Greene, Michael Loew, and others. Through July 29. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **PROTETCH MC NEIL,** 214 Lafayette St., between Broome and Spring Sts.: Large-scale sculptures by Scott Burton, Jackie Ferrara, Mary Miss, and four others. Through Sept. 2. (Opens at noon.) . . . **SOCIETY OF ILLUSTRATORS,** 128 E. 63rd St.: A hundred and fifty or so original drawings from the comic strips that everybody read from the twenties through the sixties—Krazy Kat, Maggie and Jiggs, the Katzenjammer Kids, Steve Canyon, Flash Gordon, and all the rest. Through July 29. . . . **TOLL,** 146 Greene St.: Included in a group show by five artists are two fantasy landscapes, one in papier-mâché sculpture, by Arch Connelly, and the other contrived from a velvet hanging picked up on Fourteenth Street and worked over in paint by David Humphrey. Through July 28. . . . **VANDERWOUDE TANANBAUM,** 24 E. 81st St.: Five sculptors and four painters who either have had a show here this season or will have next. Among the artists are Heide Fasnacht, Will Horwitt, Abbie Zabar, and David Shapiro. Through Aug. 19. . . . **WEBER,** 142 Greene St.: Lucio Pozzi organized this exhibit, in which nine artists (Michael Hurson, Susanna Tanger, for instance) have paintings and sculptures. Through Friday, July 22. . . . **WITKIN,** 41 E. 57th St.: The Way Out West Show is centered on two New Mexico artists, Howard Cook (drawings and prints) and Barbara Latham (prints). Ansel Adams, Laura Gilpin, Maynard Dixon, Maria Henle, Timothy O'Sullivan, and others are also represented. Many photographs, of course. Through Aug. 12. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **ZABRISKIE,** 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Three French artists—Pierre Buraglio (wood-and-glass constructions based on windows), Bertrand Lavier (painted file cabinets and other recognizable objects), and Georges Rousse (photographs of his works). Through Sept. 10. . . . **ZARRE,** 41 E. 57th St.: "Painting in General," a show of works by Esteban Vicente, Budd Hopkins, Susan Crile, and others. Through July 29. (Closed Mondays.)

¶ Many galleries are closed in the summer. A number mount group shows of works by gallery members, sometimes varying the content from week to week. Following is a purely arbitrary list of galleries that are open: **ACA,** 21 E. 67th St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **BOUCKAERT,** 100 Hudson St. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . **CASTELLI,** 420 West Broadway and 142 Greene St. (Both closed Mondays.) . . . **COOPER,** 155 Wooster St. . . . **DAVIS & LANGDALE,** 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St. (Closes at 4.) . . . **DEUTSCH,** 20 W. 57th St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **EINSTEIN,** 243 E. 82nd St. . . . **ELKON,** 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. . . . **FORUM,** 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. . . . **GALERIE ST. ETIENNE,** 24 W. 57th St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **HOFFMAN,** 429 West Broadway. . . . **KIND,** 136 Greene St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **KRAUSHAAR,** 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. . . . **MIDTOWN,** 11 E. 57th St. . . . **MILLIKEN,** 98 Prince St. . . . **OSCARSSON HOOD,** 41 W. 57th St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **PACE,** 32 E. 57th St. . . . **PROTETCH,** 37 W. 57th St. . . . **ALEX ROSENBERG,** 20 W. 57th St. . . . **SABARSKY,** 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. (Opens at noon Tuesdays through Saturdays.) . . . **SACHS,** 29 W. 57th St. . . . **SHAFRAZI,** 163 Mercer St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **SUMMIT,** 101 W. 57th St. (Opens at 11:30.) . . . **SUTTON,** 29 W. 57th St. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . **WILLARD,** 29 E. 72nd St. (Open Tuesdays through Thursdays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

ESTHER BUBLEY—Prints from the forties (some of Texas and Central Park), plus a selection from her series on children. Through July 30. (Ledel, 168 Mercer St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Saturdays.)

RUTH ORKIN AND MICHAEL GEORGE—Two photographers showing their prints of Central Park in Central Park. Through Sept. 11. (The Dairy, in the Park between the zoo and the carrousel. Daily, except Mondays, 10 to 4:30.)

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JOE STEINMETZ / LOU STOUMEN—Photographs of debutante gatherings and the like on Philadelphia's Main Line in the thirties and forties juxtaposed with more recent prints of Tupperware parties—and the like—in South Florida. / Black-and-white photographs documenting Times Square in the past forty years. Through Aug. 14. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

ALFRED STIEGLITZ (1854-1946)—A retrospective of some hundred and fifty photographs on loan from the National Gallery of Art, and selected in consultation with Georgia O'Keeffe, has been mounted by the Metropolitan Museum. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

GROUP SHOWS—At the **FREIDUS,** 158 Lafayette St.: Photographs by eleven photographers who live and teach in Georgia, Florida, or South Carolina. Through July 29. . . . **NEIKRUG,** 224 E. 68th St.: The sixth annual show of X-rated (mostly) photographs of nudes. George Platt Lynes, Robert Mapplethorpe, Charles Gatewood, and Arthur Tress are some of the artists. Through July 29. (Wednesdays through Fridays, 1 to 6.) . . . **PFEIFER,** 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Photographs of nudes—from Timothy Greenfield-Sanders' daughters, to Marly Stone's black child in the arms of a white woman at a nude beach, to E. Powis Jones' undressed mannequins. Through July 29. . . . **WOLF,** 30 W. 57th St.: Prints by gallery artists, who include Jan Groover, Sheila Metzner, and John Coplans. Through July 29.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The Henry Moore retrospective show contains two hundred of his direct carvings in wood and stone, cast bronzes, drawings, and prints. Through Sept. 25. . . . ¶ The reinstallation of the Egyptian Wing has reached completion with the opening of ten new galleries, which house archeological and artistic works from 1991 to 1379 B.C. . . . ¶ An exhibit of works by American artist Charles Willson Peale includes the trompe-l'oeil portrait "The Staircase Group" and his "The Artist in His Museum" as well as a re-creation of part of the natural-history museum he founded in Philadelphia in the seventeen-eighties. Through Sept. 4. . . . ¶ Sixty-four paintings and oil sketches of the English countryside by John Constable. Through Sept. 4. . . . ¶ "La Belle Epoque," a show of costumes in period settings. Through Sept. 4. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** The work of Alfred Stieglitz. Through Aug. 14. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 18 W. 54th St.—Piet Mondrian's last studio, where he pinned to the walls rectangular cardboard compositions that reflected his mission toward economical abstraction as much as his finished paintings did, is the basis of an exhibit that includes, in addition to some of those cardboard forms as he arranged them, the artist's last complete painting, "Broadway Boogie Woogie," and the painting he left unfinished at his death, "Victory Boogie Woogie." Starts Thursday, July 14. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—Two shows of European paintings, one of postwar works by long-established artists on the order of Balthus, Dubuffet, and Tàpies, the other of representatives of the new wave who have attracted so much attention recently, such as Cucchi, Darboven, and Penck. Some of the works are loans that the museum hopes to add to its collections. Both through Sept. 11. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—Grant Wood's "American Gothic," which made its New York début at the Whitney fifty years ago, is the centerpiece of a retrospective of the artist's works. Through Sept. 4. . . . ¶ "Minimalism to Expressionism: Painting and Sculpture Since 1965" is the title for a show of nearly sixty works; the artists range from, among others, Carl Andre and Agnes Martin (late sixties) to Lynda Benglis and Steve Keister (seventies) to David Salle, Joel Shapiro, and Nam June Paik (eighties). Frank Stella is represented by paintings from both the early and late camps. Through Sept. 18. . . . ¶ In the lobby gallery, forty prehistoric bowls found in the Southwest which show that good design is timeless and that American Indians were good designers. Through Sept. 27. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A retrospective of the work of realist Philip Pearlstein offers more than a hundred paintings and drawings. Starts Friday, July 15. A complementary show is at the Allan Frumkin Gallery, 50 W. 57th St. . . . ¶ A selection of prints and drawings acquired for the museum by the late curator Gene Baro. A few of the artists are Laura Shechter, Alex Katz, and Mark Stock. Through Sept. 5. . . . ¶ A diverse show honoring the Brooklyn Bridge. Through Sept. 5. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—African textiles and their traditional manufacture constitute an exhibit that comes, for the most part, from the British Museum. Clothing, decorative cloth, puppets, looms, etc. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

AMERICAN CRAFT MUSEUM I, 44 W. 53rd St.—A display of sculptural and functional wrought-iron works by artisans from around the world. Through Sept. 4. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—Joseph Pennell, John Marin, Richard Haas, and David Macaulay are four of the artists represented in a show of twentieth-century American prints of urban architecture. Through Sept. 4. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.) . . . ¶ Music on the Lawn: On Tuesday, July 19, at 6:30, Zelman Bokser with a chamber-music ensemble.

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—"Holbein and the Court of Henry VIII" is the title for an exhibition of seventy portrait drawings and one painted miniature by Hans Holbein the Younger, all of which come from the collection of Queen Elizabeth II in the Royal Library at Windsor Castle. As background material, the Morgan has provided paintings and books from its own collections, and original letters and documents by a number of the subjects featured. Through July 30. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART, 49 W. 53rd St.—A show of twenty-four Pennsylvania Amish quilts in which all the classic geometric patterns (and many variations) are represented. Through Sept. 18. Complementary shows, under the auspices of the museum, are at City Gallery, 2 Columbus Circle (Indiana Amish quilts); and at the Equitable

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Building, 1285 Sixth Ave., at 52nd St. (Amish crib quilts). (The museum is open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10:30 to 8, with no admission charge after 5:30; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A display of forty models, plus nearly twice as many drawings, for residences designed by seven West Coast architectural firms. Through Sept. 15. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—Contemporary artist Richard Yarde has put together a large installation here that recreates the Savoy Ballroom's bandstand and dance floor, populated with representations of musicians and dancers. Also, fifteen studies in watercolor. Through Sept. 7. . . . ¶ A selection from the museum's permanent collections includes more than seventy paintings, sculptures, prints, photographs, and drawings. Through Sept. 11. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays, 10 to 5; Thursdays, 10 to 8; Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

New York City Opera (At the time of going to press, no performances are taking place because of a breakdown in labor negotiations. We list the operas because they may resume at any time.)—Thursday, July 14, at 8: "Turandot," with Judith Telep-Ehrlich, Judith Haddon, Jon Fredric West, and Harry Dworchak; conducted by Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 15-16, at 8: "Candide," with Erie Mills, Deborah Darr, Muriel Costa-Greenspon, David Eisler, and John Lankston; Scott Bergeson. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 16, at 2, and Sunday, July 17, at 1: "Candide," with Claudette Peterson, Deborah Darr, Beverly Evans, Cris Groenendaal, and Joseph McKee; Scott Bergeson. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 17, at 7: "Candide," with Leigh Munro, Deborah Darr, Muriel Costa-Greenspon, David Eisler, and John Lankston; Scott Bergeson. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 20, at 8: "Turandot," with Judith Telep-Ehrlich, Judith Haddon, Jon Fredric West, and Harry Dworchak; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 21, at 8: "Les Pêcheurs de Perles," with Carol Vaness, Jerry Hadley, Stephen Dickson, and Richard T. Gill; Scott Bergeson. . . . ¶ Friday, July 22, at 8: "Carmen," with Joy Davidson, Wilhelmenia Fernandez, Riccardo Calleo, and Justino Díaz; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 23, at 2: "Die Fledermaus" (in English), with Heather Thomson, Leigh Munro, Abram Morales, and Charles Roe; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 23, at 8: "La Bohème," with Elizabeth Hynes, Marianna Christos, Bruce Reed, and Frederick Burchinal; Imre Pallo. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 870-5570. Through Sunday, Nov. 13.)

Mostly Mozart Festival—A seven-week season of orchestral, chamber-music, and recital programs, which will run through Saturday, Aug. 27. All programs start at 8, with preconcert recitals at 7. Wednesday, July 13: Gerard Schwarz conducting the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra, with Horacio Gutiérrez, piano, and Yo-Yo Ma, cello. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 14: The Tokyo String Quartet, with Garrick Ohlsson, piano, and Walter Trampler, viola. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 15-16: Gerard Schwarz conducting the orchestra, with Emanuel Ax, piano, and Nadja Salerno-Sonnenberg, violin. . . . ¶ Monday, July 18, and Wednesday, July 20: John Nelson conducting the orchestra, with Bella Davidovich, piano, and Dmitry Sitkovetsky, violin. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 19: The Kalichstein-Laredo-Robinson Trio, with Michael Tree, viola; and Harold Robinson, double bass. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 21: The Beaux Arts Trio, with Bruno Giuranna, viola. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 22-23: John Nelson conducting the orchestra, with Mr. Ohlsson and Lynn Harrell, cello. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Tanglewood Festival—Thursday, July 14, at 8:30: A recital by Kathleen Battle, soprano.

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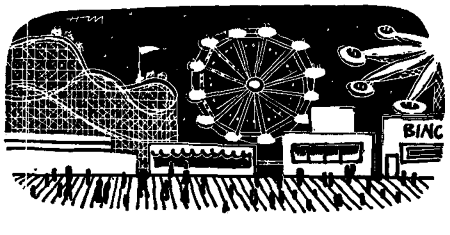
. . . ¶ Friday, July 15, at 7: Joseph Silverstein, violin; Burton Fine, viola; Jules Eskin, cello; and Gilbert Kalish, piano, playing *Brahms' Piano Quartet in G Minor*. . . . ¶ Friday, July 15, at 9: Eugene Ormandy conducting the Boston Symphony in a Barber–Richard Strauss–Brahms program, with Rudolf Firkusny, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 16, at 8:30: Edo de Waart conducting an all-Brahms program, with the Messrs. Silverstein and Eskin. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 17, at 2:30: Edo de Waart conducting a program of music by Brahms, Henze, Falla, and Ravel, with Alicia de Larrocha, piano. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 19, at 8:30: John Williams conducting the Boston Pops Orchestra. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 21, at 8:30: Christopher Hogwood, piano and harpsichord, and members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. . . . ¶ Friday, July 22, at 7: András Schiff, piano, in a Mozart-Schubert program. . . . ¶ Friday, July 22, at 9: André Previn directing the Boston Symphony in a Brahms-Haydn-Walton program, with Sherrill Milnes, baritone; Mr. Silverstein; and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 23, at 8:30: André Previn conducting the Boston Symphony in an all-Mozart program, with Mr. Schiff. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 24, at 2:30: Christopher Hogwood conducting the Boston Symphony in a Handel-Haydn program. (Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 28. For information about tickets, call 1-413 637-1666.)

Caramoor Festival—Thursday, July 14, at 4:15: The St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble in a Haydn-Ravel-Brahms program. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 16, at 8:30: Michael Feldman conducting the Caramoor Festival Orchestra in a program of music by Rossini, Beethoven, Stravinsky, and Mozart, with Ruth Laredo, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 17, at 5:30: Michael Feldman conducting the ensemble in an all-Bach program, with Elizabeth Pruett, soprano. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 21, at 4:15: The St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble, with Jonathan Feldman, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, July 22, at 8:30: A piano recital by Paul Badura-Skoda. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 23, at 8:30: Stanislaw Skrowaczewski conducting the orchestra in a Rameau-Haydn-Beethoven program, with Yo-Yo Ma, cello. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 24, at 5:30: Pinchas Zukerman, violin; Eugenia Zukerman, flute; and Anthony Newman, harpsichord, in an all-Bach program. (Katonah, N.Y.; festival ends Sunday, Aug. 28. On Saturdays, buses leave at six from the back of the New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center; reservations must be made in advance. For information about tickets and buses, call 1-914 232-5035.)

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—The New York City Ballet in a three-week season (tentative schedule) that ends Saturday, July 23. Wednesday evening, July 13: "Ballet d'Isoline," "Dances at a Gathering," and "Scotch Symphony." . . . ¶ Thursday matinée, July 14: "Scotch Symphony," "Episodes," and "Souvenir de Florence." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, July 14: "Concerto Barocco," "Dances at a Gathering," and "Scotch Symphony." . . . ¶ Friday evening, July 15: "Delibes Divertissement," "I'm Old Fashioned," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, July 16: "Delibes Divertissement," "Episodes," and "Dances at a Gathering." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, July 16: "Rossini Quartets," "Episodes," and "I'm Old Fashioned." . . . [NOTE: A special concert will be given by Linda Ronstadt and Quarterflash on Sunday, July 17, at 8:15.] . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, July 19: "Concerto Barocco," "Concerto for Two Solo Pianos," and "Who Cares?" . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, July 20: "Celebration," "Agon," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Thursday matinée, July 21: "Concerto for Two Solo Pianos," "Celebration," and "Ballet d'Isoline." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, July 21: "Agon," "Glass Pieces," and "Who Cares?" . . . ¶ Friday evening, July 22: "Delibes Divertissement," "Agon," and "Ballet d'Isoline." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, July 23: "Concerto Barocco," "Celebration," and "Who Cares?" . . . ¶ Saturday evening, July 23: "Concerto for Two Solo Pianos," "I'm Old Fashioned," and "Stars and Stripes." (Saratoga Springs. Evenings at 8:15. Matinées at 2. Through Monday, Sept. 5. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)



Summerfare '83—A five-week festival of theatre, dance, and music which takes place at the State University of New York, at Purchase, through Sunday, Aug. 7. *Un soupçon*—**WEDNESDAY, JULY 13, AT 8:** "Booth Is Back in Town," a musical, with a book by Austin Pendleton, lyrics by Gretchen Cryer, and music by Arthur B. Rubinstein . . . **THURSDAY, JULY 14, AT 8:** "Booth Is Back in Town." . . . **AT 8:30:** "Calonorang," a drama-dance ritual from Bali. . . . **FRIDAY, JULY 15, AT 8:** "Booth Is Back in Town." . . . **AT 8:30:** The Lar Lubovitch Dance Company and "Calonorang." . . . **AT 9 AND 11:** The David Amram quintet. . . . **SATURDAY, JULY 16, AT 3:** The Lar Lubovitch Dance Company. . . . **AT 6:** The David Amram quintet and string orchestra. . . . **AT 8:** "Booth Is Back in Town" and the Brooklyn Philharmonic in an all-Copland program. . . . **AT 8:30:** The Lar Lubovitch Dance Company and "Calonorang." . . . **AT 9 AND 11:** The David Amram quintet. . . . **AT 10:30:** Marta Renzi and Dancers. (No tickets necessary.) . . . **SUNDAY, JULY 17, AT 3:** "Booth Is Back in Town" and Berky, Garbo & Moschen, a vaudeville and circus trio. . . . **AT 7:30:** "Booth Is Back in Town." . . . **AT 8:** Emanuel Ax, piano; Yo-Yo Ma, cello; and Gerard Schwarz, trumpet, in a mostly Mozart program; Berky, Garbo & Moschen; and the Lar Lubovitch Dance Company. . . . **AT 8:30:** "Calonorang." . . . **WEDNESDAY AND THURSDAY, JULY 20-21, AT 8:** "Mrs. Farmer's Daughter," a musical by Jack Eric Williams, and the Ballet Theatre de l'Arche, a company from France. . . . **FRIDAY, JULY 22, AT 8:** "Mrs. Farmer's Daughter" and the Preservation Hall Jazz Band. . . . **AT 8:30:** Compagnie Dominique Bagouet and Caroline Mercade et Compagnie, two modern-dance companies from France, and Compagnie Karine Saporta and Compagnie de Danse l'Esquisse, two avant-garde dance companies from France. . . . **AT 9 AND 11:** Chris Connor. . . . **SATURDAY, JULY 23, AT 3:** Compagnie Dominique Bagouet and Caroline Mercade et Compagnie. . . . **AT 6:** Anthony Newman, harpsichord, with assisting artists. . . . **AT 8:** "Mrs. Farmer's Daughter." . . . **AT 8:30:** Compagnie Dominique Bagouet and Caroline Mercade et Compagnie and Compagnie Karine Saporta and Compagnie de Danse l'Esquisse. . . . **AT 9 AND 11:** Chris Connor. . . . **AT 10:30:** Maynard Ferguson. . . . **SUNDAY, JULY 24, AT 3:** Compagnie Karine Saporta and Compagnie de Danse l'Esquisse; "Jack and the Beanstalk," by the Broque Opera Company; and "Mrs. Farmer's Daughter." . . . **AT 7:30:** "Mrs. Farmer's Daughter." . . . **AT 8:** Compagnie Dominique Bagouet and Caroline Mercade et Compagnie and Compagnie Karine Saporta and Compagnie de Danse l'Esquisse. (For information about tickets, call 1-914 253-5900.)

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, July 16: Jazz Tap Ensemble. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, July 19-23: The Jacob's Pillow Ballet and Jazz Ensembles, Marta Renzi and Dancers, and Teodoro Morca. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays at 7:30; Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 8:30; and Saturdays at 2 and 8:30. For information about tickets, call 1-413 242-0745.)

SPORTS

Baseball—**METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Cincinnati, Wednesday and Thursday, July 13-14, at 7:35. . . . **YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Texas, Thursday and Friday, July 14-15, at 8; Saturday, July 16, at about 2:20 (the annual Old-Timers Day festivities start at 1, and will include a couple of innings involving old Yankee warriors and other players who appeared in All-Star games at the stadium); and Sunday, July 17, at 2. . . . ¶ Minnesota, Monday and Tuesday, July 18-19, at 8, and Wednesday, July 20, at 2. . . . ¶ Kansas City, Thursday through Saturday, July 21-23, at 8.

Racing—At **BELMONT:** Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, July 25. The Sheepshead Bay Handicap, Saturday, July 16; the Tom Fool, Sunday, July 17; and the Brooklyn Handicap, Saturday, July 23. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1:10, and Saturdays and Sundays between 11 and 1:15.) . . . **MONMOUTH PARK,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Sept. 3. The Monmouth Oaks, Saturday, July 23. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Saturdays at 11:20.) . . . **ATLANTIC CITY,** Mays Landing, N.J.: Weeknights at 7:30, except Saturday, July 16, when post time will be 5; through Saturday, Sept. 24. The Jersey Derby, Saturday, July 16.

Soccer—At Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands: Cosmos vs. Tulsa, Sunday, July 17, at 7. . . . ¶ Cosmos vs. Seattle, Wednesday, July 20, at 9. (For information about tickets, call 265-8600.)

Tennis—Mutual Benefit Life Open. (Orange Lawn Tennis Club, South Orange, N.J. Saturday and Sunday, July 23-24, at 1; Monday through Friday, July 25-29, at noon and 7:30; semifinals Saturday, July 30, at 1; and finals Sunday, July 31, at 1. For information about tickets, call 1-201 762-6220.)

Yachting—America's Cup at Newport: Challengers' (Australia, Canada, England, France, and Italy) preliminary trials, Wednesday and Thursday, July 13-14, and Wednesday, July 20, through Saturday, Aug. 6. . . . Defenders' observation trials, Saturday, July 16, through Wednesday, July 27. . . . ¶ Larchmont Race Week. (Larchmont. Saturday, July 16, through Saturday, July 23.)

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of **RICHARD III,** with Kevin Kline, Marian Seldes, Betty Miller, and David Alan Grier. The first of two productions to be presented in the Delacorte Theatre this summer. (Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, and Thursday, July 21, at 7:30. Closes Sunday, July 31. For information about tickets, call 861-7277.)

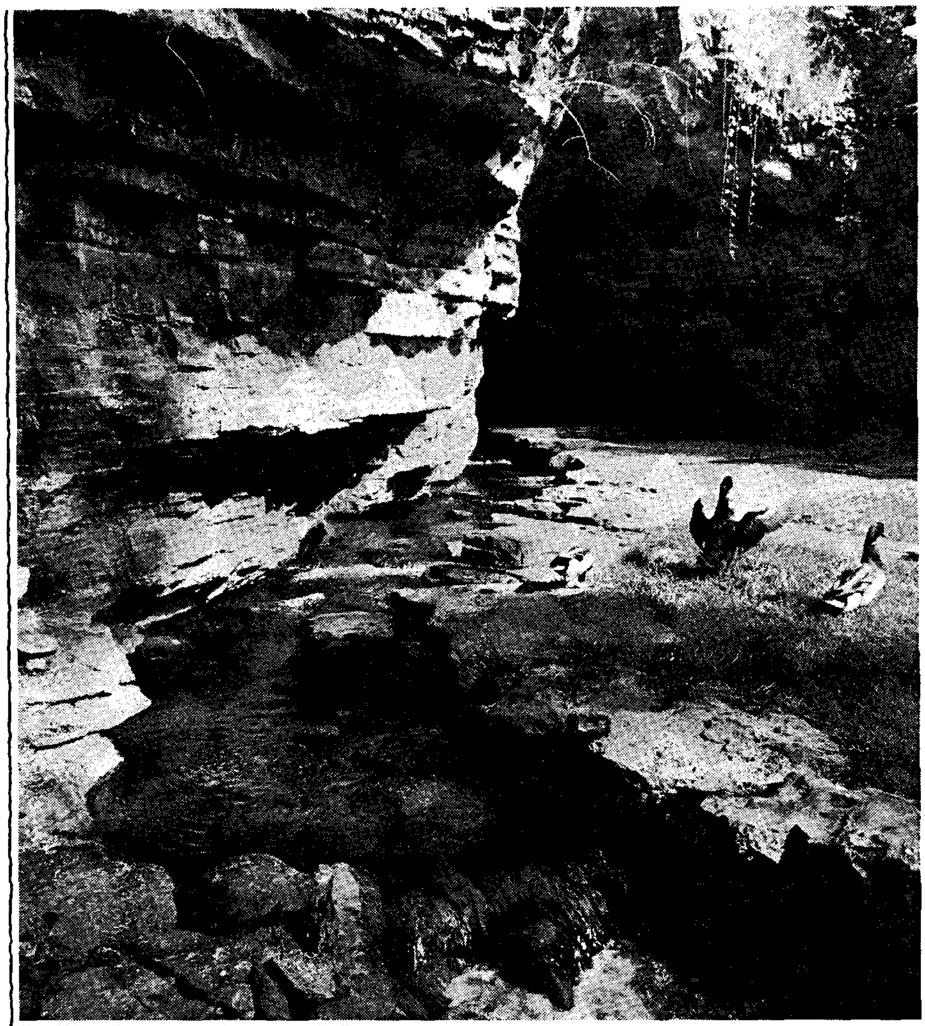
Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center—Ainslee Cox conducting the Guggenheim Concert Band in this summer's series of concerts. (Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8; through Sunday, Aug. 7.) . . . ¶ Martin Josman directing the National Chorale in an all-Bernstein program. (Saturday, July 16, at 8.)

Central Park Mall—Vincent La Selva directing the New York Grand Opera Company in the second and third in a series of four Verdi productions. Wednesday, July 13, at 8: "Rigoletto," with Anita Aronoff, soprano; Ann Plagianos, mezzo-soprano; Ronald Naldi, tenor; and Jay Willoughby, baritone. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 20, at 8: "La Traviata," with Adriana Vanelli, soprano; Ronald Gattis, tenor; and Theodore Lambrinos, baritone.

Washington Square Park—Newell Jenkins conducting the Festival Orchestra, with Benjamin Hudson, violin; Jacob Glick, viola; and Paul Gallo, basset horn. The first in a series of four concerts. (Tuesday, July 19, at 8. In the event of rain, the concert will take place in the Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl.)

Central Park's Great Lawn—A concert by Diana Ross. (Thursday, July 21, at 6.)

Music Festival on the Pier—The Miller beer people's summer upheaval, running through Thursday, Sept. 1. Wednesday, July 13: The Tubes and the Plimsouls. . . . ¶ Friday, July 15: Chaka Khan and Mtume. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 16: The Ramones and the Divinyls. . . . ¶ Friday, July 22: The Animals. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 23: Tennis/Rock '83, with John McEnroe, Vitas Gerulaitis, and Friends. (Pier 84, Twelfth Ave. at 45th St. Evenings at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.)



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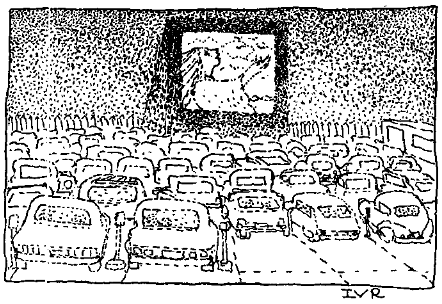
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 18.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; *theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.*)
"Neige" (directed by Juliet Berto and Jean-Henri Roger; in French), with Berto.

R.K.O. Century Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
"Gandhi" (†).

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through July 14: "Bad Boys" (Rick Rosenthal), with Sean Penn; and "Psycho II" (Richard Franklin), with Anthony Perkins and Vera Miles.
From July 15: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through July 14: "Screwballs."
From July 15 (tentative): "I, the Jury" (Richard T. Heffron), with Armand Assante; and "The Entity" (Sidney J. Furie), with Barbara Hershey and Ron Silver.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Octopussy" (†).

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Superman III" (†).

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "WarGames" (†).
Theatre 2: "Trading Places" (†).
Theatre 3: "Return of the Jedi" (†).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Twilight Zone—The Movie" (John Landis, Steven Spielberg, Joe Dante, and George Miller).

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Octopussy" (†).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Twilight Zone—The Movie" (John Landis, Steven Spielberg, Joe Dante, and George Miller).

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Porky's II: The Next Day" (Bob Clark), with Dan Monahan.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"L'Etoile du Nord" (Pierre Granier-Deferre; in French), with Simone Signoret and Philippe Noiret.

Manhattan I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Superman III" (†).
Theatre 2: "Superman III" (†).

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "The Grey Fox" (Phillip Borsos), with Richard Farnsworth.
Theatre 2: "Flashdance" (†).

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Gandhi" (†).

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "Fanny and Alexander" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Draughtsman's Contract" (Peter Greenaway), with Anthony Higgins and Janet Suzman.

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Octopussy" (†).
Theatre 2: Through July 14: "Tender Mercies" (†). From July 15: "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" (†).

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
Through July 14: "Hammett" (Wim Wenders), with Frederic Forrest.
From July 15: "Zelig" (Woody Allen), with Allen and Mia Farrow.

Loews New York Twin I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "WarGames" (†).
Theatre 2: Through July 14: "Deadly Force" (Paul Aaron), with Wings Hauser. From July 15: "Now and Forever."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"The Return of Martin Guerre" (Daniel Vigne; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Nathalie Baye.

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Trading Places" (†).

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through July 14: "Betrayal" (David Jones), with Jeremy Irons and Ben Kingsley.
From July 15: To be announced.

U. A. 85th St. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"WarGames" (†).

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Return of the Jedi" (†).
Theatre 2: "Trading Places" (†).

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through July 14: "Deadly Force" (Paul Aaron), with Wings Hauser.
From July 15: To be announced.

R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "Octopussy" (†).
Theatre 2: "Superman III" (†).

WEST SIDE

Film Forum I and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through July 19: "Quest for Power: Sketches of the American New Right" (directed by Saul Landau and Frank Diamond); and "Target Nicaragua: Inside a Covert War" (Saul Landau). From July 20: "God's Angry Man" (1980; Werner Herzog); and "Huie's Sermon" (1980; Werner Herzog).
Theatre 2: July 13: "Umberto D." (1952; Vittorio De Sica; in Italian); and "Miracle in Milan" (1951; Vittorio De Sica; in Italian), with Francesco Golissano, Brunella Bovo, Paolo Stoppa, and Emma Gramatica. July 14-16: "The Seventh Seal" (1956; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Max von Sydow, Gunnar Björnstrand, Bibi Andersson, and Nils Poppe; and "Smiles of a Summer Night" (1955; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Ulla Jacobsson, Eva Dahlbeck, Gunnar Björnstrand, and Jarl Kulle. July 17-18: "The Rules of the Game" (†) and "La Ronde" (†). July 19: "The Spirit of the Beehive" (1973; Victor Erice; in Spanish); and "Lord of the Flies" (†). July 20: "Knife in the Water" (†) and "Ashes and Diamonds" (†). July 21-23: "Rashomon" (†); and "Dodes'ka-den" (1971; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese).

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: Through July 21: "Baby, It's You" (John Sayles), with Rosanna Arquette and Vincent Spano. From July 22: "Liquid Sky" (Slava Tsukerman).
Theatre 2: Through July 14: A Woody Allen festival. July 15-21: "La Truite" (Joseph Losey), with Isabelle Huppert. From July 22: "Class" (Lewis John Carlino), with Jacqueline Bisset and Rob Lowe.

Greenwich Playhouse I and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "WarGames" (†).
Theatre 2: Through July 14: "Say Amen, Somebody" (†). From July 15: "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" (†).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through July 21: "Angelo My Love" (Robert Duvall). From July 22: "Jaws 3-D" (Joe Alves), with Dennis Quaid and Bess Armstrong.
Theatre 2: "Hammett" (Wim Wenders), with Frederic Forrest.
Theatre 3: "Diva" (†).
Theatre 4: Through July 14: "Hammett." From July 15: "The Night of the Shooting Stars" (†).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Gandhi" (†).

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through July 14: Theatre closed.
From July 15: "Staying Alive" (Sylvester Stallone), with John Travolta.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Flashdance" (†). No evening performances Monday through Wednesday, July 18-20.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
Through July 14: "Say Amen, Somebody" (†).
From July 15: "La Cage Aux Folles" (†).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Through July 21: "Betrayal" (David Jones), with Jeremy Irons and Ben Kingsley.
From July 22: "Children of Paradise" (†).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"La Traviata" (Franco Zeffirelli; in Italian), with Teresa Stratas and Placido Domingo.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Fanny and Alexander" (†).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Raiders of the Lost Ark" (†).

Lincoln Plaza I, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "La Nuit de Varennes" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Night of the Shooting Stars" (†).
Theatre 3: "Angelo My Love" (Robert Duvall).

Cinema Studio I and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: Through July 14: "Drugstore Romance" (Paul Vecchiali; in French). From July 15: "Puberty Blues" (Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with Nell Schofield and Jad Capelja.
Theatre 2: "They Don't Wear Black Tie" (Leon Hirszman; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese).

Embassy 72nd St. I and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: A Woody Allen Festival.
Theatre 2: "The First Time" (Charlie Loventhal).

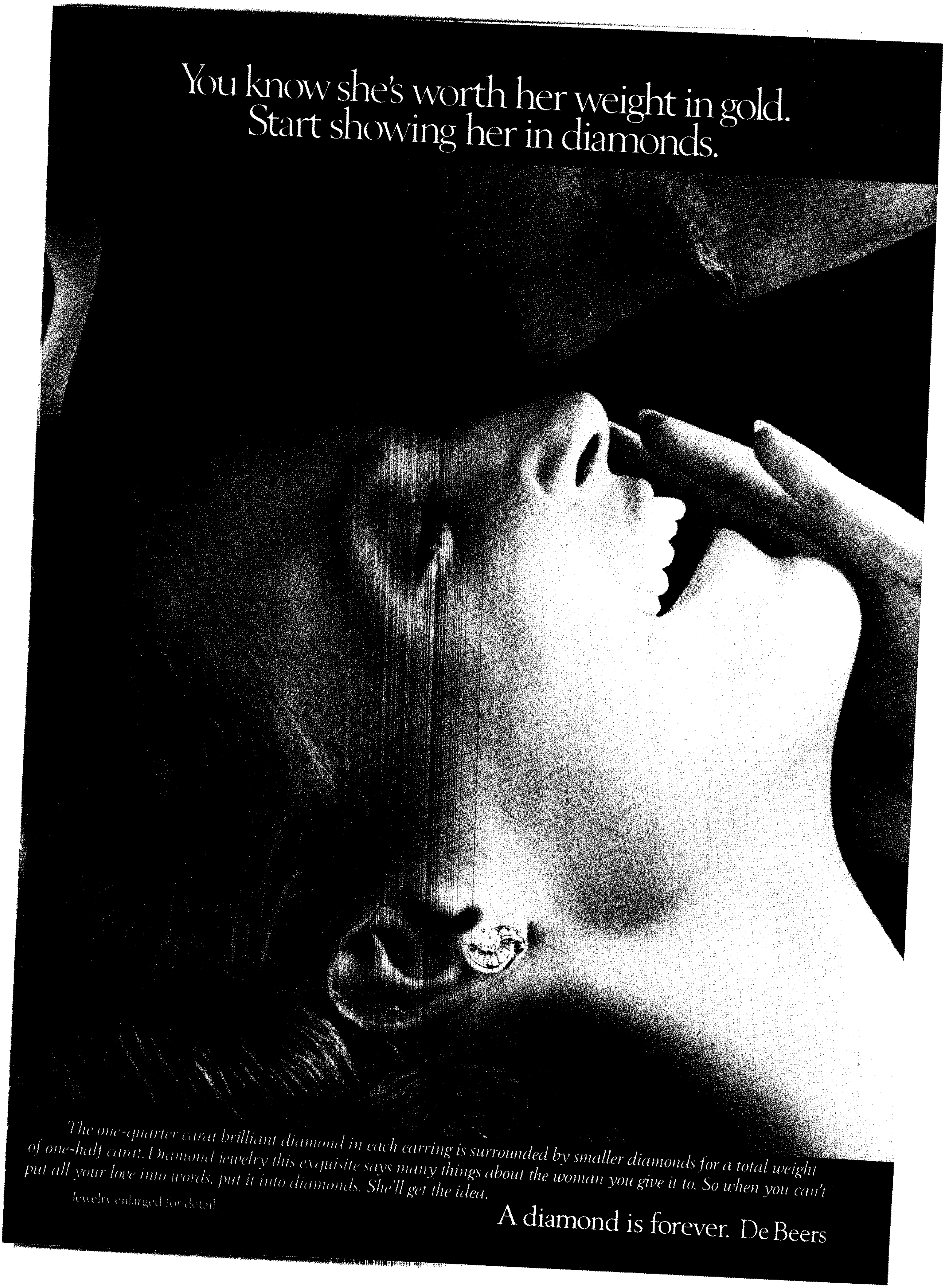
Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through July 14: "Yellowbeard" (Mel Damski), with Graham Chapman. From July 15: "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" (†).
Theatre 2: Through July 21: "Gandhi" (†). From July 22: To be announced.
Theatre 3: Through July 21: "WarGames" (†). From July 22: To be announced.
Theatre 4: Through July 21: "Superman III" (†). From July 22: To be announced.

New Yorker I and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Theatre 1: Through July 21: "Twilight Zone—The Movie" (John Landis, Steven Spielberg, Joe Dante, and George Miller). From July 22: "Class" (Lewis John Carlino), with Jacqueline Bisset and Rob Lowe.
Theatre 2: "Octopussy" (†).

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through July 14: "Blue Thunder" (†) and "Taxi Driver" (†). July 15-21: "Now and Forever." From July 22: "Jaws 3-D" (Joe Alves), with Dennis Quaid and Bess Armstrong.
Theatre 2: Through July 21: "Querelle" (Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Brad Davis and Franco Nero; and "The Stationmaster's Wife" (Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Kurt Raab. From July 22: "Jaws 3-D."
Theatre 3: Through July 14: "Psycho II" (Richard Franklin), with Anthony Perkins and Vera Miles; and "Cat People" (†). From July 15: "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" (†).
Theatre 4: "The Road Warrior" (†) and "Blade Runner" (†).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
Theatre 1: "Superman III" (†).
Theatre 2: "Porky's II: The Next Day" (di-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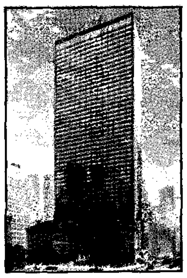

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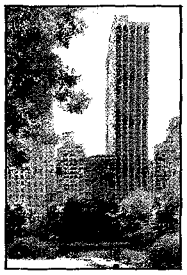

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

rected by Bob Clark), with Dan Monahan.
Theatre 3: "The Survivors" (Michael Ritchie), with Robin Williams and Walter Matthau.
Theatre 4: "Breathless" (Jim McBride), with Richard Gere and Valerie Kaprisky.
Theatre 5: Through July 14: "Stroker Ace" (Hal Needham), with Burt Reynolds and Ned Beatty. From July 15: "Chained Heat" (Paul Nicholas), with Linda Blair and John Vernon.
Theatre 6: Through July 14: "Tootsie" (†). From July 15: "Psycho II" (Richard Franklin), with Anthony Perkins and Vera Miles.

EMBASSY 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Flashdance" (†).

EMBASSY 2, 3, AND 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Flashdance" (†).
Theatre 3: "Blue Thunder" (†).
Theatre 4: "An Officer and a Gentleman" (†).

LOEWS ASTOR PLAZA, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Return of the Jedi" (†).

LOEWS STATE 1 AND 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Theatre 1: "Deadly Force" (Paul Aaron), with Wings Hauser.
Theatre 2: "Trading Places" (†).

MOVIELAND, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
Through July 14: "Chained Heat" (Paul Nicholas), with Linda Blair and John Vernon.
July 15-21: "Screwballs."
From July 22: "Class" (Lewis John Carlino), with Jacqueline Bisset and Rob Lowe.

NEW EMBASSY 49TH STREET, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
"48 Hrs." (†).

RIVOLI 1 AND 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Theatre 1: Through July 21: "Psycho II" (Richard Franklin), with Anthony Perkins and Vera Miles. From July 22: "Jaws 3-D" (Joe Alves), with Dennis Quaid and Bess Armstrong.
Theatre 2: Through July 14: "Madman;" and "The Boogens" (1982; James L. Conway), with Rebecca Balding. From July 15: "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" (†).

R.K.O. CENTURY NATIONAL TWIN, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Octopussy" (†).
Theatre 2: Through July 14: "Screwballs." From July 15: "Now and Forever."

R.K.O. CENTURY WARNER TWIN, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Theatre 1: "WarGames" (†).
Theatre 2: "Twilight Zone—The Movie" (John Landis, Steven Spielberg, Joe Dante, and George Miller).

REVIVAL HOUSES

AGEE ROOM, 144 Bleecker St. (473-8306; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Breathless" (1959; directed by Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Jean Seberg and Jean-Paul Belmondo.

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
July 13: "The Honeymoon Killers" (1970; Leonard Kastle), with Shirley Stoler and Tony Lo Bianco; and "Night of the Living Dead" (1968; George A. Romero), with Duane Jones.
July 14: "Scenes from a Marriage" (1974; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Liv Ullmann and Erland Josephson.
July 15-16: "Putney Swope" (1969; Robert Downey); and "Monty Python and the Holy Grail" (1975), performed by the BBC-TV Python team.
July 17-18: "We All Loved Each Other So Much" (1977; Ettore Scola; in Italian), with Vittorio Gassman, Nino Manfredi, Stefania Sandrelli, and Aldo Fabrizi; and "The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe" (1973; Yves Roberts; in French), with Pierre Richard.
July 19: "State of Siege" (1973; Costa-Gavras; in French), with Yves Montand; and "The Atomic Café" (1982; Kevin Rafferty, Jayne Loader, and Pierce Rafferty).
July 20: "Monterey Pop" (1969; Donn Pennebaker), a documentary on the 1967 Monterey International Pop Festival; and "Gimme Shelter" (1970; the Maysles brothers and Charlotte Zwerin), about the Rolling Stones.
July 21: "The Sorrow and the Pity" (1970; Marcel Ophuls), a documentary on the German Occupation of France.

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July 22-23: "Return of the Secaucus 7" (1980; John Sayles).

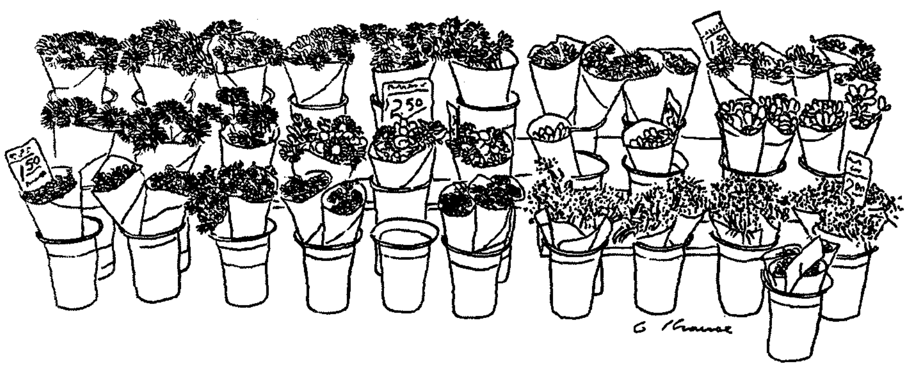
CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through July 14: "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie" (1972; Luis Buñuel; in French), with Fernando Rey, Stéphane Audran, and Delphine Seyrig; and "Viridiana" (1961; Luis Buñuel; in Spanish), with Francisco Rabal and Silvia Pinal.
July 15-16: "An American Werewolf in London" (1981; John Landis), with David Naughton and Jenny Agutter; and "Animal House" (1978; John Landis), with John Belushi.
July 17-19: "Blow-Up" (1966; Michelangelo Antonioni), with Vanessa Redgrave and David Hemmings; and "Zabriskie Point" (1970; Michelangelo Antonioni), with Mark Frechette, Daria Halprin, and Rod Taylor.
July 20-21: "The Diary of a Chambermaid" (1964; Luis Buñuel; in French), with Jeanne Moreau; and "The Exterminating Angel" (1962; Luis Buñuel; in Spanish), with Silvia Pinal.
July 22-23: "Catch-22" (1970; Mike Nichols), with Alan Arkin; and "If . . ." (†).

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
July 13: "Time Bandits" (1981; Terry Gilliam), with John Cleese and Sean Connery; and "Life of Brian" (1979; Terry Jones), with Graham Chapman.
July 14: "Sophie's Choice" (1982; Alan J. Pakula), with Meryl Streep, Kevin Kline, and Peter MacNicol; and "Kramer vs. Kramer" (1979; Robert Benton), with Dustin Hoffman and Meryl Streep.
July 15-16: "Fast Times at Ridgemont High" (1982; Amy Heckerling), with Sean Penn; and "Rock 'n' Roll High School" (1979), with the Ramones.
July 17: "Das Boot" ("The Boat;" 1982; Wolfgang Petersen; in German).
July 18: "Circle of Deceit" (1982; Volker Schlöndorff; in German), with Bruno Ganz and Hanna Schygulla; and "The Conformist" (1970; Bernardo Bertolucci; in Italian), with Jean-Louis Trintignant, Stefania Sandrelli, and Dominique Sanda.
July 19: "Poltergeist" (1982; Tobe Hooper), with Jobeth Williams, Craig T. Nelson, and Zelda Rubinstein; and "Alien" (1979; Ridley Scott), with Tom Skerritt, Sigourney Weaver, and Veronica Cartwright.
July 20: "All That Jazz" (1979; Bob Fosse), with Roy Scheider, Jessica Lange, Ann Reinking, and Leland Palmer; and "The Stunt Man" (1980; Richard Rush), with Peter O'Toole, Steve Railsback, Barbara Hershey, Allen Goorwitz, and Alex Rocco.
July 21: "Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan" (1982; Nicholas Meyer), with William Shatner, Leonard Nimoy, and Ricardo Montalban; and "The Thing" (1982; John Carpenter), with Kurt Russell.
July 22-23: "An American Werewolf in London" (1981; John Landis), with David Naughton and Jenny Agutter; and "The Dark Crystal" (1982; Jim Henson and Frank Oz).

HOLLYWOOD TWIN CINEMA 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
July 13: "The Harder They Come" (1973, Perry Henzell; a Jamaican film, in Jamaican patois), with Jimmy Cliff; and "Reggae Sunsplash" (1980), a concert with Bob Marley, Third World Band, Peter Tosh, and Burning Spear.
July 14-16: "O Lucky Man!" (1973; Lindsay Anderson), with Malcolm McDowell; and "If . . ." (†).
July 17-18: "The Good, the Bad and the Ugly" (1968), "A Fistful of Dollars" (1967), and "For a Few Dollars More" (1967), all three spaghetti Westerns directed by Sergio Leone, with Clint Eastwood.
July 19-20: "Polyester" (1981; John Waters), with Divine and Tab Hunter; and "Desperate Living" (1977; John Waters), with Edith Massey, Mink Stole, and Mary Vivian Pearce.
July 21-23: "The Year of Living Dangerously" (1983; Peter Weir), with Mel Gibson, Sigourney Weaver, and Linda Hunt; and "Tim" (1981; Michael Pate; an Australian film), with Piper Laurie and Mel Gibson.

HOLLYWOOD TWIN CINEMA 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through July 14: "Slap Shot" (1977; George Roy Hill), with Paul Newman and Michael Ontkean; and "The Longest Yard" (1974; Robert Aldrich), with Burt Reynolds, Ed Lauter, Eddie Albert, and Bernadette Peters.
July 15-16: "The Wild Bunch" (1969; Sam Peckinpah), with William Holden, Ernest Borgnine, and Robert Ryan; and "The Dirty Dozen" (1967; Robert Aldrich), with Lee Marvin.
July 17: "El Cid" (1961; Anthony Mann), with Charlton Heston, Sophia Loren, Raf Vallone, and Geneviève Page.
July 18-19: "Flash Gordon" (1980; Mike Hodges), with Sam J. Jones, Topol, and Melody Anderson; and "Heavy Metal" (1981), an animated film.
July 20-21: "Dirty Harry" (†), "Magnum Force" (†), and "The Enforcer" (†).
July 22-23: "The Last Tycoon" (1976; Elia Kazan), with Robert De Niro, Tony Curtis, Robert Mitchum, Jeanne Moreau, Jack Nicholson, and Donald Pleasence; and "Hi, Mom!" (1970; Brian De Palma), with Robert De Niro.

METRO CINEMA, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
July 13: "Jonah Who Will Be 25 in the Year 2000" (1976; Alain Tanner; in French), with Jean-Luc Bideau; and "Messidor" (1979; Alain Tanner; in French).
July 14: "Dinner at Eight" (1933; George Cukor), with Jean Harlow, Marie Dressler, and John Barrymore; and "Holiday" (1938; George Cukor), with Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, Lew Ayres, Edward Everett Horton, and Doris Nolan.
July 15: "The Exorcist" (1973; William Friedkin), with Ellen Burstyn, Max von Sydow, Lee J. Cobb, and Linda Blair; and "Resurrection" (1980; Daniel Petrie), with Ellen Burstyn, Eva Le Gallienne, and Sam Shepard.
July 16: "Mephisto" (1982; István Szabó; in German), with Klaus Maria Brandauer; and "Despair" (1979; Rainer Werner Fass-



binder), with Dirk Bogarde and Andréa Ferréol.

July 17: "Oliver!" (†) and "Great Expectations" (†).

July 18: "48 Hrs." (†) and "Dirty Harry" (†).

July 19: "Through a Glass Darkly" (1962; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Harriet Andersson, Gunnar Björnstrand, Max von Sydow, and Lars Passgård; "Winter Light" (1963; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Gunnar Björnstrand and Ingrid Thulin; and "The Silence" (1964; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Ingrid Thulin and Gunnel Lindblom.

July 20: "Don Giovanni" (†).

July 21: "Two-Faced Woman" (†); and "Camille" (1937; George Cukor), with Greta Garbo, Robert Taylor, and Henry Daniell.

July 22: "Viridiana" (1961; Luis Buñuel; in Spanish), with Francisco Rabal and Silvia Pinal; "Simon of the Desert" (1965; Luis Buñuel; in Spanish), with Claudio Brook and Silvia Pinal; and "L'Age d'Or" (1930; Luis Buñuel; in French).

July 23: "It's a Wonderful Life" (1946; Frank Capra), with James Stewart, Donna Reed, Gloria Grahame, and Thomas Mitchell; and "Heaven Can Wait" (†).

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

July 13: "Annie Hall" (1977; Woody Allen), with Allen and Diane Keaton; and "The Goodbye Girl" (1977; Herbert Ross), with Richard Dreyfuss and Marsha Mason.

July 14: "The Deer Hunter" (1978; Michael Cimino), with Robert De Niro, Christopher Walken, Meryl Streep, John Savage, and John Cazale.

July 15-16: "Kramer vs. Kramer" (1979; Robert Benton), with Dustin Hoffman and Meryl Streep; and "Ordinary People" (1980; Robert Redford), with Donald Sutherland, Mary Tyler Moore, Timothy Hutton, and Judd Hirsch.

July 17-19: "Chariots of Fire" (1981; Hugh Hudson), with Ben Cross and Ian Charleson.

July 20-21: "Manhattan" (1979; Woody Allen), with Allen, Diane Keaton, Michael Murphy, and Meryl Streep; and "The Prisoner of Second Avenue" (†).

July 22-23: "Broadway Melody of 1940" (1940; Norman Taurog), with Fred Astaire, Eleanor Powell, and George Murphy; and "The Barkleys of Broadway" (†).

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

July 13: "Ninja, a Band of Assassins" (1962; *Satsuo Yamamoto; in Japanese), with Raizo* Ichikawa; and "Return of the Band of Assassins" (1964; Satsuo Yamamoto; in Japanese), with Raizo Ichikawa.

July 14: "McCabe & Mrs. Miller" (1971; Robert Altman), with Warren Beatty and Julie Christie; and "A Perfect Couple" (1979; Robert Altman), with Marta Heflin and Paul Dooley.

July 15-16: "Day for Night" (1973; François Truffaut; in French), with Jacqueline Bisset, Jean-Pierre Aumont, Jean-Pierre Léaud, and Valentina Cortese; and "The Story of Adèle H." (1975; François Truffaut; in French), with Isabelle Adjani.

July 17: "Raging Bull" (1980; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro, Cathy Moriarty, and Joe Pesci; and "The Hustler" (1961; Robert Rossen), with Paul Newman, Jackie Gleason, Piper Laurie, Myron McCormick, and George C. Scott.

July 18: "Coonskin" (†); and a program of cartoons by the Fleischers.

July 19: "Bonnie and Clyde" (1967; Arthur Penn), with Warren Beatty and Faye Dunaway; and "The Left Handed Gun" (1958; Arthur Penn), with Paul Newman.

July 20: "The Samurai Trilogy, Parts I and II" (1954/56; Hiroshi Inagaki; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune.

July 21: "Cabaret" (1972; Bob Fosse), with Liza Minnelli, Michael York, and Joel Grey; and "The Pajama Game" (1957; George Abbott and Stanley Donen), with Doris Day, John Raitt, Carol Haney, and Eddie Foy.

July 22-23: "Breathless" (1959; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Jean Seberg and Jean-Paul Belmondo; and "Garde à Vue" (1982; Claude Miller; in French), with Michel Serrault and Lino Ventura.

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

July 13: "She Done Him Wrong" (1933; Lowell Sherman), with Mae West and Cary Grant; and "I'm No Angel" (1933; Wesley Ruggles), with Mae West and Cary Grant.

July 14: "All Fall Down" (1962; John Frankenheimer), with Eva Marie Saint, Warren Beatty, and Karl Malden; and "Splendor in the Grass" (1961; Elia Kazan), with Natalie Wood, Warren Beatty, and Pat Hingle.

July 15: "Show Boat" (1936: James Whale), with Irene Dunne, Helen Morgan, Allan Jones, and Paul Robeson; and "Roberta" (1935; William Seiter), with Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, Irene Dunne, Randolph Scott, and Helen Westley.

July 16: "The Third Man" (1950; Carol Reed), with Orson Welles, Joseph Cotten, Alida Valli, and Trevor Howard; and "The Trial" (1963; Orson Welles), with Anthony Perkins, Jeanne Moreau, Suzanne Flon, and Elsa Martinelli.

July 17: "The Boy Friend" (1971; Ken Russell), with Twiggy and Christopher Gable; and "On Your Toes" (†).

July 18: "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" (1919; Robert Wiene; a German silent film), with Werner Krauss, Conrad Veidt, Lil Dagover, and Friedrich Feher; and "M" (1932; Fritz Lang; in German), with Peter Lorre.

July 19: "Charlie Chan in Egypt" (1935; Louis King), with Warner Oland as Chan; and "Charlie Chan in Honolulu" (1938; H. Bruce Humberstone), with Sidney Toler as Chan.

July 20: "The Shopworn Angel" (†) and "The Shop Around the Corner" (†).

July 21: "Witness for the Prosecution" (†); and "Ace in the Hole" ("The Big Carnival;" 1951; Billy Wilder), with Kirk Douglas and Jan Sterling.

July 22-23: "Song of the Thin Man" (1947; Edward Buzzell) and "Another Thin Man" (1939; W. S. Van Dyke), both films with Myrna Loy and William Powell.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium II, 18 W. 54th St. (708-9490)—July 14 at 2:30: "Les Otages" (1939; directed by Raymond Bernard; in French, with no English subtitles), with Fernand Charpin and Annie Vernay. . . . ¶ July 14 at 6: "Faisons un Rêve" (1936; Sacha Guitry; in French, with no English subtitles), with Guitry, Raimu, and Jacqueline Delubac. . . . ¶ July 15 at 2:30: "Sans Lendemain" (1939; Max Ophuls; in French, with no English subtitles), with Edwige Feuillère. . . . ¶ July 15 at 6: "Retour à l'Aube" (1938; Henri Decoin; in French, with no English subtitles), with Danielle Darrieux and Pierre Dux. . . . ¶ July 16 at noon: "Bottoms Up!" (1934; David Butler), with Spencer Tracy, John Boles, Pat Paterson, and Sid Silvers. . . . ¶ July 16 at 2:30: "Menaces" (1939; Edmond T. Gréville; in French, with no English subtitles), with Erich von Stroheim, Mireille Balin, Ginette Leclerc, and John Loder. . . . ¶ July 16 at 5: "Le Patriote" (1938; Maurice Tourneur; in French, with no English subtitles), with Harry Baur, Josette Day, and Pierre Renoir. . . . ¶ July 17 at noon: "Bottoms Up!" . . . ¶ July 17 at 2: "Forfaiture" (1937; Marcel L'Herbier; in French, with no English subtitles), with Victor Francen, Sessue Hayakawa, Louis Jouvet, and Lise Delamare. . . . ¶ July 17 at 5: "Monsieur Coccinelle" (1938; Dominique Bernard-Deschamps; in French, with no English subtitles), with Pierre Larquey. . . . ¶ July 18 at 2:30: "Macao, l'Enfer du Jeu" (1939; Jean Delannoy; in French, with no English subtitles), with Erich von Stroheim, Sessue Hayakawa, and Mireille Balin. . . . ¶ July 18 at 6: "Forfaiture." . . . ¶ July 19 at 2:30: "Ceux de Chez Nous" (1914-15; Sacha Guitry; a French silent film), with Sarah Bernhardt, Anatole France, Edgar Degas, and Auguste Rodin. . . . ¶ July 19 at 6: "Le Corbeau" (1943; Henri-Georges Clouzot; in French, with English subtitles), with Pierre Fresnay, Ginette Leclerc, and Micheline Francey. . . . ¶ July 21 at 2:30: "Retour à l'Aube." . . . ¶ July 21 at 6: "Vénus Aveugle" (1941; Abel Gance; in French, with no English subtitles), with Viviane Romance and Georges Flamant. . . . ¶ July 22 at noon: "Le Patriote." . . . ¶ July 22 at 6: "Remorques" (1941; Jean Grémillon; in French, with no English subtitles), with Jean Gabin, Michèle Morgan, and Madeleine Renaud. . . . ¶ July 23 at noon: "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" (1919; Robert Wiene; a German silent film, with English intertitles), with Werner Krauss, Conrad Veidt, Lil Dagover, and Friedrich Feher. . . . ¶ July 23 at 2:30: "Le Corbeau." . . . ¶ *July 23 at 5: "La Fille du Puisatier"* (1940; Marcel Pagnol; in French, with English subtitles), with Raimu, Fernandel, and Josette Day. (A limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM, Metropolitan Museum. Fifth Ave. at 83rd. (570-3949)—July 13: "The Man in the White Suit" (1951; Alexander Mackendrick), with Alec Guinness, Joan Greenwood, Cecil Parker, and Vida Hope. . . . ¶ July 14: "Suddenly Last Summer" (1959; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Katharine Hepburn, Elizabeth Taylor, and Montgomery Clift. . . . ¶ July 15: "The Captain's Paradise" (1953; Anthony Kimmins), with Alec Guinness, Celia Johnson, Yvonne de Carlo, and Charles Goldner. . . . ¶ July 18: "The Fugitive Kind" (1960; Sidney Lumet), with Marlon Brando, Anna Magnani, Joanne Woodward, Victor Jory, and Maureen Stapleton. . . . ¶ July 19: "The Ten Commandments" (1956; Cecil B. De Mille), with Charlton Heston, Yul Brynner, Edward G. Robinson, and Anne Baxter. . . . ¶ July 20: "The Bridge on the River Kwai" (1957; David Lean), with Alec Guinness, Jack Hawkins, William Holden, and Sessue Hayakawa. . . . ¶ July 21: "Summer and Smoke" (1961; Peter Glenville), with Geraldine Page, Laurence Harvey, Una Merkel, Pamela Tiffin, and Rita Moreno. . . . ¶ July 22: "Murder by Death" (1976; Robert Moore), with Alec Guinness, Peter Falk, Peter Sellers, and Truman Capote. (All showings at 8.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

ASHES AND DIAMONDS (1958)—The third (but self-contained) film in Andrzej Wajda's wonderful triptych about the young Communist generation in Warsaw during and after the Second World War. The star is Cybulski, debonair, playing a patriot of the Warsaw uprising. People call Wajda romantic, but the trilogy is something else: farsighted about what was to happen politically, with a hard-won gaiety deeply bitten by the knowledge that the only other option was fear. In Polish. (Film Forum; July 20.)

THE BARKLEYS OF BROADWAY (1949)—Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers together again, for the first time in ten years, with Ginger aspiring to be Bernhardt, and Oscar Levant playing Khatchaturian's "Sabre Dance," as well as some Tchaikovsky. Tunes include George Gershwin's "They Can't Take That Away from Me." Betty Comden and Adolph Green wrote the screenplay at their usual buoyant best. (Regency; July 22-23.)

BLADE RUNNER (1982)—Ridley Scott's futuristic thriller is set in a hellish, claustrophobic city, dark and polluted, and with a continual drenching rainfall—Los Angeles in the year 2019. The congested-megalopolis sets are extraordinary: this is the grimy, retrograde future—the future as a black market, made up of scrambled, sordid aspects of the past. A visionary sci-fi movie that has its own look can't be ignored; it has its place in film history. But you're always aware of the sets as sets; it's 2019 back lot. The movie forces passivity on you. It puts you in this lopsided maze of a city, with its post-human feeling, and keeps you persuaded that something bad is about to happen. Harrison Ford is the blade runner, a police officer who kills "replicants"—the powerful humanoids manufactured by genetic engineers—if they rebel against their drudgery in the space colonies and show up on Earth. He tracks down four replicants (Brion James; Joanna Cassidy; Daryl Hannah, who has killer thighs and does a punk variation on Olympia, the doll automaton of "The Tales of Hoffmann;" and the blue-eyed scenery-chewer Rutger Hauer), but Ford's mission seems of no particular consequence. The whole movie gives you the feeling of not getting anywhere—of being part of the atmosphere of decay. With Sean Young as Rachael and William Sanderson as the toymaker. From the 1968 novel "Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?" by Philip K. Dick. (Reviewed in our issue of 7/12/82.) (Olympia Quad.)

Blue Thunder—The plot is no more than hints and eavesdroppings about a sinister right-wing conspiracy within the government—it involves the use of a test-model helicopter with the deceptively romantic name "Blue Thunder." The director, John Badham, does a glamorous, showy job, and this is the sort of action film that can make you feel sick with excitement, yet it's all technique—suspense in a void. The battle between good and evil rages in the dirty looks that Roy Scheider, a police-officer pilot, exchanges with Malcolm McDowell as an Army colonel, a mad-twit racist. With Daniel Stern, Warren Oates, and Candy Clark. The cinematography is by John A. Alonzo; the script is by Dan O'Bannon and Don Jakoby—they obviously don't do people. (5/30/83) (Embassy. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; through July 14.)

La Cage aux Folles (1979)—A brilliant comedy about a pair of aging homosexuals, one of whom has had a son; the son is eager to marry, his fiancée is extremely conventional, and her family wishes to make the acquaintance of his family. Trouble in paradise, here known as Saint-Tropez. Edouard Molinaro directed, with Michel Serrault and Ugo Tognazzi. In French. (57th St. Playhouse; starting July 15.)

Cat People (1982)—Working with his team—the visual consultant Ferdinando Scarfiotti, the cinematographer John Bailey, and the composer Giorgio Moroder—the director Paul Schrader is perfecting an apocalyptic swank. Each shot looks like an album cover for records you don't ever want to play. The picture (it's set in New Orleans) is meant to be poetic and "legendary." It has all the furnishings for a religious narrative about Eros and Thanatos, but what's going on is that Nastassia Kinski and Malcolm McDowell—the sister and brother with black leopards inside them—are jumping out of their skins and leaving little puddles of guck behind. The obscure proceedings are often ludicrous (especially in the orange-colored primal-dream sequences), yet you don't get to pass the time by laughing because it's all so queasy and so confusingly put together that you feel shut out. Just when a scene begins to hold some interest, Schrader cuts away from it; the crucial things seem to be happening between the scenes. The film is comatose; you're brought into it only by the camera tricks or the special-effects horrors or, perhaps, the nude scenes. With John Heard, Annette O'Toole, Ruby Dee, and Ed Begley, Jr. From a script by Alan Ormsby that's a total reworking of the much simpler 1942 film. (5/3/82) (Olympia Quad; through July 14.)

Children of Paradise (1945)—This lushly romantic creation, directed by Marcel Carné and written by Jacques Prévert, is one-of-a-kind film, a sumptuous epic about the relations between theatre and life. At first, it may seem a romance set in the Paris of Balzac; it turns into a comparison of dramatic modes—it includes at least five kinds of theatrical performance. And, encompassing these, it is a film poem on the nature and varieties of love—sacred and profane, selfless and possessive. It was made during the Occupation, and it is said that the starving extras made away with some of the banquets before they could be photographed. With Jean-Louis Barrault as the soulful mime Deburau (the Pierrot; Barrault sucks in his cheeks so much that he sometimes suggests Dietrich) and the incomparable Arletty as Garance; Pierre Brasseur as the Shakespearean actor Lemaître (the Harlequin); Louis Salou as the count; Marcel Herrand as the philosophical murderer; Pierre Renoir as the ragpicker informer; and Maria Casarès, in the unrewarding role of the theatre manager's daughter, who marries Deburau and becomes the mother of an abominable offspring. (The child is pure Hollywood.) In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; starting July 22.)

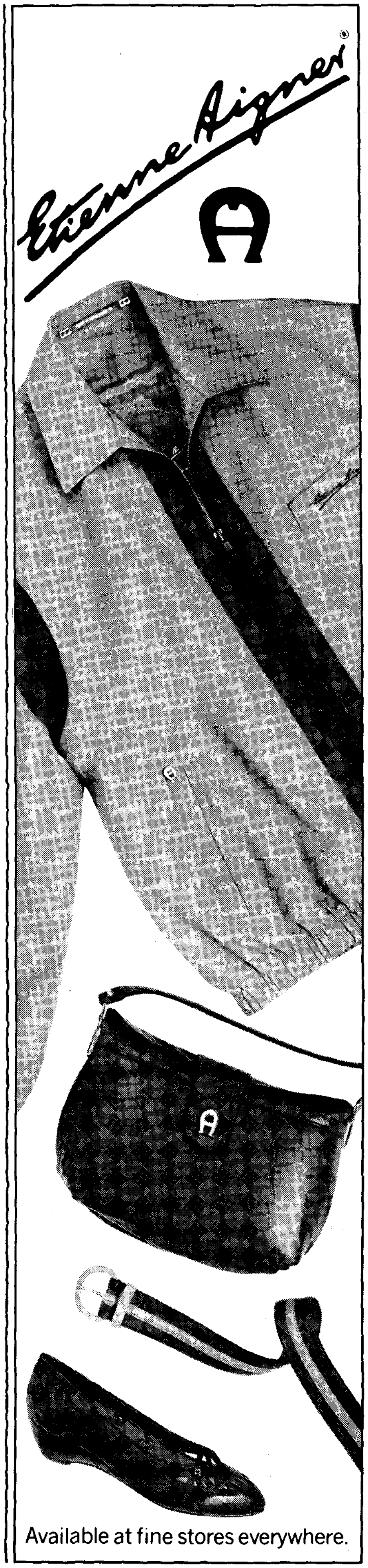
Coonskin (1975)—Full-length animated-and-photographed film by Ralph Bakshi (of "Fritz the Cat" and "Heavy Traffic"). Made in lewd honor of Manhattan, in the guise of a version of a Brer Rabbit story, and full of mocked stereotypes of every sort. A certain vindictiveness is handed out to blacks, homosexuals, the Mafia, tarts, and Wasps alike. Visually fascinating, especially when the movie does things quietly. (Thalia; July 18.)

Dirty Harry (1971)—This right-wing fantasy about the San Francisco police force as a helpless group (emasculated by the unrealistic liberals) propagandizes for paralegal police power and vigilante justice. The only way that the courageous cop Dirty Harry Callahan (Clint Eastwood) can protect the city against the mad hippie killer (Andy Robinson) who terrorizes women and children is by taking the law into his own hands. Harry, who knows what justice is and how to carry it out, is the best there is, a Camelot cop; he got his nickname because he's the dedicated troubleshooter who draws the dirtiest assignments. He is our martyr—stained on our behalf. As suspense craftsmanship, the picture is trim, brutal, and exciting; it was directed in the sleekest style by the veteran urban-action director Don Siegel, and Lalo Schifrin's pulsating, jazzy electronic trickery drives the picture forward. It's also a remarkably single-minded attack on liberal values, with each prejudicial detail in place—a kind of hard-hat "The Fountainhead." Harry's hippie adversary is pure evil: sniper, rapist, kidnapper, torturer, defiler of all human values. This monster—who wears a peace symbol—stands for everything the audience fears and loathes. The action genre has always had a fascist potential, and it surfaces in this movie. It was a big success, and Eastwood played Harry again in two sequels: "Magnum Force" (1973) and "The Enforcer" (1976). With Reni Santori, Harry Guardino, and John Vernon. Written by Harry Fink and his wife, R. M. Fink, Dean Riesner, and also John Milius (uncredited). (Metro Cinema; July 18. . . . ¶ Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; July 20-21.)

Diva (1981)—An up-to-the-minute romantic thriller from France, made by a new director, Jean-Jacques Beineix, who has a fabulous camera technique and understands the pleasures to be had from a picture that doesn't take itself too seriously. The diva is an awesomely beautiful black American soprano (Wilhelmenia Fernandez) who refuses to make recordings. Frédéric Andrei is the wide-eyed eighteen-year-old postal messenger who adores her; he sneaks his Nagra tape machine into her concert in Paris so he'll be able to listen to her at home—and all hell breaks loose around him. The unfazable heroine (the fourteen-year-old Thuy An Luu) is a post-Godardian tootsie—in her short-short skirts and transparent plastic coat she's a lollipop wrapped in cellophane. The film may remind you of Welles' "Touch of Evil;" it's Welles romanticized, packaged. It's a mixture of style and chic hanky-panky, but it's genuinely sparkling. In French. (4/19/82) (Quad Cinema.)

Don Giovanni (1979)—Joseph Losey's full-length version of Mozart's opera. Not musically the best version of the opera you've ever heard, nor among the finest movies you've seen. But most people, after all, don't go to much live opera, and this "Don Giovanni" is better than most recent films. In Italian. (Metro Cinema; July 20.)

The Enforcer (1976)—Clint Eastwood once again as Dirty Harry, the San Francisco police inspector who is a law unto himself; by now Eastwood appears to be taking Harry's saintliness so seriously that he hisses his lines angrily, his mouth pulled thin by righteousness. Directed by James Fargo, this third in the series doesn't have the savvy to be as sadistic as its predecessors ("Dirty Harry" and "Magnum Force," both playing with "The Enforcer" at the Hollywood Twin Cinema 2); it's just limp. The script, by Stirling Silliphant and Dean Riesner, is no more than scaffolding; its strategy is simply to set up a collection of villains—the Revolutionary Strike Force—so disgustingly cruel and inhuman that Eastwood can spend the rest of the movie killing them with a perfect conscience. These revolutionaries who are imperilling the city (which is run by the usual contingent of liberal twits) are thrill-seeking



mercenaries, led by vicious homosexuals. The staging is so lackadaisical, though, that jowly revolutionaries shoot with one eye on the time clock. The film's only distinction is Tyne Daly's warm performance as the policewoman assigned to work with Harry: deliberately unglamorous, she manages to show some believably human expressions of confusion and discomfort. With Bradford Dillman, Harry Guardino, John Mitchum, DeVeren Bookwalter, and John Crawford. The story is by G. M. Hickman and S. W. Schurr. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; July 20-21.)

Fanny and Alexander—Ingmar Bergman's festive and full-bodied dream play—a vision of family life as a gifted boy might have perfected it—replacing his strict family (Bergman's father was a clergyman) with a generous-hearted theatrical clan. In what Bergman says is his final movie, his obsessions are turned into stories, and he tells them to us—he makes us a beribboned present of his Freudian-gothic dream world. The movie is scaled big; it runs for three hours and ten minutes, and its lovingly placed warm gingerbreading is enormously enjoyable. But the conventionality of the thinking in the film is rather shocking. It's as if Bergman's neuroses had been tormenting him for so long that he cut them off and went sprinting back to Victorian health and domesticity. In Swedish. (6/13/83) (Cinema I, and Cinema 3.)

Flashdance—A lulling, narcotizing musical, it sells the kind of romantic story that was laughed off the screen thirty years ago and then made a comeback with "Rocky I, II, and III." The heroine (dewy-eyed face and darling smile by Jennifer Beals, dancing by Marine Jahan) is a welder by day and a dancer in a bar at night. And she has a dream in which she's a ballerina. The music throughout is synthesizer pop; basically the movie is a series of rock videos. The dancing doesn't go the way a body goes; the dancing goes the way an eggbeater goes. With Richard Colon, one of a group of black "breakers" who do the only real dancing in the movie. Directed by Adrian Lyne, from a script by Tom Hedley and Joe Eszterhas. (6/27/83) (Coronet, Embassy 1, and Embassy. . . . ¶ Festival. No evening performances Monday through Wednesday, July 18-20.)

48 Hrs.—Walter Hill's fast and brutal action comedy is a roller coaster that hurtles along. Nick Nolte is a San Francisco police detective, and Eddie Murphy (making his movie début) is a young hipster thief who outsmarts him by his hustler's verbal finesse and his black man's sense of irony. The two set out as brawling and cursing enemies and, of course, become guffawing pals; the racial infighting is what gives the film its charge. It's like "The French Connection," "Dirty Harry," "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid," and a half-dozen other films all put in a compactor, smashed, and pressed into cartoon form. With Annette O'Toole, Frank McRae, James Remar, Sonny Landham, Brion James, Olivia Brown, David Patrick Kelly, and the Busboys. (1/10/83) (New Embassy 49th Street. . . . ¶ Metro Cinema; July 18.)

Gandhi—A biographical epic, directed by Richard Attenborough, whose sensibility is conventional. Spanning fifty-five years, the picture covers some of the principal events in Gandhi's public life and tidies up his rather kinky domestic relations. Gandhi goes by in a cloud of serenity, and everyone who sees him knuckles under (with the exception of a few misguided fellows, of course). Ben Kingsley, who plays the Mahatma, looks the part, has a fine, quiet presence, and conveys Gandhi's shrewdness. Kingsley is impressive; the picture isn't. The first half builds up considerable interest in Gandhi; the second half is scattered—as if it had been added to or subtracted from at random. From a script by John Briley. (3 hours, 8 minutes.) (12/27/82) (R.K.O. Century Art, D. W. Griffith, and Guild. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through July 21.)

Great Expectations (1946)—David Lean directed this handsome British production from the J. Arthur Rank studio; it takes us back to that period in English letters when heroes had nice manners, a story had sweep and flourish, and all the stray subplots were gathered up and "rhymed." The rather creamy look (like an expensive gift edition of a classic) is not particularly appropriate to Dickens' style, but the film has a strong style of its own, which is very different from Lean's earlier work. He seems finally to have let go—to have pulled out all the stops. The film is emotional, exciting, full of action; sequences are planned in terms of heightened dramatic contrasts and sudden, scary tensions. This hyperbolic style rushes us past the awkward bits of staging and the slight dissatisfaction we may feel about the boy Pip (Anthony Wager) turning into John Mills, who plays his role very tentatively—almost as if he were trying out for it. Jean Simmons is Estella, and then Valerie Hobson takes over the part, though it's inconceivable that one could grow into the other, and something seems to be lost, despite Hobson's dignity and beauty. The rest of the cast, though, is close to miraculous: Alec Guinness is Herbert Pocket; Finlay Currie is Magwitch; Martita Hunt is Miss Havisham; Bernard Miles is Joe Gargery; Freda Jackson is Mrs. Gargery; Ivor Barnard is Wemmick; Torin Thatcher is Bentley Drummle; Eileen Erskine is Biddy; O. B. Clarence is the Aged Parent; and Francis L. Sullivan (who had played the same role in the 1934 Hollywood version) is that most alarming upholder of the law, Jaggers. The producer, Ronald Neame, collaborated with Lean on the adaptation. Guy Green took the Academy Award for best black-and-white cinematography; John Bryan and Wilfred Shingleton also won for black-and-white art direction and set decoration. (Metro Cinema; July 17.)

Heaven Can Wait (1943)—Ernst Lubitsch produced and directed this whimsical, uneven, yet generally disarming comedy of manners (it lightly satirizes social and sexual conventions), from a screenplay by his frequent collaborator Samson Raphaelson. Perhaps it isn't well known because it stars the rather drab Don Ameche, who appeared in many forced and charmless routine pictures, but here (as in "Midnight") he's reasonably engaging. He plays a wellborn New Yorker, Henry Van Cleve—a lifetime dandy and stage-door Johnny—who thinks that his sexual improprieties are sinful and qualify him for Hell, but as he applies to Satan and tells his story we see his life in flashbacks and see his essential generosity and innocence. Gene Tierney plays the Kansas girl he steals from his stuffy cousin (Allyn Joslyn). With Charles Coburn, Marjorie Main, Laird Cregar, Spring Byington, Florence Bates, Eugene Pallette, Louis Calhern, Clarence Muse, Adele Jurgens, Clara Blandick, and Scotty Beckett and Dickie Moore as Henry at 7 and 15, Signe Hasso as the French maid, and Anita Bolster as Mrs. Cooper-Cooper. Loosely based on the Hungarian play "Birthdays," by Laszlo Bus-Fekete. This film has no connection with Warren Beatty's 1978 "Heaven Can Wait," which is a remake of the 1941 "Here Comes Mr. Jordan," which was taken from an American play called "Heaven Can Wait," by Harry Segall. (Metro Cinema; July 23.)

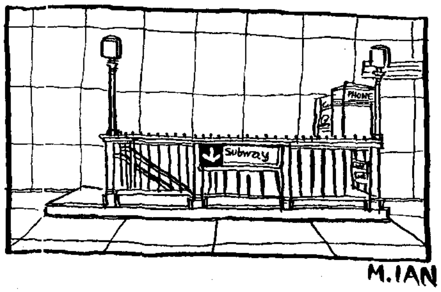
If . . . (1969)—At first, and for a considerable stretch, this Lindsay Anderson film appears to be a clinical exposé of the horrible organized bedlam inflicted on English boys in the name of a gentleman's education. The movie is especially fixated on the cruelties that the students perpetrate against each other, with lingering attention to scenes of juvenile sadism and flogging and homoeroticism. Then it turns into an epic on student revolt. You can read the signals all right—the poster of Ché and the student hero's forbidden mustache and his playing the "Missa Luba." But the style of the film is constricted and charged with ambivalent feelings. Can it be meant to be a story of the revolutionary spirit of the young when it's so full of bile about youth? Anderson devotes most of his energy to the meanness of the students. And it's really not a rebellion of the young that he shows us but a rebellion of a self-chosen few—three boys (and a girl picked up along the way) who set fire to the school on Speech Day and start sniping at those who flee the fire, including the rest of the young. Their way of destroying the prison is to kill the inmates. The conspirators are apparently cleaning out the whole mess—killing everybody, because nobody's fit to live. The last shot is a glamorous and apparently approving closeup of the hero as he fires away, like Robert Taylor aiming at "the Japs" at the end of "Bataan." There are so many muddy undercurrents in this film that even the best sequences are often baffling, and the ways in which Anderson tries to illustrate the desire for freedom don't carry any conviction. It's a bewildering film. With Malcom McDowell. Written by David Sherwin; cinematography by Miroslav Ondricek. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; July 14-16. . . . ¶ Cinema Village; July 22-23.)

Knife in the Water (1962)—A middle-aged man, his pretty young wife, and an undergraduate hitchhiker act out a rather sinister charade in modern Poland. Roman Polanski wrote and directed. In Polish. (Film Forum; July 20.)

Lord of the Flies (1963)—A desert-island version of the playing fields of Eton. Peter Brook's adaptation of William Golding's novel is brisk and painful, and it has got rid of a lot of Golding's gusty metaphysical excesses. Down to earth and accurately brutal, beautifully photographed, and cut to a sharp, cracking pace. (Film Forum; July 19.)

Magnum Force (1973)—The bloody, brutal sequel to "Dirty Harry." This time, Clint Eastwood doesn't speak for vigilante justice, and he slaughters those who do. But he's the same emotionless hero, who lives and kills as affectlessly as a psychopathic personality. The setting is San Francisco, but, as in the spaghetti Westerns, Eastwood's gun power makes him the hero of a totally nihilistic dream world. Ted Post's direction is mediocre; the script by John Milius and Michael Cimino is cheaply effective. The villains this time are a Nazi-style élite cadre of clean-cut, dedicated cops (with a prim Führer—Hal Holbrook) who have taken the law into their own hands and are assassinating the labor racketeers, the drug dealers, and the gangsters. The movie is full of what in a moral landscape would be sickening scenes of death—for example, a huge metal girder smashes right into a man's face. Here, the audience is meant not to empathize but to say "Wow!" The ugliest scene: a black pimp's murder of a black whore, which is staged for a turn-on erotic effect. With Felton Perry, Mitchell Ryan, Adele Yoshioka, and, as the young neo-Nazis, David Soul, Tim Matheson, Robert Urich, and Kip Niven. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; July 20-21.)

The Night of the Shooting Stars—In its feeling and completeness, this film by Paolo and Vittorio Taviani may rank close to Jean Renoir's bafflingly beautiful "Grand Illusion." The story is a woman's memories of her adventures as a six-year-old in a Tuscan village and its environs during the summer of 1944, when the American troops were rumored only days away, and the Germans who had held the area under occupation were preparing to clear out—preparations that included mining the houses so they could blow them up. Yet this setting is magical, like a Shakespearean forest, and the woman's account has the quality of folklore and legend, and even its most tragic moments can be dizzyingly comic. With Omero Antonutti as the leader of the group of two or three dozen villagers who sneak away in the night to find the Americans. The script



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is by the Tavianis and the producer, Giuliani G. De Negri, with the collaboration of Tonino Guerra; the score is by Nicola Piovani; cinematography is by Franco di Giacomo. In Italian. (2/7/83) (Lincoln Plaza. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; starting July 15.)

La Nuit de Varennes—Descended from a long line of "Gallic romps," this is a creakingly cultured historical pageant set in the time of Louis XVI. As the decaying Casanova, Marcello Mastroianni (who is made to look toweringly tall) has a couple of superb moments—one with Laura Betti as a jolly touring opera singer, and one with Andrea Ferreol as a wealthy woman who declares her passion for him. Jean-Louis Barrault looks great as the scandalously popular, often pornographic writer Restif de la Bretonne, but the role has been written to make Restif a darling old reprobate, and Barrault just keeps smiling. Also with Hanna Schygulla as a royalist countess; Jean-Claude Brialy, who is almost a comic archetype as her devoted hairdresser; Harvey Keitel as Thomas Paine; and Daniel Gelin and Jean-Louis Trintignant. Written by Sergio Amidei and the director, Ettore Scola. A French-Italian co-production, in French. (3/21/83) (Lincoln Plaza.)

Octopussy—This is probably the most casual of the James Bond series, and in some ways it's more like the Bob Hope and Bing Crosby "Road" comedies than it is like the Bonds. Bond—Roger Moore—gets most of his effects here by the spark in his worried, squinched-up eyes; he may not be heroic, but he's game. This fourteenth in the Bond series (or thirteenth, if you don't include "Casino Royale") is set against a tourist-paradise India. It rattles along agreeably, even though the director, John Glen, seems to lose track of the story, and neither he nor the writers (George MacDonald Fraser, with Richard Maibaum and Michael G. Wilson) appear to have thought out the women's roles. The picture doesn't deliver on the chic perversities suggested by the inelegant title (and some of the décor). As Octopussy, the beautiful amazon Maud Adams is disappointingly warm and maternal. With Kristina Wayborn as the tall greasy-lipped blonde, and Louis Jourdan, Kabir Bedi, Steven Berkoff, Vijay Amritraj, and David and Tony Meyer as the knife-throwing twins. (6/27/83) (Bay Cinema, Eastside Cinema, Gemini, R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, New Yorker, and R.K.O. Century National Twin.)

An Officer and a Gentleman (1982)—This formula romantic melodrama seems to come out of a time warp, but the director, Taylor Hackford, has done a smashing job of making the retrograde love story whiz by. Richard Gere is the tightly wound-up loner who is determined to become a flier; the movie centers on his thirteen-week basic-training ordeal at Naval Aviation Officer Candidate School. Gere has a striking moment when the character cracks, after the tough drill sergeant (Louis Gossett, Jr.) has caught him in some petty chiselling and punished him. But after he has broken down he's still Richard Gere, lost in his own placid beauty. As the millworker heroine, Debra Winger brings the film sultriness; you pull for this heroine because her tough-chick little-girl insolence plays off the avid look in her eyes that tells you she longs to make human contact. Gossett plays the sergeant bone hard; it's a beautifully hammy austere performance. There are also impressive characterizations by David Keith and Robert Loggia. With Tony Plana as an officer candidate with a Mohawk haircut and Lisa Eilbacher as a woman candidate. The script is by Douglas Day Stewart. (8/23/82) (Embassy.)

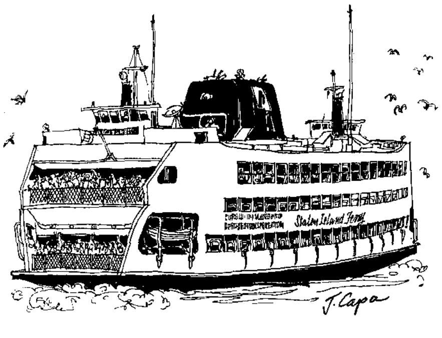
Oliver! (1968)—On the stage, "Oliver!" was an undistinguished musical that people took their children to, dutifully; it was an English variant of Broadway Americana. The movie transforms the material; it's not only a musical entertainment but an imaginative version of the novel as a lyrical, macabre fable. The tone is set in the opening sequence, in the children's workhouse, when Oliver's "Please, sir, I want some more" leads into a choreographed children's riot. The stylization seems to put quotation marks around everything Dickensian, in a way that makes you more aware of the qualities of Dickens' art. It's as if the movie set out to be a tribute to Dickens and a comment on his melodramatic art as well as to tell the story of Oliver Twist. The songs (by Lionel Bart) provide the distancing that enables us to appreciate Dickens' pathos intellectually, and the director, Carol Reed, gives a superb demonstration of intelligent craftsmanship; he doesn't urge us to tears—he leaves us our pride. Typically, the best moment is a quiet one. Oliver (Mark Lester), who has been listening to "Who Will Buy?," the lovely early-morning song of the tradespeople in Bloomsbury, walks along singing a few bars to himself, and it is probably the most delicately beautiful reprise in movie-musical history. The score isn't great, but it's certainly well sung. With Ron Moody as Fagin; Harry Secombe as Mr. Bumble; Shani Wallis as Nancy; Oliver Reed, who finds the right outlet for his peculiar talents as Bill Sikes; and Jack Wild as the Artful Dodger. The musical sequences were choreographed by Onna White; the cinematography is by Oswald Morris; the set designs are by John Box; the screenplay is by Vernon Harris. (Metro Cinema; July 17.)

On Your Toes (1939)—Zorina dances, and Balanchine choreographed the ballets ("Slaughter on Tenth Avenue" and "Princess Zenobia"), but there doesn't seem to be much left from the Broadway show by George Abbott and Rodgers and Hart, and what this version adds is stale and silly. Some lovely music, though, especially "There's a Small Hotel." The cast includes Donald O'Connor and Eddie Albert; Ray Enright directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 17.)

The Prisoner of Second Avenue (1975)—Jack Lemmon, as a New York advertising executive, gets fired, feels worthless, and has a nervous breakdown; Anne Bancroft is his devoted wife. Vaguely about urban despair, full of bad jokes. From Neil Simon's adaptation of his own play. Melvin Frank directed in his usual sagging, fifties style, but probably there isn't a filmmaker in the world who could substantially improve this picture except by throwing out the play altogether. With Gene Saks and Elizabeth Wilson. (Regency; July 20-21.)

Raiders of the Lost Ark (1981)—Steven Spielberg directed this high-powered cliff-hanger about the exploits of Indiana Jones (Harrison Ford), an adventurer-archeologist. The year is 1936, and Indy, working for the United States government, is trying to find the Ark of the Covenant (a chest holding the broken stone tablets of the Ten Commandments) ahead of his archenemy, the suave, amoral Belloq (Paul Freeman), who is in cahoots with the Nazis. Hitler means to use the Ark's invincible powers to lay waste opposing armies and proclaim himself the Messiah. Conceived by George Lucas, the picture is an amalgam of Lucas's follies—plot for its own sake, dissociated from character or drama; the affectless heroine, Marion (Karen Allen), who's a tougher version of spunky Princess Leia in "Star Wars"—and effects that Spielberg the youthful magician has already dazzled us with. Kinesthetically, the film gets to you, but there's no exhilaration, and no surge of feeling at the end. It seems to be edited for the maximum number of showings per day. With John Rhys-Davies as Sallah, Ronald Lacey as Toht, and Denholm Elliott. Cinematography by Douglas Slocombe; score by John Williams. Written by Lawrence Kasdan, from a story idea worked up by Lucas and Philip Kaufman. (Loews Paramount.)

Rashomon (1951)—In ninth-century Kyoto, a nobleman's bride is raped by a bandit; the nobleman is murdered, or possibly he is a suicide. This double crime is acted out four times, in the versions of the three participants (each giving an account that increases the prestige of his conduct) and in the version of a woodcutter who witnessed the episode. Continuously reconstructing the crime, "Rashomon" asks, How can we ever know the truth? This great, enigmatic film was directed by Akira Kurosawa, from stories by Ryunosuke Akutagawa (who died from an overdose of Veronal). The introductory and closing sequences are tedious; the woman's whimpering is almost enough to drive one to the nearest exit. Yet the film transcends these discomforts: it has its own perfection. With Machiko Kyo, Toshiro Mifune as the bandit, Masayuki Mori as the samurai, Takashi Shimura as the woodcutter. Grand Prix, Venice; Academy Award, Best Foreign Film. (There was a Broadway version with Rod Steiger, and a 1964 movie, with Paul Newman, appropriately called "The Outrage.") In Japanese. (Film Forum; July 21-23.)



Return of the Jedi—Some of the trick effects in this concluding film of the "Star Wars" trilogy might seem miraculous if the imagery had any lustre, but this is an impersonal and rather junky piece of moviemaking. And every time there's a possibility of a dramatic climax, the director, Richard Marquand, trashes it. But children who have lived their imaginative lives with the Star Wars characters for six years may be so eager to get the payoffs to the story that they'll hardly notice. (5/30/83) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews Orpheum, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

The Road Warrior—Set in a post-apocalyptic Wasteland, this Australian film is a mutant, sprung from virtually all action genres. It's one continuous spurt of energy, and the jangly, fast editing suggests wit; so does the broad blacktop highway that cuts across the desert nothingness. And the rampaging vandals—punkish post-nuclear-war bikers, led by a masked bodybuilder called the Humungus—are s.-m. comic-strip terrors. But the picture is abstract in an adolescent way. Director George Miller's attempt to tap into the universal concept of the hero (as enunciated by Jung and explicated by Joseph Campbell in "The Hero with a Thousand Faces") makes the film joyless. He consciously uses his hero, Max (Mel Gibson), as an icon; that's enough to squeeze the juice out of any actor, and Max seems bland and apathetic. For all its huffing and puffing, this is a sappy, sentimental movie. With Bruce Spence and Vernon Wells; the script is by Terry Hayes and Miller, with Brian Hannant. (9/6/82) (Olympia Quad.)

La Ronde (1950)—Love makes the world go 'round in Max Ophuls' romantic, intricate, and rather tired version of the Schnitzler play, and the actors who move from one affair to the next include Gérard Philipe, Danielle Darrieux, Simone Signoret, Jean-Louis Barrault, Daniel Gélin, and Simone Simon. This 1950 film had censorship trouble and was cut in the heyday of its art-house fame; this version includes the cut footage. In French. (Film Forum; July 17-18.)

The Rules of the Game (1939)—Perhaps the most influential of all French films, and one of the most richly entertaining. Jean Renoir's legendary butchered and then restored masterpiece is a farce about a large houseparty, gathered for a hunt, where the servants and masters begin to chase and shoot each other. The party at the country château is a tragicomic world in motion; ironically, once the whole mechanism is spinning the man who begins at the center of it—the romantic aviator (Roland Toulain)—is flicked off. With Marcel Dalio as the Marquis, Julien Carette as the poacher, Gaston Modot as the gamekeeper, Nora Gregor as Christine, Mila Parely as Geneviève, Paulette Dubost as Lisette, and Renoir as Octave. The script, by Renoir, assisted by Carl Koch, was derived from Alfred de Musset's "Les Caprices de Marianne." Cinematography by Jean Bachelet and J. P. Alphen; costumes by Chanel; Cartier-Bresson served as an assistant director. Released in Paris in 1939 after being cut by the distributors; cut again after violent audience reactions; banned as demoralizing by the Vichy government; and then banned by the Nazis. The original negative was destroyed when the Allies bombed the studios at Boulogne; the picture was reassembled (from 200 cans of film and bits of soundtrack) and restored in the late fifties. Selected by the 1962 international poll of critics as the third-greatest film ever made. In French. (Film Forum; July 17-18.)

Say Amen, Somebody—A sensitive and absorbing documentary about the lives of the pioneers of gospel music. It features Thomas A. Dorsey, an eighty-three-year-old hepcat who is still bouncing to the jazz rhythms that he brought into black people's churches in the Depression years. The music keeps its singer-evangelists young, radiant, hearty. That's the film's unspoken message. At seventy-eight, Willie Mae Ford Smith has astonishingly firm and strong contralto tones. And the three middle-aged Barrett Sisters sing so exhilaratingly that they create a problem for the young filmmaker, George T. Nierenberg. They bring the film to an emotional pitch, and we in the audience want to go on soaring; we feel let down when we get more reminiscences and only snatches of song. With the twin O'Neal brothers, and a sensationally attractive St. Louis singer, Zella Jackson Price (she looks better than she sounds). (4/4/83) (Greenwich Playhouse, and 57th St. Playhouse; through July 14.)

The Shop Around the Corner (1940)—Close to perfection—one of the most beautifully acted and paced romantic comedies ever made in this country. It is set in the enclosed world of the people who work together in a small department store; Margaret Sullavan and James Stewart are the employees who bicker with each other, and in no other movie has this kind of love-hate been made so convincing. Their performances are full of grace notes; when you watch later James Stewart films, you may wonder what became of this other deft, sensitive pre-drawling Stewart. As for Sullavan, this is a peerless performance: she makes the shopgirl's pretensions believable, lyrical, and funny. The script by Samson Raphaelson is a free adaptation of a play by Nikolaus Laszlo, and though it's all set in a Hollywood Budapest, the director, Ernst Lubitsch, sustains a faintly European tone. With Frank Morgan, Joseph Schildkraut, William Tracy, Sara Haden, Edwin Maxwell, and Inez Courtney. (A 1949 musical remake starring Judy Garland and Van Johnson was called "In the Good Old Summertime.") (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 20.)

The Shopworn Angel (1938)—The material is shopworn, too; it's another version of Dana Burnet's play (based on his 1918 *SatEvePost* story "Private Pettigrew's Girl"), which had been filmed in 1919 with Ethel Clayton and in 1929 with Nancy Carroll (who was lovely in it) and Gary Cooper. Margaret Sullavan manages to be poetically believable in the outdated role of the cynical, chain-smoking Broadway actress who is so touched by the adoration of an innocent soldier (James Stewart) that she marries him before he goes off to war. There are too many shots of Stewart, in doughboy uniform, looking yearningly at her, and her character reformation pulls the movie down, but Sullavan and Stewart always had a special rapport—a tenderness that seemed to allow for her hard edges and conflicts. (She always played the more complex role in their pictures together.) Produced by Joseph L. Mankiewicz for M-G-M, and directed by H. C. Potter, who creates the right sort of romantic atmosphere. The young Waldo Salt did the subtle screenplay—tart yet plaintive. With Walter Pidgeon as the rich man who has been "keeping" the actress, and Hattie McDaniel, Sam Levene, Alan Curtis, and Nat Pendleton. Margaret Sullavan's songs were dubbed by Mary Martin. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 20.)

Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs (1938)—The famous Disney animated film, with the virulently wicked stepmother, the Prince Charming, the poisoned apple, and the birds and the flowers. It has its lurid touches and its cheap effects, but it's undeniably a classic. (Gemini, Greenwich Playhouse, Loews 83rd Quad, Olympia Quad, and Rivoli; starting July 15.)

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Superman III—The star is Richard Pryor, who acts as if he were trying not to be noticed. He plays Gus Gorman, a computer wizard who is ordered by his boss (Robert Vaughn), the slimy-suave head of a conglomerate, to work out the elements of kryptonite, the only substance that can destroy Superman (Christopher Reeve). Gus fakes one element, and his near-kryptonite doesn't kill Superman; it demoralizes him and he begins to perform dirty deeds. Richard Lester, who directed (he also did "Superman II"), provides agreeable visual humor, and the film begins promisingly, but Lester wants us to see Superman as a virtuous clod, and this drains the mythic life out of the movie. What Superman and the other characters do doesn't seem to have any weight. Too many scenes are treated as if they were just obligatory, and because of this air of indifference, verging on disdain, the movie's sight gags and special effects—even the biggest ones—aren't particularly exciting. The scattered impulses behind the picture cancel each other out—everything feels marginal. As Lana Lang, the girl from Smallville who has had a crush on Clark Kent since high school, Annette O'Toole is the only member of the cast who appears to believe in her role yet stays in a comic-book frame. Also with Gavan O'Herlihy as Lana's jock suitor, Pamela Stephenson as the floozy-intellectual Lorelei Ambrosia, Annie Ross as the witch-like Vera (a real mistake), and—fleetingly—Margot Kidder as Lois Lane, Jackie Cooper, and Marc McClure. The script is by David and Leslie Newman. (7/11/83) (Murray Hill, Manhattan, R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, and Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through July 21.)

Taxi Driver (1976)—Robert De Niro is in almost every frame of Martin Scorsese's feverish, horrifyingly funny movie about a lonely New York cabdriver. De Niro's inflamed, brimming eyes are the focal point of the compositions. He's Travis Bickle, an outsider who can't find any point of entry into human society. He drives nights because he can't sleep anyway; surrounded by the night world of the uprooted—whores, pimps, transients—he hates New York with a Biblical fury, and its filth and smut obsess him. This ferociously powerful film is like a raw, tabloid version of "Notes from the Underground." Scorsese achieves the quality of trance in some scenes, and the whole movie has a sense of vertigo. The cinematographer, Michael Chapman, gives the street life a seamy, rich pulpiness. From Paul Schrader's script; with Harvey Keitel, Cybill Shepherd, Jodie Foster, Peter Boyle, Albert Brooks, Leonard Harris, Harry Northup, Joe Spinnell, Diahnne Abbott, and Scorsese himself. (Olympia Quad; through July 14.)

Tender Mercies—This bare-bones "art" movie is about the healing of Mac Sledge (Robert Duvall), a legendary country-and-Western singer who has become an alcoholic wreck. The film is said to be honest and about real people, and it affects some viewers very powerfully; audiences are unusually still—almost reverent—as the born-again Mac is baptized at the church of the Vietnam widow (Tess Harper) whose frontier-woman steadfastness has made his redemption possible. The Australian director Bruce Beresford, making his American début with this inspirational film, has shot it in bright sunshine out in the middle of nowhere. Mostly the picture consists of silences; long shots of the bleak, flat land, showing the horizon line (it gives the film integrity); and Duvall's determination to make you see that he's keeping his emotions to himself; and Tess Harper staring out of her cornflower-blue headlights. Written by Horton Foote, master of arid realism; with the fine young actress Ellen Barkin as Mac's daughter by his first marriage, and Betty Buckley as the brassy, country-star first wife. (5/16/83) (Gemini; through July 14.)

Tootsie—Marvellous fun. Dustin Hoffman plays Michael Dorsey, a brilliant, "uncompromising" New York actor whom no one wants to hire because he makes things hell for everybody. When Michael's girlfriend (Teri Garr) goes up for an audition for a role in a soap and is rejected, he makes himself up as a woman, presents himself as Dorothy Michaels, and lands the job. And Michael finds himself when he's Dorothy—he's such a dedicated, fanatical actor that he comes fully alive only when he's playing a role. Michael is still in the guise of Dorothy when he meets his dream girl—Jessica Lange, who's like a shock absorber to him. With Bill Murray, Charles Durning, George Gaynes, Doris Belack, Dabney Coleman, and, as Michael's agent, Sydney Pollack, who also directed. Pollack does some of his best work yet in the opening sequences—a crackling, rapid-fire presentation of the hopes versus the realities of out-of-work actors' lives. The script is credited to Larry Gelbart and Murray Schisgal, but Don McGuire wrote the first draft, and Elaine May and many others worked on it. (12/27/82) (Criterion Theatres; through July 14.)

Trading Places—Dan Aykroyd plays a snooty young blueblood who runs a Philadelphia brokerage house, and Eddie Murphy plays a con man-beggar who disguises himself as a blind, legless Vietnam veteran. The two don't exactly trade places; they're traded, by a pair of heartless, rich old brothers (Ralph Bellamy and Don Ameche) who have made a heredity-versus-environment bet—something we've been spared in movies of the past few decades. John Landis has directed this comedy in a mock-thirties formal style; it's eerily arch and static. But the picture has its big, chugging structure working for it; the whole apparatus picks up speed toward the end and comes to a rousing, slapstick finish, with the younger guys rich and the old skinflints punished. And the audience appears to enjoy the premeditated obviousness. With Denholm Elliott, who deserves better than his role as a butler; Jamie Lee Curtis, who deserves better than her role as a prostitute named Ophelia; and Paul Gleason and Kristin Holby. From a script by Timothy Harris and Herschel Weingrod. (7/11/83) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews Tower East, Loews Orpheum, and Loews State.)

Two-Faced Woman (1941)—Greta Garbo's last film, with M-G-M trying to Americanize the unmistakable Viking. George Cukor directs her, Melvyn Douglas, Ruth Gordon, and Constance Bennett, who blandly steals the whole comedy of errors. (Metro Cinema; July 21.)

WarGames—The film begins as a comedy about a teen-age boy in Seattle who is caught up in the fascination of computers and video games; he has all this miracle-working technology and not a thought in the world about what to do with it. Matthew Broderick plays the role with great charm, but when this boy accidentally plugs into the Defense Department's war-games system and gets into what he thinks is just another video game—Global Thermonuclear War—the machines take over. There's also the noise of speechmakers—the director, John Badham, loses his easy touch, and the picture goes flooey. It's at its worst when John Wood is on screen as a saintly computer scientist who's so brainy and bitter that he rolls his eyes from side to side and wears his hair in bangs. With Ally Sheedy, Dabney Coleman, Barry Corbin, and Eddie Deezen as Mr. Potato Head. From a script by Lawrence Lasker and Walter F. Parkes. (6/13/83) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin, U.A. 85th St. East, Greenwich Playhouse, and R.K.O. Century Warner Twin. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through July 21.)

Witness for the Prosecution (1958)—Billy Wilder's inane yet moderately entertaining version of an Agatha Christie courtroom thriller, with Charles Laughton wiggling his wattles, and Marlene Dietrich, Tyrone Power, Elsa Lanchester, Una O'Connor, Henry Daniell, Norma Varden, and Ian Wolfe. Script by Wilder and Harry Kurnitz. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 21.)

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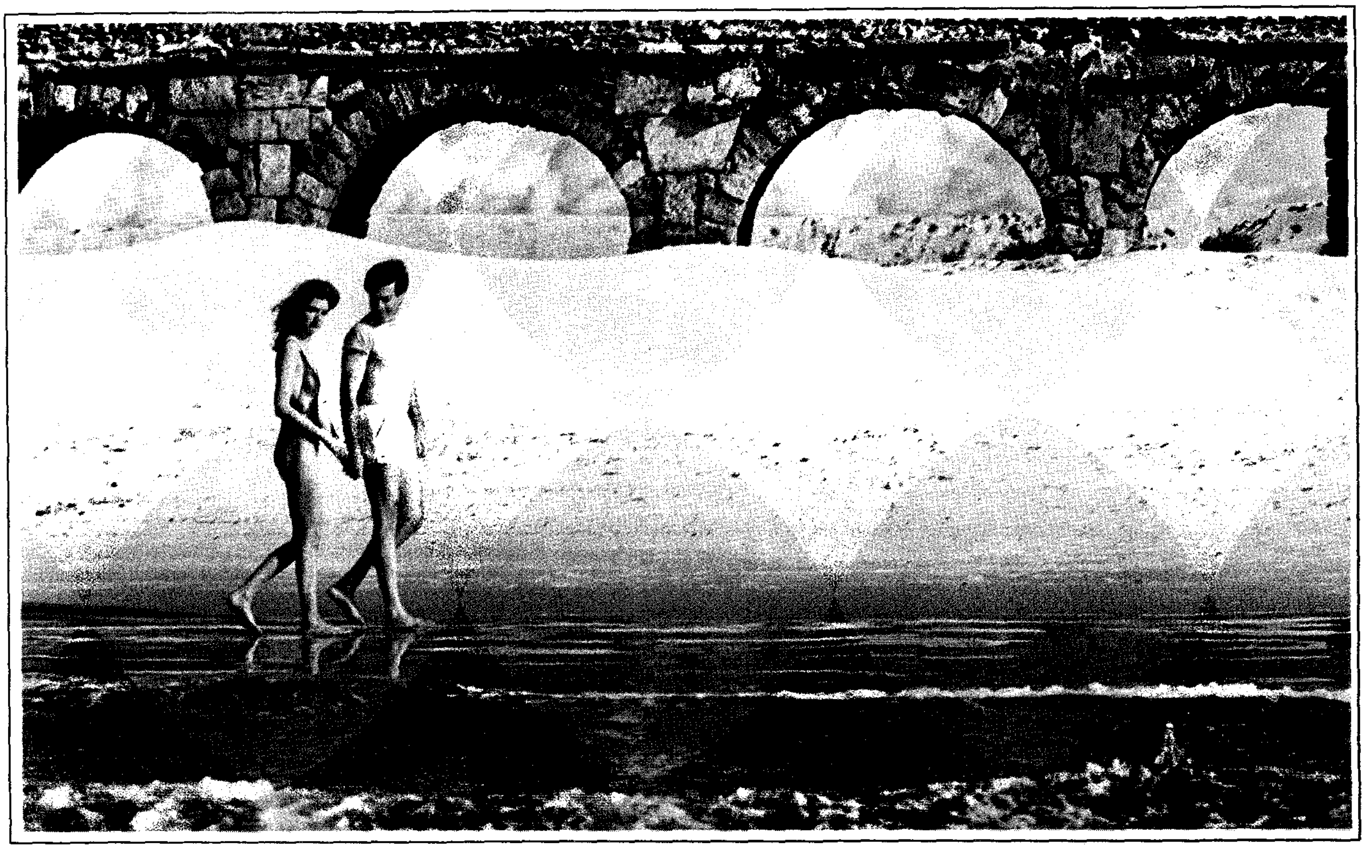

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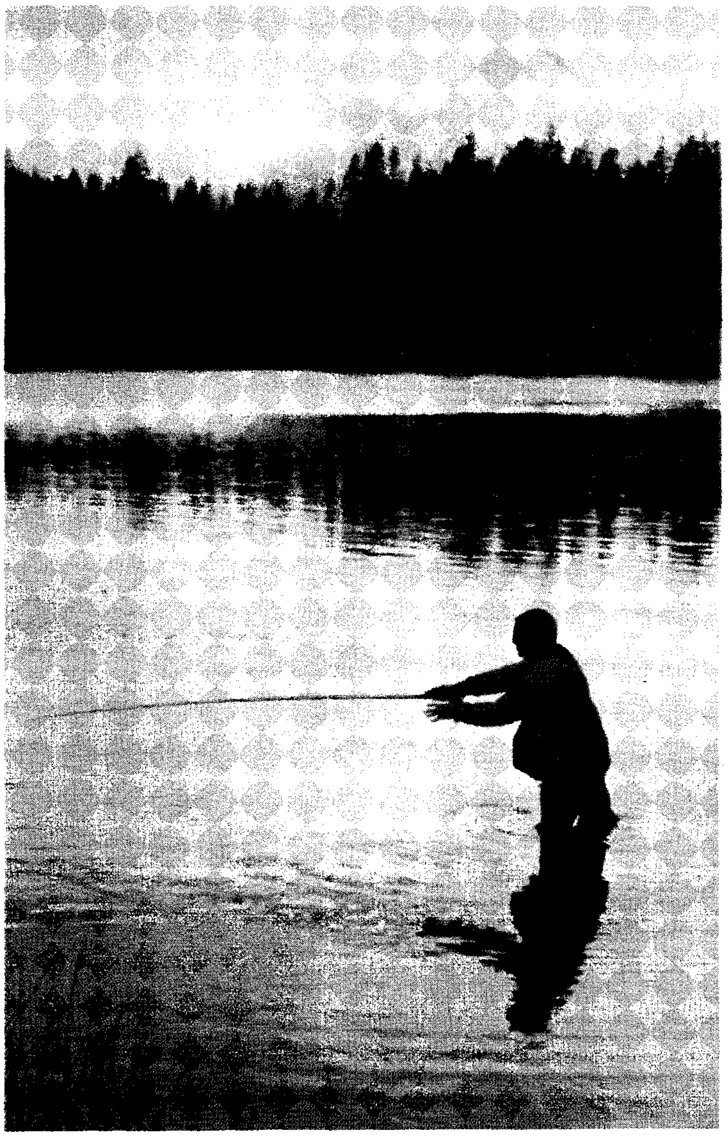

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

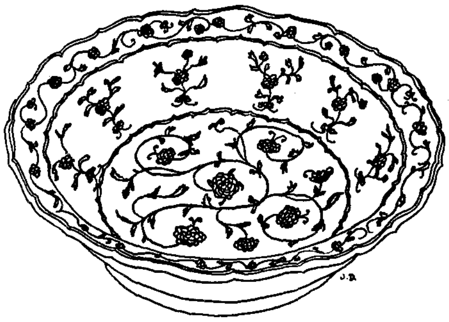
A WOMAN we know writes:

On a recent hot morning, I got out of bed and reluctantly made my way to midtown intending to run a number of errands, the most important of which was a visit, at the end of the day, to my accountant to pay my quarterly estimated taxes plus a late penalty. About halfway through these chores, while I was waiting for a bus and was burdened with two heavy shopping bags, I noticed that one wall of the bus shelter was taken up by a big color photograph of a lighthouse at sunset. At the top of the picture—it was the backdrop for an Avis car-rental ad—was printed, in big white letters, "MONTAUK." The bus was taking forever to arrive. Beyond the bus shelter, people walked slowly in the heat, as if they were underwater, and the thick air seemed to press around their forms and give their faces the look of the damned. A young man who had dreadlocks and was wearing black leather gloves walked past shouldering a large radio that blared a rap song about the depravity of the streets. In the gutter, some pigeons grumbled over the crust of a pizza slice. The air was filled with exhaust fumes and the whine of a siren. A yellow cab pulled up next to a limousine. "You limo bimbo!" the cabdriver yelled. "You cut me off again and I'll take off your fender."

Montauk, I thought. All right.

I went to the nearest phone booth, phoned a friend, arranged to borrow his car, and a short time later was heading toward the extreme end of Long Island. Long Island juts into the ocean for about a hundred and twenty-five miles, and when I realized that I was driving a hundred miles out into the water I felt the exhilaration and slight fear you feel when being drawn toward any extreme. After a couple of hours, I passed through the village of Montauk and then through a forest, and I kept going—ready for Portugal, if the highway should lead that far. At the very tip of the island, though, the road looped around, and there, set in a brilliant-green lawn on a bluff, was the lighthouse. It rose, enormous and gleaming white, into the hazy blue, its crystalline heart turning rhythmically, flashing.

I pulled into a nearby parking lot and got out of the car. I wanted to visit the lighthouse, but there was a chain closing off the entrance to the grounds, and so I decided instead to walk along the bluff. I found a path leading through a dwarf forest of beach plum, chokecherry, and wild roses. The roses were in full, extravagant bloom, their loose, single-petalled pink and white flowers moving in the cool sea breeze and sending out a delicious attar. In the trees, I saw blue jays, red-winged blackbirds, and purple finches, and I heard a song sparrow releasing its cascade of notes. Eventually, I reached a bluff covered with low bushes and patches of grass which curved around south of the promontory where the lighthouse sat. Fifty feet below me was the ocean, its waves rushing over scattered boulders. Out toward the horizon, the water was a sheet of silver, and above it hung clouds of light—luminous masses of haze. I discovered that I had begun to breathe deeply and comfortably; my whole body seemed to lighten and expand. I climbed down a path along the face of the bluff. The bluff walls were badly eroded; huge slabs of clay and gravel had been sheared away, revealing striations of red, gray, and brown, tangled roots, and an occasional big rock. On the beach, I picked my way among the rocks. Gulls rose crying into the air, circled overhead, or paddled among the boulders. I found clam shells, broken conch shells, a horseshoe-crab shell—it had a pungent, briny smell—and, above the wrack line, I came across the skull of a small deer, its antler stubs and teeth still intact.



I climbed back to the top of the bluff and looked at the headland where the lighthouse rose. Below its foundation, the erosion was severe. As I followed the path that ran along the edge of the bluff, I remembered an account of a walk Rainer Maria Rilke had taken along the cliffs above the Adriatic. He was living at the time in Duino Castle, in Istria, and his work was not going well at all. One morning, he received a business letter requiring his attention. He decided to go for a walk, and as he went along beneath the bastions of the castle and looked at the sea he mulled over the letter, with its numbers and demands. Suddenly, he stopped. "Who, if I cried out, would hear me among the angels' hierarchies?" asked an inner voice. This was to be the first line of the first Duino Elegy. Other lines followed:

> . . . and even if one of them pressed
>   me
> suddenly against his heart: I would
>   be consumed
> in that overwhelming existence. For
>   beauty is nothing
> but the beginning of terror, which
>   we still are just able to endure,
> and we are so awed because it serenely disdains
> to annihilate us.

I went back to the car, drove serenely to the city, and got to the accountant's on time.

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Videotex

COMPUTERS, hooked into telephone lines and television sets, are about to bring you a new electronic marvel called videotex. Videotex is an example of a fully interactive technology. ("Interactive" is a hot word in the computer field, and "fully interactive" is even hotter.) What this means is that videotex gives *you* information, and you give *it* information, and all sorts of wonderful things happen. Example: Videotex tells you all about this week's cultural events, and you tell videotex to reserve you a couple of seats to "Giselle" for Saturday night, and videotex makes your reservations. Videotex has a lot of apologists these days, and we ran into a flock of them at Videotex '83, a three-day international conference and exhibition that was held recently at the Hilton and was billed as "North America's single most important, comprehensive, and substantive event this year." Here is what we learned:

Videotex is already operational in several countries, including Brazil, Britain, and France. In parts of Brittany, for instance, a subscriber can cause names and phone numbers to appear on his TV screen, instead of having to go through the tedious chore of looking them up in an old-fashioned telephone directory.

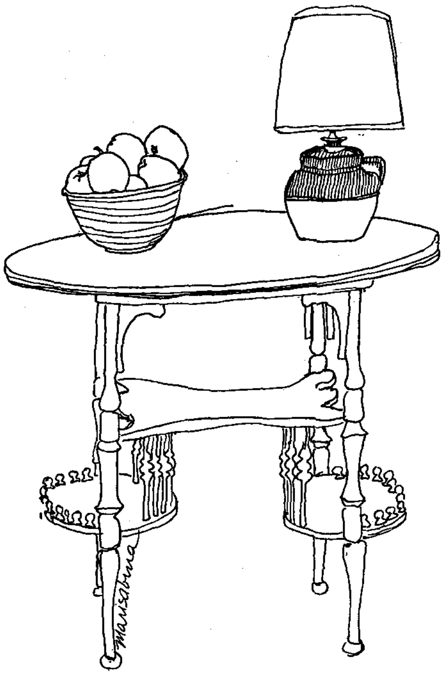
When videotex becomes widespread in the United States, you will be able to flash the menu of a restaurant on your home screen, instead of having to walk all the way to the restaurant to find out whether it offers bouillabaisse. (If your videotex is especially interactive, it may arrange for the bouillabaisse to be delivered.)

Someday, with the videotex component of your TV set or home computer you may be able to buy and sell stocks by pushing buttons from your easy chair, instead of having to make long phone calls to your broker. Then, having saved time on these transactions, you can summon up new and exciting games to play on the same screen.

Most videotex components in this country will use a display system called North American Presentation Level Protocol Syntax, or NAPLPS. Some people pronounce this acronym "Naplips," with a short "a," but most people say all the letters, "N-A-P-L-P-S," which is a mouthful. NAPLPS is a protocol, or a coding system that permits high-resolution graphics. ("Protocol" is a hot word in the computer field.) NAPLPS is responsible for the image on the screen, which can sometimes be an aesthetic joy. On a screen at Aregon International, for instance, we watched a sensitively drawn portrait of Theodore Roosevelt being created in shades of gray against an electric-blue rectangle. The portrait resembled an etching, and as it gradually decomposed it gave way to blue and yellow letters that read "CIRCUS WORLD." Later, the screen showed some beautiful yellow coat hangers. At an exhibit run by Electrohome, we spoke with a red-haired man named Tom King. He told us that with the company's videotex color-graphics terminals, which use NAPLPS, pictures are formed in colors that are easily as subtle as those on an ordinary TV screen.

"With our top-of-the-line model, EGT 1000, you can get images created from a palette of sixteen point eight million colors," Mr. King said, gesturing toward a screen that was displaying an abstract pattern whose shades varied from deep purple through warm cerise to pale pink. "Specifications include full NAPLPS implementation per SRM. You get an eight-megahertz, sixteen-bit microprocessor, and RGB output via BNC connectors."

When discussing videotex, company representatives and prospective customers tend to use a lot of body English. We noticed that these people often shift from foot to foot and, with elbows bent, gesture loosely with both hands. These relaxed body movements may indicate a willingness to swing flexibly into the new technology. Another explanation for them—they are vaguely reminiscent of disco—could be that the people don't always understand what is being said and are attempting to disguise that fact by appearing cool.



Videotex will enrich your life in many, many ways. It will enable you to buy a toothbrush. It will sell you a ticket to Dallas–Fort Worth. It will make it possible for you to send birthday greetings to your uncle in California without having to bother with messy postage stamps. Videoserv, a home information-processing system from Anacomp, will enable you to obtain your current bank balance, transfer funds, and pay your bills from the comfort of your living room. VISUDOC, from Videodial, will give you Criteria Search, an exclusive technique through which items can be retrieved by way of categories that you create yourself. The Quik-Link 300, from Quazon, will enable you—at the touch of a button—to turn your home TV set into a newspaper, an encyclopedia, a post office, or even a full-fledged shopping center.

Experts say that half of all households in the United States will have a home computer by 1993, and that half of *them* will have videotex.

A lot of people at Videotex '83 told us that videotex would come into significant use in this country by next year. Many of them also told us that videotex is exceptionally user-friendly. ("User-friendly" is a *very* hot phrase in the computer field.) What they meant was that videotex will not give you a hard time, no matter how user-unfriendly you may be.

Safeman

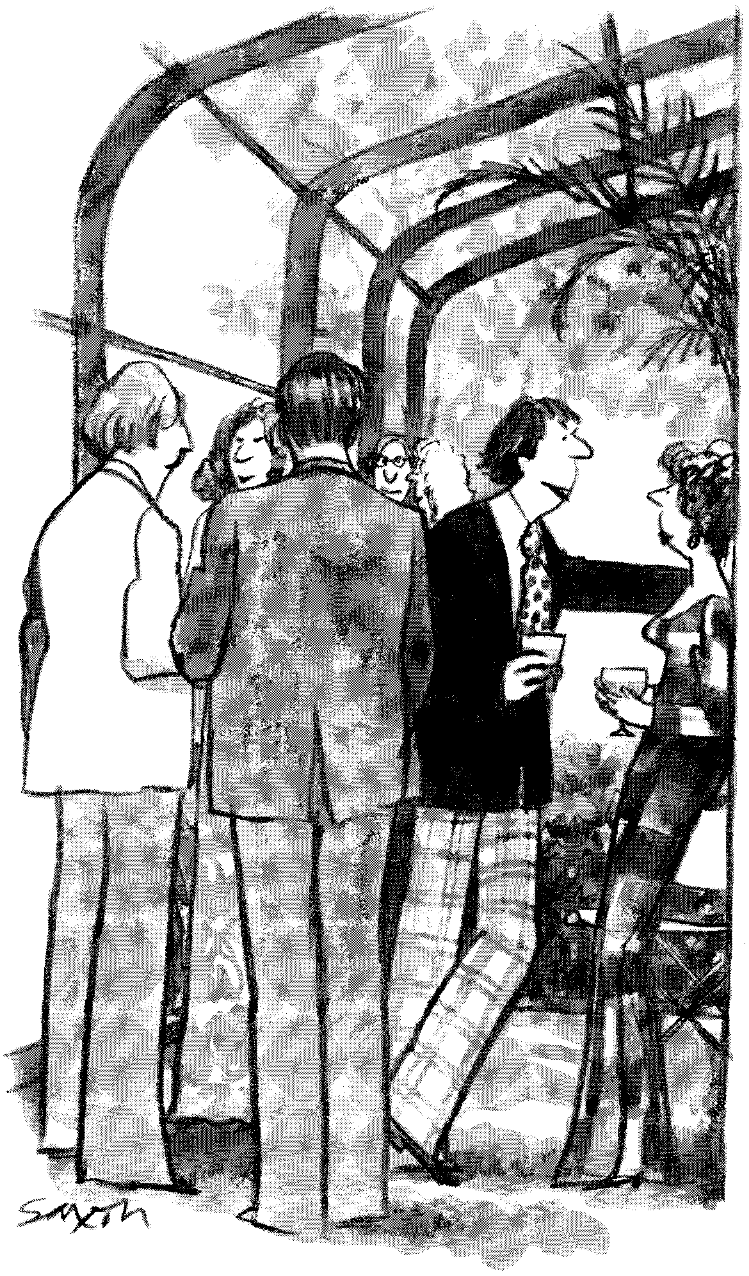
ONE recent morning, we watched fifty-nine-year-old Sal Schillizzi, of Howard Beach, Queens, spend an unusual amount of time inside the bedroom closet of an apartment on Manhattan's upper West Side. For Mr. Schillizzi, it was just another house call. For Mike and Nancy, the young couple whose closet it was, it was possibly the solution to a problem. And for us it was a chance to see one of the most talented safemen in the country in action.

Mike and Nancy had been wishing they had a secure place to keep their personal papers and jewelry. They'd talked about renting a safe-deposit box, but that didn't seem like a very convenient solution. Eventually, they hit on the idea of maybe using the old safe in the right-hand wall of their bedroom closet. But that idea had its problems, too: the safe had been painted over many times, it hadn't been opened in some forty years (according to the apartment's previous tenants), and Mike and Nancy hadn't a clue as to what the combination might be. Mike, Nancy, and their valuables got a lucky break, though. A Manhattan locksmith advised Mike to call another locksmith—Sal Schillizzi, owner and president of the All-Over Locksmiths shop, on the upper East Side. This was good advice.

From the desk in the back of his shop, Mr. Schillizzi might—on a typical day—oversee the work of his young locksmithing staff, help plan a meeting of the Master Locksmiths Association of Greater New York (of which he is first vice-president), and tackle a difficult lock job (like making up keys for two locked antique French trunks that were brought in not long ago). But about once a week Mr. Schillizzi receives a telephone call from someone in a situation similar to Mike and Nancy's. And in those cases he has to leave his desk and make a house call. Mr. Schillizzi really enjoys making house calls, though, because his first love is cracking difficult safes by manipulation—no drilling. His wizardry in opening safes is legend among locksmiths, both locally and nationally. A few years ago, he was taped to appear on an ABC television special called "David Frost Presents the Best," where, under the scrutiny of Mr. Frost, he opened five different key locks in two and a half minutes—but the segment was cut, because, he said, "it showed too much on picking." In Somers, New York, he cracked an old bank safe—with *two* time locks—that hadn't been opened since 1903. In 1966, he won first prize at the annual convention of the Associated Locksmiths of America, in Los Angeles, for opening a tricky combination lock in sixteen minutes. A newspaper article in the window of Mr. Schillizzi's lock shop describes that victory as taking seventeen minutes. But the other morning at Mike and Nancy's Mr. Schillizzi let out a good laugh from the closet and told us, "That writeup was wrong. It was *sixteen* minutes, and the next-closest guy took twenty-five."

After only one minute in the closet—we kept close track of the time—the portly Mr. Schillizzi had sized up Mike and Nancy's wall safe. He said to Mike, "You did all right, stripping the paint off it," and he cracked open a small brown suitcase containing his tools, by carefully turning three numbered wheels next to its carrying handle. He pulled out a large dry-paint stick and rubbed it around the safe's dial. "It's a kind of dark paint," he told us. "It makes it easier to see the numbers." Sure enough, the dial's stops, zero to one hundred, had become quite readable. Mr. Schillizzi faced the safe—which looked like a small chrome porthole—flexed his right hand, and shook it some, the way a college student might halfway through an exam made up entirely of essay questions. He is not a tall man, and we noticed that his silvery gray hair fell about an inch short of the clothing rod. This put the dial of the safe about even with his nose. He held the knob of the dial between his thumb and index finger and, with a steady, light touch, twirled it counterclockwise, then clockwise.

"This safe goes back," Mr. Schillizzi told us immediately. "Must be seventy years old. And, from the drag and gritty feel I get, it definitely hasn't been opened in years." He continued to twirl the dial. "You know, I always tell people that a safe like this that's locked, that no one knows the combination to, is dangerous. Really, it's like a time bomb. Because what if someone puts a gun to your ribs and tells you to open it up and maybe they don't believe you when you tell them that you don't know the combination? Yeah, this one's a little stiff. The lever inside is *not* dropping every time, which gives me false readings." Mr. Schillizzi shook his hand some more, then dug a rubber mallet out of his tool case and whacked the safe's dial. "That ought to help loosen it up inside," he



"You must have a heavy black cast-iron skillet. If you don't have a heavy black cast-iron skillet, forget the whole recipe."

told us. Sometimes, even from our position just outside the closet, next to Mike, we could hear the clicking going on inside the dial.

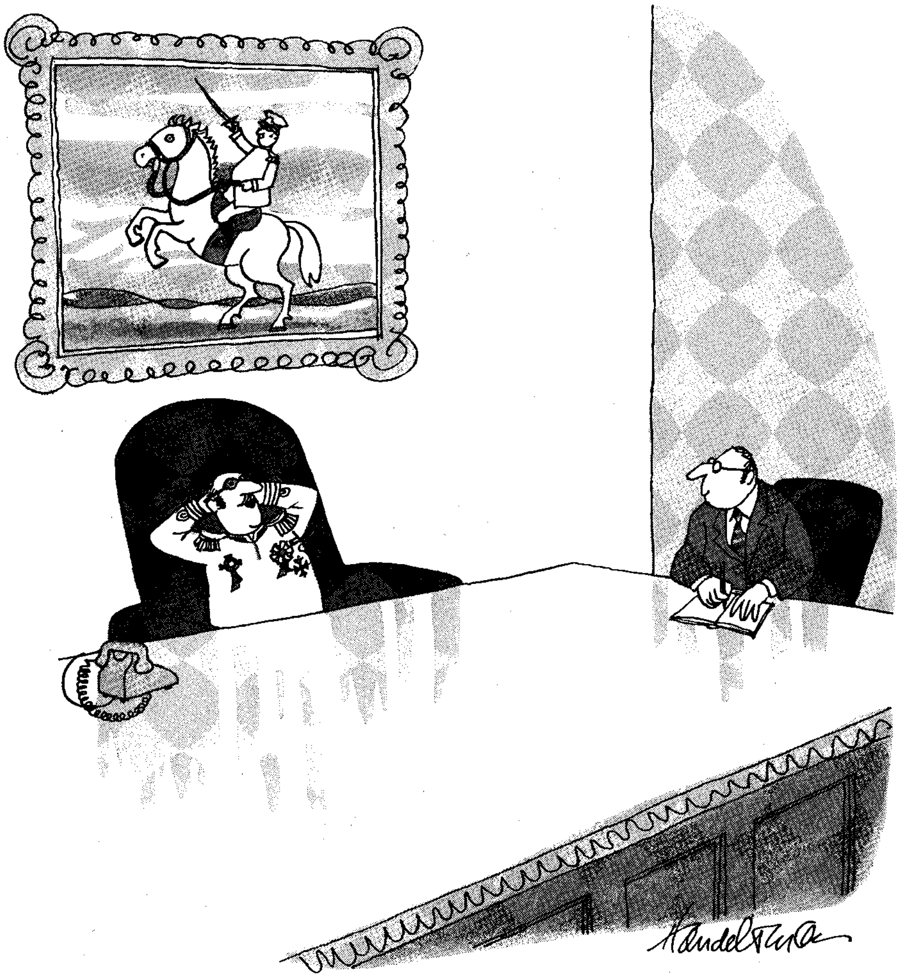
Mike asked Mr. Schillizzi if he gave his fingers any special treatment to keep them sensitive.

"Nope," Mr. Schillizzi said, twirling again now, conversation evidently no hindrance to his safecracking. "I just keep my fingers clean." But his smile gradually increased until he finally admitted, "I do go to a manicurist once a week. I feel a man is judged on two things: how his shoes are and how his nails look."

Mr. Schillizzi seemed to be zeroing in on something inside the dial, but then he shook his head and gave the dial a big spin. "It's good to get one like this once in a while. It makes the work less boring. More of a challenge. It's a simple safe. Should have taken me fifteen minutes at the most. But the lock's out of shape—maybe lazy, or dirty, or just lacking lubrication—so there's a lot of false noise in there. It's just like the one I opened in a church near Broadway two weeks ago."

Mr. Schillizzi dug into his tool case again, this time bringing out something fancy that he called a high-frequency amplifier. It looked like the ear jack from a transistor radio attached to a little black box the size of a pack of cigarettes (the amplifier, we learned), to which also were attached a few feet of black wire ending in a tiny microphone. "If you used something like a stethoscope," he explained to us, "it would pick up only the very low-frequency sounds. But this will pick up the high-frequency sounds of the lever hitting the cam drive wheel, which is all we'll need."

While Mr. Schillizzi taped the microphone to a spot just above the dial and made the earphone comfortable in his left ear, he gave us an abbreviated autobiography: The eldest of nine children. Parents owned a fruit-and-vegetable shop in the Bronx. Had the habit of taking his toys apart and putting them back together again. Worked as civilian lockpicker and safecracker at the Brooklyn Navy Yard in the nineteen-forties. Left to begin his own locksmithing business. Used to be told he looked like Peter Lorre.



"The sad part of being a dictator is that one has so few close friends and those few have to be watched very carefully."

Suddenly, forty-five minutes after he'd begun, Mr. Schillizzi shouted, "We got it!" He yanked open the door to the safe and beamed. "You know," he declared, "I like 'em like this. It felt good. Opening them *always* feels good. I get just as big a thrill out of it now as I ever did. It's like an addiction after a while, like alcohol or gambling. You just can't wait to get your hands on the next one."

Of course, we were feeling pretty good about the whole thing by now, too. Mike clapped his hands together. "That was a great moment," he said. "Like opening a time capsule or something." He wasn't too far off in his description, because when Mr. Schillizzi, who had stuck his hand in the safe to feel its dimensions, pulled it out, he was holding what appeared to be two gold stickpins. One of them was topped with a miniature talon clutching a bluish gem. The other had on it a kind of jewelled housefly. "These have been here for some time," he said.

Mr. Schillizzi shut the safe and spun the dial. He wrote down the combination on a slip of paper for Mike, and then coached him through a second opening. Mike got it on his first try. Then, while Mike made out a check, Mr. Schillizzi told us about the Andrea Doria safe. "I'm in touch with Peter and Elga Gimbel, who recovered it, and it looks like when the time comes to open it I might get a crack at it. It's an Italian safe. I'm really looking forward to that one, I'll tell you."

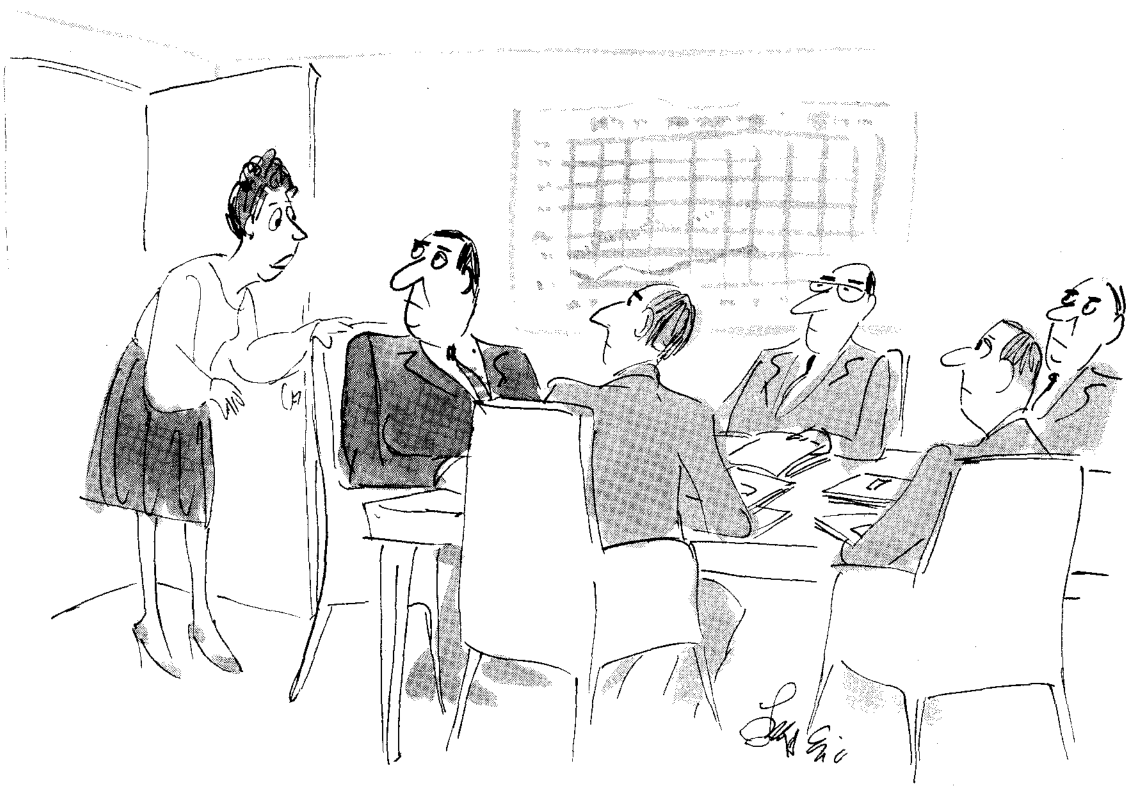
Mr. Schillizzi, his tool case in hand, exchanged goodbyes with Mike and Nancy. He appeared to be turning the doorknob to leave, but he couldn't seem to open the door. "I'm locked in!" he hollered. Then he looked around, laughed the way he had before, over the erroneous seventeen minutes, and opened the door easily.

While we waited in the hallway with Mr. Schillizzi for the down elevator, we asked him how many times he'd used that door gag.

He smiled.

Happy the Bride

A SANCTIFIED tradition was married to the new urban life style under the banner "Happy the Bride," the title of a series of seminars and demonstrations we attended at B. Altman; and while none of the brides-to-be (or the few grooms) on hand rushed to the lectern to say



"Mr. Vonder, your wife is on the phone. She says your son is climbing the RCA Building."

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"I do" to a Noritake soup tureen or a Waterford all-purpose goblet or a Reed & Barton compote centerpiece or a Ham Aloha prepared in a Du Pont SilverStone pan, or even to a potted Camembert mousse prepared by Party Box caterers, the events were successful in teaching the young couples that the breakfronts and tabletops of their dreams could be filled by generous gifts from their wedding guests through Altman's computerized bridal-registry service.

Attendance was good at seminars like "Planning Your Wedding," "Your Honeymoon Trip," and "Decorating for the Two of You," which were held in Altman's Special Events Gallery, on the eighth floor, and were conducted by representatives from various companies. We met Sally Bullock, of Crane & Company Stationers; John-Paul Blachere, of Haviland Limoges; Paula Braun, of C. DaSilva, an importer of Portuguese wines; and Helen Plattner, of Farberware. We spoke to Melanie Kubat, who is the marketing manager for *Modern Bride* magazine. Miss Kubat, who travels from city to city for these special promotions, is young and energetic, and knows all about the bridal market. "This year, there will be two and a half million marriages in this country, and, out of that, one and a half million will be first-time marriages," Miss Kubat told us. "It's a sixteen-and-a-half-billion-dollar market." She continued, "This is the first time in years that B. Altman has promoted its bridal registry. Most of the other big department stores in town have one, too, but for some reason they keep it low profile. The bridal registry is a good idea—especially since today's brides want a return to tradition and romance. They're not getting married on the tops of mountains or while jumping out of airplanes these days. But, at the same time, young women have become more independent, so they're not letting Mom do the whole thing. Young couples are defining their own life style, right down to whether the napkin rings fit with the shape of the table. So if you're going to get gifts you might as well get what you want, and by getting your guests to work with the bridal registry you can be assured of a more harmonious look."

At the lecture and slide show entitled "Your Dining Table: How to Make It Special," we took a seat behind a harmonious-looking mother-and-daughter team, and heard professorial comments like:

"It's a very romantic plate."

"Here's where creativity comes in."

"Motif."

"Accent."

"A dessert fondue done in an Oriental style."

"Always notice linens. Linens are the things that will give you individuality."

"This is for someone I call the eclectic person."

"This is for someone I call the uptown contemporary person. It has the glitz of gold and Lurex."

"It's simple, it's elegant, and it can be made much more country if you put it on blue checks."

"Don't hesitate to entertain even before your furniture comes."

"I'm fond of anything in front of a fireplace."

After the lecture, a cold buffet lunch was served. We introduced ourself to the bride-to-be and her mother who had been sitting in front of us. They were Anne and Dee Hatrak, of Trenton, New Jersey, and they said they had indeed got a few pointers.

"Just seeing that woman set up her buffet gave me ideas on how to entertain in my home," said Miss Hatrak. "I'm used to more traditional table settings. I like the ideas I saw. My sister, who's five years younger than I am, would say, 'Call the caterer and send the bill,' but I enjoyed watching my mother be a homemaker, and I'd like to know what to do."

"It always gave me pleasure to have my husband sit down and enjoy the meal that I prepared," said Mrs. Hatrak quietly as she balanced a plate of gravlax and broccoli pâté on her lap.

Across the room, Stephanie Crawford and Kurt Bedenbaugh, who will be married on August 20th, were discussing several important decisions. They had chosen St. Paul's Chapel at Columbia University for the site of their wedding; they were thinking about London or Hawaii for their honeymoon; and they had settled on their fine china (Wedgwood) and crystal (Atlantis) and were working on linens and flatware when we joined them.

"I'm not totally taken in by it, but to an extent it's true that what you put into your home defines your personality," said Stephanie. "I brought my maid of honor with me the other day for one of the seminars, but Kurt wanted to be here today. A lot of times, men don't care. He does."

"Stephanie is pretty much the one who'll decide what's going to be chosen on the registry," said Kurt, "but she invited me to help pick out the flatware. I'm glad. I felt left out." He added, "You know, this is my first time."

"This is your *only* time," Stephanie said, jabbing her intended with an Oneida salad fork.

On the Beach

"AT one point in my life," said Peter B. French, "I was driving pretty regularly from Albany to New York, and I noticed that, as I got closer and closer to the city, fewer and fewer people at the McDonald's restaurants along the way were bothering to pick up their trays and put the trash in the bins. They were just leaving it for someone else to throw away." A curious observation, perhaps, for an ordinary man to make. But, when it comes to trash left behind, Peter French is not an ordinary man. Rather, he is the first deputy commissioner of the city's Parks and Recreation Department, charged with, among other duties, picking up after New Yorkers when they visit the fifteen miles of municipal beaches.

We clambered into Mr. French's four-wheel-drive Bronco at six o'clock on the morning of July 5th (or, more significant to the beach-cleaning fraternity, the morning after July 4th) and set off for Coney Island. "Three summers ago, we had an emergency at the beaches by the end of July," Mr. French told us. "There was not enough staff, and the trash was getting way ahead of us. So we took some new steps." The department increased the number of wire-mesh wastebaskets (at Coney Island alone from nine hundred to nineteen hundred); added nighttime shifts of workers; and bought some mighty sand-cleaning machinery, most notably the Beach King and the Beach Queen. "The Beach King and Queen work by sifting through the sand and separating out the debris," Mr. French said as he drove us through the Brooklyn dawn. "I think you're really going to like them."

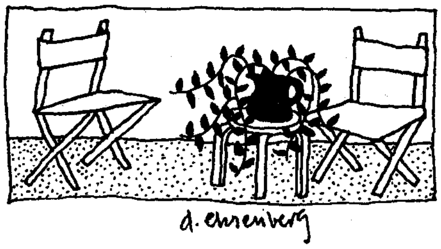
The beach at Coney Island hardly seemed a beach at all. From the boardwalk on one side and the surf on the other one could deduce the sand in between, but the scene looked like a movie set for a modern-dress epic about Mongol hordes, Visigoths, and Hell's Angels. It was as if, instead of saying, "Let's celebrate America's two-hundred-and-seventh birthday and flee the heat by travelling to the beach at Coney Island," people had decided, "Let's go litter!"

"It looks as if a garbage bomb had exploded," Mr. French said. "Or as if it had snowed garbage."

In the early-morning haze, the parachute jump near Astroland loomed above the piers and breakwaters. The beach was nearly deserted, but wastebaskets sprouted everywhere—mushrooms from a rich soil. Most of them were full of trash and surrounded by deep drifts of refuse. In the distance, a small cloud of dust moved across the strand, and Mr. French assured us it was the good guys. "In fact, I think that's the King we're seeing there," he said.

We charged off across the beach in the Bronco, taking pains to avoid the old men with metal detectors scratching the sand for change, and the people who, after a bottle or nine the afternoon before, had decided that taking the subway home was too much of a hassle. In a few minutes, we overtook Leslie Wright, but he was piloting a mere Sanitizer. "I've worked doing cleaning in various places," Mr. Wright told us. "Apartment houses—that sort of thing. And what I've learned is that where there are people there is going to be trash. The only thing that matters is how well is it picked up. You should have been here a little while ago—the King was here. The King is the best we have."

A little farther down the beach, a man with a wrench in his hand was sprawled in the sand under an orange machine. "Uh-oh," said Mr. French. "Damn it! Looks like the Queen is having a little trouble."



Though machines like the Beach King and Queen ("the royalty of the beach, trailing their trains of dust behind," said Mr. French) speed up the cleaning, somewhat lower technology—the bag-and-stabber—still does a lot of the work. On July 5th, some forty bag-and-stabbers—mostly well-tanned young men—had started work at 5 A.M., alongside workers with rakes, who were treating the trash the way homeowners treat autumn leaves; namely, raking the refuse into small piles and putting it in plastic bags. Two supervisors, both veterans of several summers on the beach, talked with us for a minute as they stabbed their stabbers into the sand. "Budweiser—that's the big beer with litterers," Steve Mirabello said. "And Pepsi among your soft drinks. Also, we find a lot of chickens, from people who've been practicing voodoo."

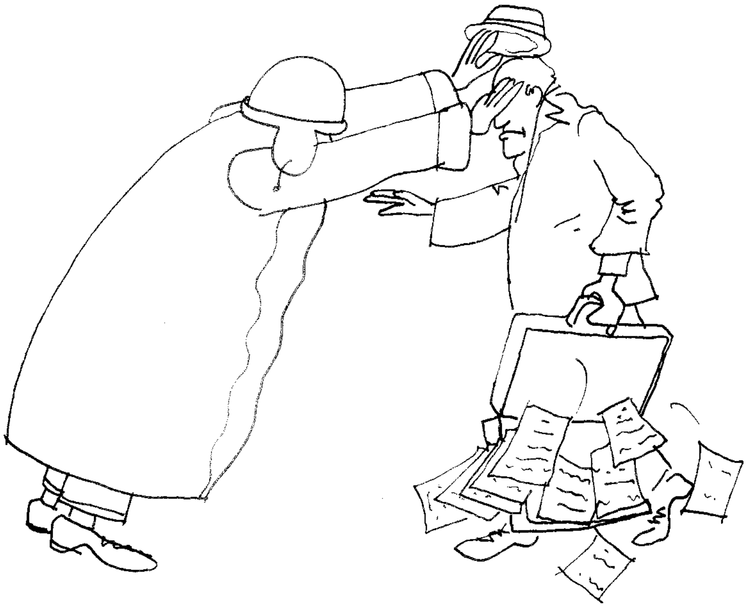
"Beachgoers will stand five feet from a wastebasket and drop their trash on the ground. They are fouling their own nest—that's what they're doing," added Rick Myers.

In the beach headquarters up on the boardwalk, we met Bill Dougherty, the boss of bosses on this waterfront, who told us he also ran two golf courses. "You get different problems there—fungus, that sort of thing. But here the trouble is trash—always trash." The crews occasionally uncover valuables, Mr. Dougherty said. "Once, we found a fifty-five-gallon drum still full of oil. And you remember Physty the Whale, who washed up on the beach? *We* found Physty the Whale."

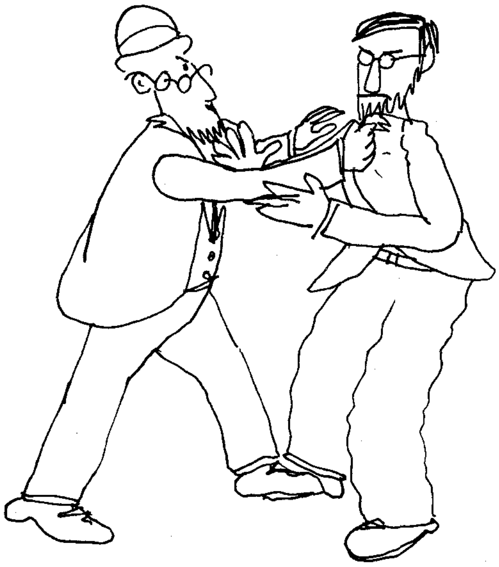
Out on the sand, members of the Parks Enforcement Patrol were rousing the last few sleepers ("Wakeup calls, but since these guys are bombed, you have to give them a few minutes to focus," Officer Kevin Gaines explained), and the cleanup was winding down. By nine-thirty, the beach was pretty tidy—not tourist-poster tidy but clean enough, especially at the Brighton Beach end, where there were some morning swimmers. Compared with the scene three hours earlier, it was a miracle, and not a minor one.

"My time in this job has been an incredible learning experience in terms of trash," Mr. French told us as he drove toward Manhattan. "I was shocked when I first came here—I'd been living in a village of four hundred people. But after a while you forget about the social implications of all this mess, and just focus on getting the beach clean. Because you know the trash is going to be there."

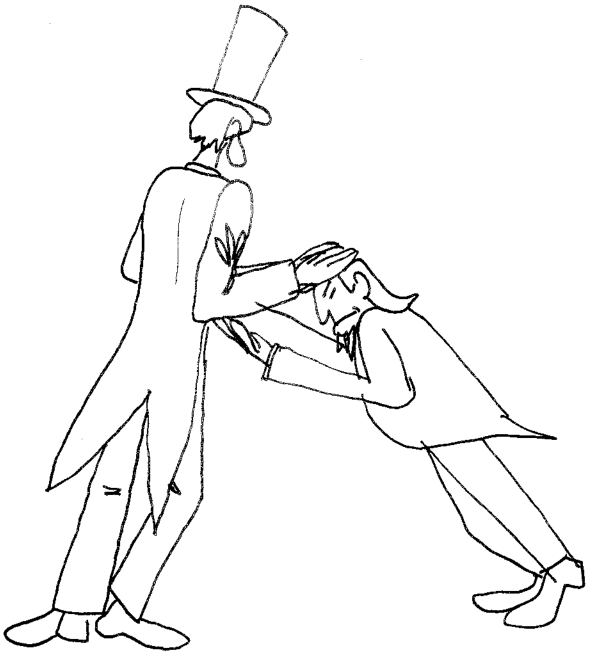
SOME FAMOUS SHOVING MATCHES



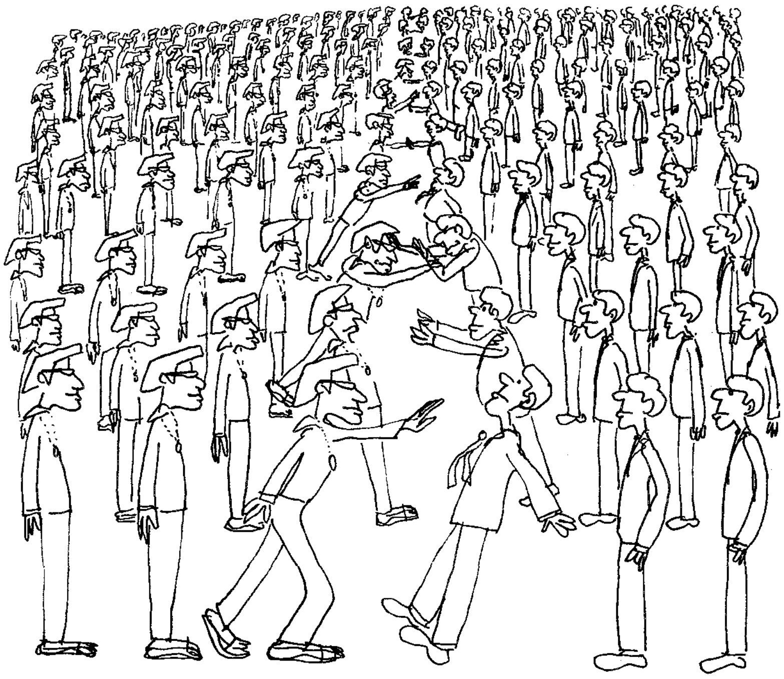
Nabokov–Wilson



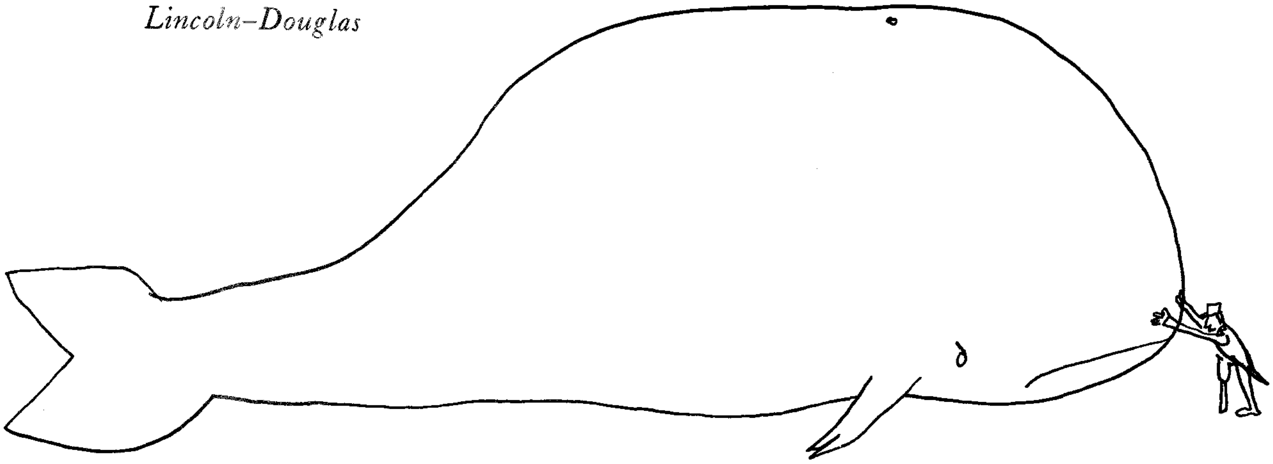
Freud–Jung



Lincoln–Douglas



L.A.–New York



Frazier

Moby Dick–Captain Ahab

THE U.S.A. SCHOOL OF WRITING

WHEN I was graduated from Vassar, in 1934, during the Great Depression, jobs were still hard to find and very badly paid. Perhaps for those very reasons, it seemed incumbent on me and many of my classmates to find them, whether we had to or not. The spirit of the times and, of course, of my college class was radical; we were puritanically pink. Perhaps there seemed to be something virtuous in working for much less a year than our educations had been costing our families. It was a combination of this motive, real need for a little more money than I had, idle curiosity, and, I'm afraid, pure masochism that led me to answer an advertisement in the Sunday *Times* and take a job. It was with a correspondence school, the U.S.A. School of Writing.

First, I had an interview at the school with its head, or president, as he described himself, Mr. Black. His opening remark was that the U.S.A. School of Writing stood for "The United States of America School of Writing," and my pleasure in that explanation trapped me immediately. But I can see now that I was just made to order for Mr. Black, and he must have been mentally rubbing his hands and licking his chops over me all during our little talk. I couldn't type—properly, that is; I wanted to smoke while I worked, which was against the fire laws; and I had had no experience at anything at all. But I was from Vassar and I had had a story and three poems published in magazines. I hadn't the faintest idea of my own strength; he would have taken me, probably, even if I had asked for twenty-five dollars a week instead of the fifteen dollars he was offering, but of course such an idea never occurred to me. No doubt he was already plotting how my high-class education and my career in print could be incorporated into his newest circulars.

However, there was a slight catch to that. For a while, at least, I would have to fulfill my duties at the school under the name of Fred G. Margolies, which had been the name not of my predecessor but of the one before the one before that. It developed that some of Mr. Margolies' students were still taking the course and had to receive their corrected lessons signed by him, and I would have to be Mr. Margolies until they had all graduated. Then I could turn into myself again, and steer new students. I felt I'd probably like to keep on being Mr. Margolies if I could. He had had something published, too, although I never succeeded in delving deep enough into the history of the school to find out what it was. And he or they must have been good letter writers, or even fuller of idle curiosity than I was, or just very kind-hearted men, to judge by the tone of the letters I received in our name. In fact, for a long time afterward I used to feel that the neurotically "kind" facet of my personality *was* Mr. Margolies.

The school was on the fourth floor, the top floor, of an old tumbledown building near Columbus Circle. There was no elevator. I had accepted—although "accept" cannot be the right word—the job in the late fall, and it seems to me now that it was always either raining or snowing when I emerged mornings from the subway into Columbus Circle, and that I was always wearing a black wool dress, a trenchcoat, and galoshes and carrying an umbrella. In the dark hallway there were three flights of steps, which sagged and smelled of things like hot iron, cigars, rubber boots, or peach pits —the last gasps of whatever industries were dying behind the lettered doors.

The U.S.A. School consisted of four rooms. There was a tiny lobby, where one girl sat alone, typing—typing exactly what her colleagues were typing in the big room behind her, I discovered, but I suppose she was placed there to stave off any unexpected pupils who might decide to come to the school in person. The lobby had a few photographs on the wall: pictures of Sinclair Lewis and other non-graduates. Then came the big room, lit grayly by several soot-and-snow-laden skylights, lights going all the time, with six to a dozen girls. Their number varied daily, and they sat at very old-model typewriters, typing the school's "lessons." At the other end of this room, overlooking the street, were two more tiny rooms, one of which was Mr. Black's office and the other Mr. Margolies and Mr. Hearn's office.

LOANS
WEBER

"Oh, that. That's wrong."

Mr. Hearn was a tall, very heavy woman, about thirty years old, named

"I can't remember the title, but it's the one Joe Papp sings about to the tune of 'Wait 'til the Sun Shines, Nellie.'"

Rachel, with black horn-rimmed glasses, and a black mole on one cheek. Rachel and I were somewhat cramped in our quarters. She smoked furiously all the time, and I smoked moderately, and we were not allowed to keep our door open, because of the poor transient typists, who were not allowed to smoke and might see us and go on strike, or report us to the nearest fire station. What with the rain and fog and snow outside and the smoke inside, we lived in a suffocating woolly gray isolation, as if in a cocoon. It smelled like a day coach at the end of a long train trip. We worked back to back, but we had swivel chairs and spent quite a bit of our time swung around to each other, with our knees almost bumping, cigarettes under each other's noses, talking.

At first, Rachel was horrid to me. Again in my innocence I didn't realize it was, of course, because of my Vassar stigma and my literary career, but her manner soon improved and we even got to like each other, moderately. Rachel did most of the talking. She had a great deal to say; she wanted to correct all the mistakes in my education and, as so many people did in those days, she wanted to get me to join the Party. In order to avoid making the trip to headquarters with her to get my "card"—something we could have done easily during any lunch hour once I'd put an end to my nonsense and made the decision—I told her I was an anarchist. But it didn't help much. In spite of my principles, I found myself cornered into defending Alexander Berkman's attempt to assassinate Andrew Carnegie's colleague Henry Frick, and after that I spent evenings at the Forty-second Street library taking out books under "*An*" in desperate attempts to shut Rachel up. For a while I was in touch with an anarchist organization (they are hard to locate, I found) in New Jersey, and received pamphlets from them, and invitations to meetings, every day in my mail.

Sometimes we went out to lunch together at a mammoth Stewart's Cafeteria. I liked cafeterias well enough, but they afflict one with indecision: what to eat, what table to sit at, what chair at the table, whether to remove the food from the tray or eat it on the tray, where to put the tray, whether to take off one's coat or keep it on, whether to abandon everything to one's fellow-diners and go for the forgotten glass of water or lug it all along. But Rachel swept me ahead of her, like a leaf from the enchanter fleeing, toward the sandwich counter. The variety of sandwiches that could be made to order like lightning was staggering, and she always ate three: lox and cream cheese on a bun, corned beef and pickle relish on rye, pastrami and mustard on something or other. She *shouted* her order. It didn't matter much, I found, after a few days of trying to state my three terms loudly and clearly; the sandwiches all tasted alike. I began settling for large, quite unreal baked apples and coffee. Rachel, with her three sandwiches and three cups of black coffee simultaneously, and I would seat ourselves in our wet raincoats and galoshes, our lunches overlapping between us, and she would harangue me about literature.

She never attempted politics at lunch, I don't know why. She had read a lot and had what I, the English major, condescendingly considered rather pathetic taste. She liked big books, with lots of ego and emotion in them, and Whitman was her favorite poet. She liked the translations of Merezhkovski, all of Thomas Wolfe that had then appeared, all of Theodore Dreiser, the Studs Lonigan series of James Farrell, and best of all she liked Vardis Fisher. She almost knew by heart his entire works to date. A feeling of nightmare comes over me as I remember those luncheons: the food, the wet, gritty floor under my hot feet, the wet, feeding, roaring crowd of people beneath the neon lights, and Rachel's inexorable shout across the table, telling me every detail of Vardis Fisher's endless and harrowing autobiography. She may have worked in some details from her own, I'm not sure; I made up my mind then never to read the books, which she offered to lend me, and I never have. I remember her quoting the line and a half from "Modern Love" from which Fisher had taken three titles in a row, "In tragic life, God wot,/No villain need be! Passions spin the plot," and my wondering dazedly in all the hubbub why he had neglected the possibilities

TOURISTS ON PAROS

If I die or something happens to us
and a stray breeze the length of the house
takes you alone back to that June on Paros
when we wrote every morning in a whitewashed room
then lay naked in the sun all afternoon
and came back at dusk famished for each other
and talked away the night in a taverna by the water—
I hope the memory brings you only pleasure.

But if you also suddenly feel the loss
snap open beneath like a well covered with grass,
remember our stumbling in T-shirts and shorts
onto that funeral party in the café at breakfast—
not the widow, barely sixteen, in harsh wool cloth,
or the grief that filled the air and seemed boundless,

but the brawny, red-haired Orthodox priest,
whose shaggy orange beard over his black-smocked chest
was like an explosion from a dark doorway
of a wild, high-pitched laugh.

—MICHAEL RYAN

• •

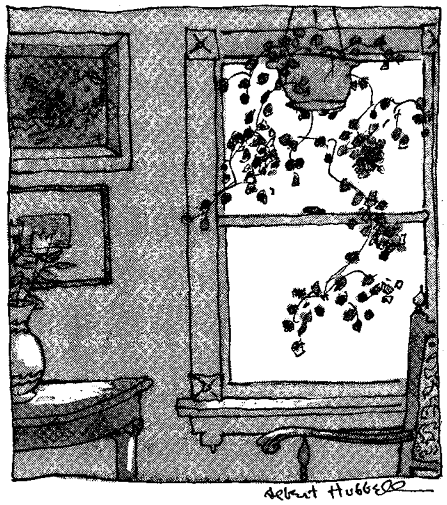
of "God wot," or if he'd still get around to it. I had recently come from a line analysis of "The Waste Land," and this bit of literary collage failed to impress me.

"Realism" and only "realism" impressed *her*. But if I tried to imply, in my old classroom manner, that there was "realism" and "realism," or ask her what she *meant* by "realism," she would glare at me savagely, her eyes glittering under Stewart's lighting fixtures, and silently stretch her large mouth over the bulging tiers of a sandwich. Her mole moved up and down as she chewed. At first I was afraid of those slaplike glares, but I grew used to them. And when one day, back in our office, she asked me to read one of her sentences to see if the grammar was right, I knew that she had begun to like me in spite of my bourgeois decadence and an ignorance of reality that took refuge in the childishness of anarchism. I also knew she had already sensed something fishy about my alleged political views.

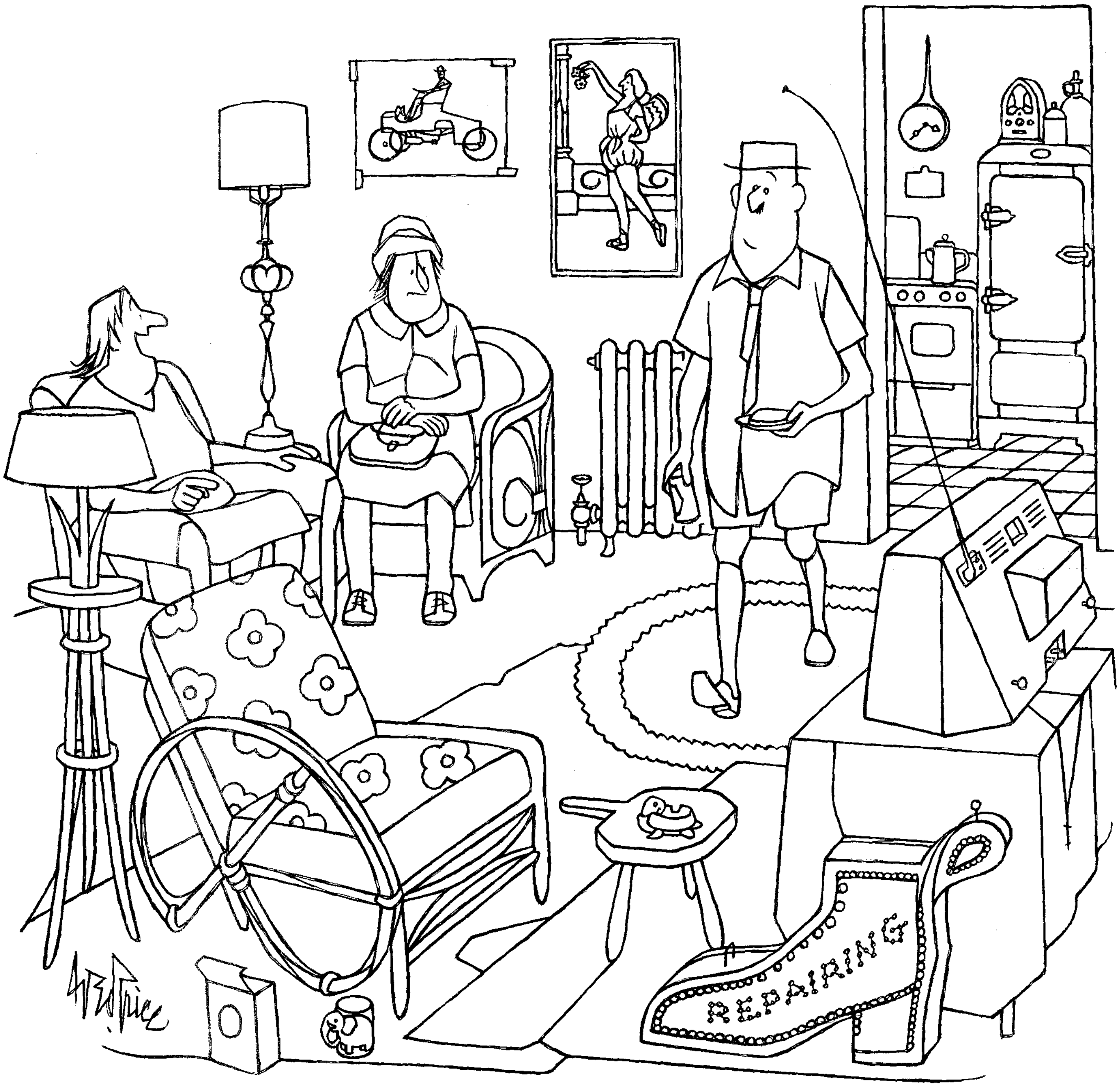
Overbearing, dishonest, unattractive, proud of being "tough," touchy, insensitive, yet capable of being kind or amused when anything penetrated, Rachel was something new to me. She had one rare trait that kept me interested: she never spoke of herself at all. Her salary was twenty-five dollars a week. Her clothes were shabby, even for Stewart's in those days, and dirty as well. The only thing I learned about her was that she had a sister in a state tuberculosis sanatorium, whom she went to see once a month but whom she didn't particularly like; the reason seemed to be that she was sick, and therefore "no good." Rachel herself had tremendous strength, and I soon realized that she inspired fear, almost physical fear, in everyone at the so-called school, including President Black. I also soon realized that she was the entire brains of the place, and afterward I even suspected that in her power and duplicity perhaps she really owned it and was using Mr. Black as a front. Probably not, but I never knew the truth about anything that went on there.

Her cigarettes were stolen for her somewhere by a "man" she knew—how, or who the man was, I never discovered. From time to time other objects appeared—a new bag, a fountain pen, a lighter, from the same source or perhaps a different "man"—but she never spoke of love or romance, except Vardis Fisher's. She should have hated me—my constant gentle acquiescence or hesitant corrections must have been hard to take—but I don't think she did. I think we felt sorry for each other. I think she felt that I was one of the doomed, enjoying my little grasshopper existence, my "sense of humor," my "culture," while I could, and that perhaps at some not very future date, when the chips were down, she might even put in a good word for me if she felt like it. I think that later she may well have become a great business success—probably a shady business, like the writing school, but on a much larger scale. She seemed drawn toward the dark and crooked, as if, since she believed that people were forced into being underhanded by economic circumstances in the first place, it would have been dishonest of her not to be dishonest. "Property is theft" was one of her favorite sayings.

Poor Rachel! I often disliked her—she gave me a frisson—and yet at the same time I liked her, and I certainly couldn't help listening to every word she said. For several weeks she was my own private Columbus Circle orator. Her lack of a "past," of any definable setting at all, the impression she gave of power and of something biding its time, even if it was false or silly, fascinated me. Talking with her was like holding a snapshot negative up to the light and wondering how its murks and transparencies were actually going to develop.



THE course we offered on "How to Write" was advertised in the cheapest farm magazines, movie and Western magazines. It was one of those "You, too, can earn money by your pen" advertisements, glowingly but carefully worded. We could instruct anyone, *no matter what his or her education,* in any branch of the writing art, from newspaper reporting to advertising to the novel, and every student would receive the personal attention and expert advice of successful, money-making authors like Mr. Hearn and Mr. Margolies. There were eight lessons, and the complete course, payable in advance, cost forty dollars. At the time I worked there, the school had only about a hundred



"What I like about that getup is the way his socks fall down every time I clear my throat."

• •

and fifty students, but there had been a period, just before, when it had had many, many more, and more were expected again, I gathered, as soon as the course had been "revised." There had been a big upheaval in the recent past, entailing the loss of most of the student body, and for some reason everything—all the circulars, contract blanks, and lessons—had to be revised immediately and printed all over again. That was why, off and on, so many typists were employed.

All these revisions, including the eight new lessons, were being done by Rachel. She sat with the school's former literature cut into narrow strips and clipped together in piles around her. There were also stacks of circulars from rival correspondence schools, and a few odd textbooks on composition and short-story writing, from which she lifted the most dogmatic sentences, or even whole paragraphs. When she did work, she worked extremely rapidly. It sounded like two or three typewriters instead of one, and the nervous typists kept running in from the big skylighted room and back again with the new material like relay racers. But she talked to me a great deal of the time, or stared gloomily out the window at the falling snow. Once she said, "Why don't you write a pretty poem about *that*?" Once or twice, smelling strongly of whiskey, she buried herself sulkily in a new proletarian novel for an entire afternoon.

We scarcely saw Mr. Black at all. He received a good many callers in his office, men who looked just like him, and he served them the George Washington instant coffee he made on a Sterno stove, which smelled unpleasantly through the partition into ours. Once in a while he would bring us both coffee, in ten-cent-store cups of milky green glass with very rough edges you could cut yourself on. He would ask, "And how's the Vassar girl?" and look over my shoulder at the letter I was slowly producing on the typewriter with three or four fingers and say, "Fine! Fine! You're doing fine! They'll love it! They'll love it!" and give my shoulder an objectionable squeeze. Sometimes he would say to Rachel, "Take a look at this. Save it—put the carbon in your file. We'll use it again." Rachel would give a loud groan.

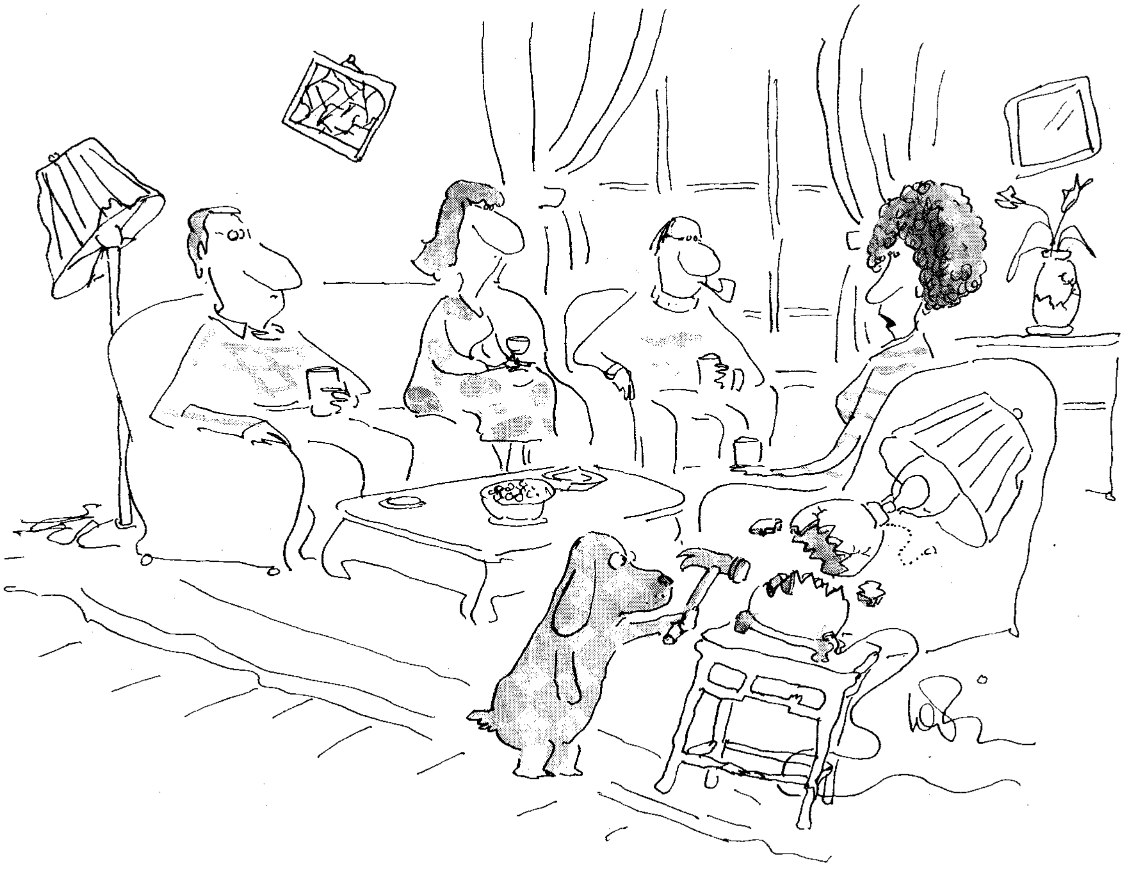
It was here, in this noisome place, in spite of all I had read and been taught and thought I knew about it before, that the mysterious, awful power of writing first dawned on me. Or, since "writing" means so many different things, the power of the printed word, or even that capitalized Word whose significance had previously escaped me but then made itself suddenly, if sporadically, plain.

Our advertisements specified that when an applicant wrote in inquiring about the course he was to send a sample of his writing, a "story" of any sort, any length, for our "analysis," and a five-dollar money order. We sent him the analysis and told him whether or not he really did have the right stuff in him to make a successful writer. All applicants, unless analphabetic, did. Then he was supposed to complete the first lesson—I think it was either "Straight Reporting" or "Descriptive Writing"—within a month and send it back to us with the remaining thirty-five dollars. We "analyzed" that and sent it back along with Lesson No. 2, and he was launched on the course.

I forget all the lessons now, but "Advertising" was fitted in somewhere. The students were required to write advertisements for grapefruit, bread, and liquor. Why the emphasis on food and drink I don't know, unless that, too, was a sign of the times. Also included were a short-story and a "True Confession" lesson. Almost all the students had the two genres hopelessly confused. Their original samples were apt to fall into the "True Confession" form, too. This sample, expanded or cut, censored or livened up, and the first letter to Mr. Margolies that accompanied it constituted the most interesting assignment for all concerned. My job was to write an analysis of each lesson in five hundred words, if I could, and as many of them a day as I possibly could, using a collection of previous lessons and analyses as models. I also had to write a short personal reply to the inevitable letter that arrived with each lesson. I was to encourage the student if he was feeling hopeless, and discourage him firmly if he showed any signs of wanting his money back.

Henry James once said that he who would aspire to be a writer must inscribe on his banner the one word "Loneliness." In the case of my students, their need was not to ward off society but to get into it. Their problem was that on their banners "Loneliness" had been inscribed despite them, and so they aspired to be writers. Without exception, the letters I received were from people suffering from terrible loneliness in all its better-known forms, and in some I had never even dreamed of. Writing, especially writing to Mr. Margolies, was a way of being less alone. To be printed, and to be "famous," would be an instant shortcut to identity, and an escape from solitude, because then other people would know one as admirers, friends, lovers, suitors, etc.

In the forms they filled out, they gave their ages and occupations. There were a good many cowboys and ranch hands. One of them printed his lessons—not with the printing taught for a while in fashionable schools, although it resembled it, but the printing of a child concentrating on being neat and careful. There was a sheepherder, a real shepherd, who even *said* he was lonely, "in my line of work." Writing cheered him up, because "sheep aren't much company for a man (ha-ha)." There were the wives of



"That's the trouble with pets. They're so destructive."

ranchers as well. There were several sailors, a Negro cook, a petty officer on a submarine, and a real lighthouse keeper. There were a good many "domestics," some of whom said they were "colored," and several students writing from addresses in the deep South told me, as if they had to, that they were Negroes.

Of all the letters and lessons I read during my stay at the U.S.A. School only one set showed any slight sign of promise whatever. They were the work of a "lady cattle-rancher and poultry farmer," an "old maid," she wrote, living at an R.F.D. address somewhere in Kansas. The stories she sent in, regardless of the nature of the assignment, were real stories. The other students' heartbreaking attempts were always incoherent, abrupt, curtailed. Hers bounced along exuberantly, like a good talker, and were almost interesting, with a lot of local color and detail. They were filled with roosters, snakes, foxes, and hawks, and they had dramatic and possibly true plots woven around sick and dying cows, mortgages, stepmothers, babies, wicked blizzards, and tornadoes. They were also ten times longer than anyone else's stories. After I gave up my job, I used to look into farm magazines, like *The Country Gentleman*, on the newsstands, hoping that she might have made publication at last, but I never saw her name again.

Most of my pathetic applicants seemed never to have read anything in their lives, except perhaps a single, memorable story of the "True Confession" type. The discrepancy between the odd, colorless, disjointed little pages they sent me and what they saw in print just didn't occur to them. Or perhaps they thought Mr. Margolies would wave his magic wand and the little heaps of melancholy word-bones, like chicken bones or fish bones, would put on flesh and vitality and be transformed into gripping, compelling, thrilling full-length stories and novels. There were doubtless other, deeper reasons for their taking the course, sending in all their lessons, and paying that outrageous forty dollars. But I could never quite believe that most of my students really thought that they, too, could one day write, or even that they would really have to work to do so. It was more like applying for application blanks for a lottery. After all, they might win the prize just as well as the next person, and everyone knows those things aren't always run honestly.

Breathtaking Beauty

There seemed to be one thing common to all their primitive writing, as I suppose it might be called, in contrast to primitive painting: its slipshoddiness and haste. Where primitive painters will spend months or years, if necessary, putting in every blade of grass and building up brick walls in low relief, the primitive writer seems in a hurry to get it over with. Another thing was the almost complete lack of detail. The primitive painter loves detail and lingers over it and emphasizes it at the expense of the picture as a whole. But if the writers put them in, the details are often impossibly or wildly inappropriate, sometimes revealing a great deal about the writer without furthering the matter in hand at all. Perhaps it all demonstrates the professional writer's frequent complaint that painting is more fun than writing. Perhaps the ranchers' wives who sent in miserable little outlines for stories with no conversation and no descriptions of people or places wouldn't hesitate to spend long afternoons lovingly decorating birthday cakes in different-colored icings. But the subject matter was similarly banal in both the paintings and the writing. There was also the same tendency in both primitive painting and writing to make it all right, or of real value to the world, by tacking on a grand, if ill-fitting, "moral," or allegorical interpretation. My students seemed to be saying, "Our experiences are real and true and from them we have drawn these unique, these noble conclusions. Since our sentiments are so noble, who could have the heart to deny us our right to Fame?"

What could I possibly find to say to them? From what they wrote me it was obvious they could hardly wait to receive my next analysis. Perhaps they hoped, each time, that Mr. Margolies would tell them he had found a magazine to publish their last lesson and was enclosing the check. All of them were eager, if not hardworking, or felt they had to pretend to be. One man wrote, "I slept on a hair all night, waiting to hear from you." They apologized for their slowness, for their spelling, for their pens or pencils (they were asked to use ink, but quite a few didn't). One boy excused his poor handwriting by saying, "This is being written on the subway," and it may have been true. Some referred to the lessons as their "homework," and addressed Mr. Margolies as "Dear Teacher." One woman decorated her lessons with Christmas seals. To my surprise, there were two or three male students who wrote man-to-man obscenities, or retold well-worn dirty jokes.

I took to copying out parts of their letters and stories to take home with me. A Kansas City janitor wanted to learn to write in order to publish "a book about how to teach children to be good radicals, of the George Washington Type or the Jesus Christ Type." One woman revealed that her aged mother approved of her learning how to write to such an extent that she had given her the forty dollars and "*her own name* to write under." The daughter's name was Emma, the mother's was Katerina. Would I please address her as Katerina in the future?

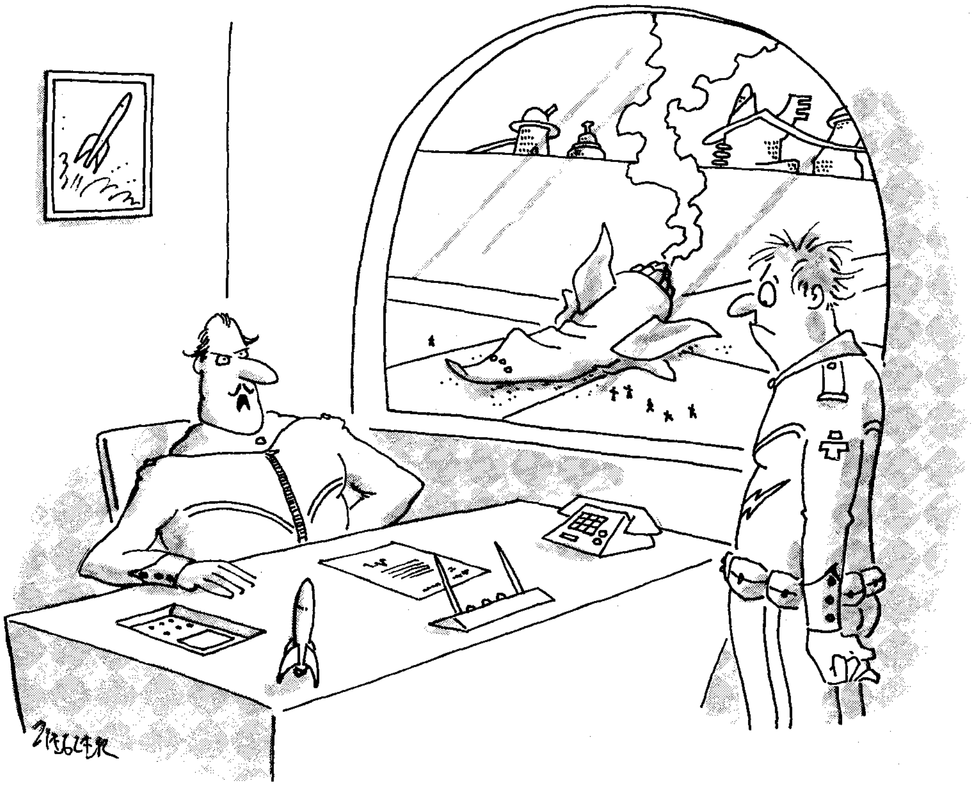
Next to my lady cattle-rancher and poultry farmer I grew fondest of a Mr. Jimmy O'Shea, of Fall River, aged seventy, occupation "retired." His was the nearest approach to a classical primitive style. His stories were fairly long, and, like Gertrude Stein, he wrote in large handwriting on small pieces of paper. He had developed a style that enabled him to make exactly a page of every sentence. Each sentence—they usually began with "Also" or "Yes"—opened at the top left-hand corner and finished with an outsize dimple of a period in the lower right. Goodness shone through his blue-lined pages as if they had been little paper lanterns. He characterized everything that appeared in his simple tales with three, four, or even five adjectives and then repeated them, like Homer, every time the noun appeared. It was Mr. O'Shea who wrote me a letter that expressed the common feeling of time passing and wasted, of wonder and envy, and of partly sincere ambition: "I wasn't feeling well over my teeth, and I had three large ones taken out, for they made me nervous and sick sometime, and this is the reason I couldn't send in my lesson. I am thinking of being able to write like all the Authors, for I believe that is more in my mind than any other kind of work. Mr. Margolies, I am thinking of how those Authors write such long stories of 60,000 or 100,000 words in those Magazines, and where do they get their imagination and the material to work upon? I know there is a big field in this art."

I STOOD the school for as long as I could, which wasn't very long, and the same week that I received this letter from Mr. O'Shea I resigned. Mr. Black begged me to stay—I was just getting going, I was turning out more and more analysis every day—and he offered me two dollars and a half more a week. Rachel seemed sorry to see me go, too. We went out for a last lunch together, to a different cafeteria, one that had a bar, and, going Dutch, had a twenty-cent Manhattan each before lunch. When I was cleaning out my desk, she gave me a present, a strange paperbound book she had just finished reading, written by a Chinese, almost in the style of some of our students. It was all about his experiences as an agricultural slave in the United States and on the sugarcane plantations of Cuba. It may have been true, but it was not "realism," because he used odd, Oriental imagery.

About two years later I met Rachel in Times Square one night on my way to the theatre. She looked just the same, perhaps a little heavier and perhaps a little less shabby. I asked her if she still worked for the U.S.A. School of Writing and how Mr. Black was. Mr. Black, she announced casually, was in jail, for a second or third offense, for misuse of the mails. The U.S.A. School of Writing had been raided by the police shortly after I left, and all our work, and all my poor students' accumulation of lessons and earnest, confiding letters, had been confiscated. She said, "I didn't tell you while you were there, but that's why we were doing that revising. The U.S.A. School was a new name. Up until a month before you came it was something else. Black paid a big fine that time, and we were starting all over again."

I asked her what she was doing now, but she didn't tell me. I was dressed to go to the theatre, and she looked me up and down contemptuously, I felt, but tolerantly, as if she were thinking, Some anarchist! Then Mr. Hearn and Mr. Margolies shook hands and parted forever.

—ELIZABETH BISHOP



"Well, Mr. Corbett, we've been a very naughty space cadet, haven't we?"

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BLOCK THAT METAPHOR!

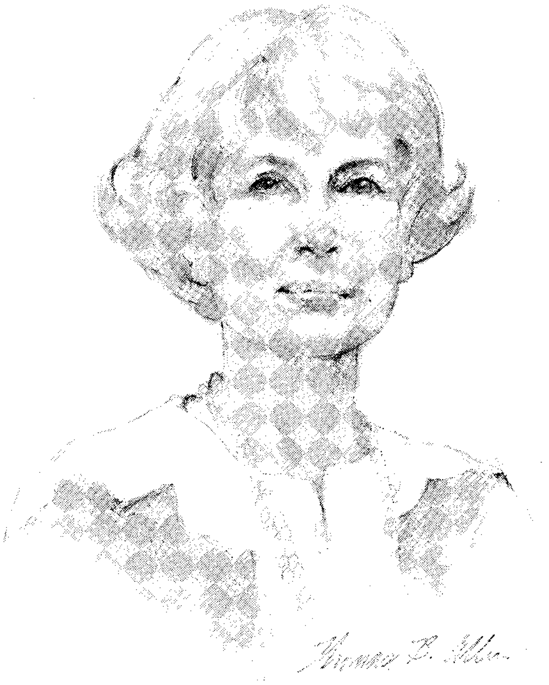
[*From the Minneapolis* (*Minn.*) *Twin Cities Reader*]

Lanford Wilson has his ear on the pulse of America. He has caught the arrhythmia in the heartbeat of the political athletes of the '60s who, 15 years after their militant scrimmage with the Establishment to end war and injustice, have hung up their moral letter jackets and cheerleaders' pompons in disillusionment; a hardening of the ethical arteries of the disenchanted has set in during the searching, self-centered Seventies.

PROFILES

CITY VOICES

JEAN BACH



E. B. White suggests in his essay "Here Is New York" that there are three New Yorks—that of the native-born New Yorker, that of the commuter, and that of "the person who was born somewhere else and came to New York in quest of something." He continues, "Of these three trembling cities the greatest is the last—the city of final destination, the city that is a goal. It is this third city that accounts for New York's high-strung disposition, its poetical deportment, its dedication to the arts, and its incomparable achievements. Commuters give the city its tidal restlessness, natives give it solidity and continuity, but the settlers give it passion." One of the settlers who have given New York immeasurable passion during the past thirty-five years is a pretty, witty, quick, indefatigable woman named Jean Bach. She is a Boswell, for, not widely known herself, she spends much of her time cosseting and studying the great and near-great, the famous and almost famous. She does this in two ways, both of which Boswell would have admired, for each smooths egos and stays vanity. She produces the "Arlene Francis Show," a radio interview program that has been heard five days a week over WOR for the past twenty-three years, and she gives—often with her husband, Bob Bach—countless select, sought-after parties at her house in Greenwich Village. She picks out the guests for the radio show, reads their books, sees their movies, attends their plays or ballets or art shows, writes the introduction to each interview, and frames questions that Arlene Francis might ask. When a guest fails to appear or Arlene Francis is away, Jean Bach goes on the air, and the show takes on a special sparkle. She talks in a fast, assured Midwestern way, and she has an open, rich voice—the kind that gives the impression of being constantly on the edge of laughter. She has her own patois, made up of jazz lingo and of her own quick and funny imagery (a good party "flies," a bad one is "a pancake;" a press agent has to "keep all flags flying;" celebrities always "keep their pores open;" her first husband, the late trumpeter Shorty Sherock, was "the first Mr. Bach"). She is also an expert autobiographer. Listeners to the Arlene Francis program know about Jean Bach's feet, which bother her a lot; about her cats, Lena and Lana, who replaced Seymour Katz when he died; about Bob Bach, who is an independent television producer; about her small cinder-block weekend house in the hills of northern Westchester ("It's painted black and green. It looks French. It has angles and corners everywhere that cast pretty shadows"); and about her mother, a beautiful and energetic woman of ninety-one who lives in a Georgian mansion in the middle of Milwaukee. Among the thousands of guests who have appeared on the show are Leopold Stokowski, C. P. Snow, Hedda Hopper, Martin Luther King, Jr., Queen Farida, of Egypt, Ben Shahn, Duke Ellington, Richard Burton, William Styron, Alfred Hitchcock, President Jimmy Carter, Isaac Bashevis Singer, Lord Louis Mountbatten, Romain Gary, Mayor John Lindsay, Carol Channing, Ralph Ellison, Buddy Rich and Soupy Sales, Martha Graham, Norman Mailer, and Carl Sandburg. Sometimes people on the show turn up at Jean Bach's parties, and sometimes the people at her parties turn up on the show. She breathes parties, and has for most of her life. Her parents gave parties constantly, and she began giving her own when she was fourteen or fifteen. She gave parties for the various sections of the big band that Shorty Sherock had when they were married, and she immediately started giving parties after she and Bob Bach were married, in the late forties. They held charades at their house on Charles Street, and they invited the Herbert Bayard Swopes and the James Downeys and the William Harbachs and the Robert Sarnoffs. The pianist Barbara Carroll provided the first music they had, and she was followed by the likes of Cy Walter and Walter Gross. After Cy Walter played, he would leave a five-dollar bill on the piano—an upright with a short keyboard—as a contribution toward a new piano. They gave a party for Judy Garland. The composer Willard Robison came not because he admired Judy Garland but because he loved the shape of Jean Bach's head, which reminded him of Wendell Willkie's. (Robison drove to the party from White Plains, where he lived, and parked near Jean Bach's house. When he left, he forgot he had driven down and took the train home. Next morning, finding his car missing, he called the police and reported it stolen.) Here are some of the people who have gone to Jean Bach's parties: Geoffrey Holder, Duke Ellington, Billy Strayhorn, Gene Austin, James Mason, Jack Lemmon, Walter Winchell, Vic Damone, Harold Arlen, Yip Harburg, Johnny Mercer, Geraldine Page, Tommy Dorsey, Daphne Hellman, Artie Shaw, James Baldwin, George Wein, Norman Mailer, Burt Bacharach, Rex Reed, Gloria Vanderbilt, Juliette Greco, Randolph Churchill, Sammy Davis, Jr., Mica and Ahmet Ertegun, Nesuhi Ertegun, Lena Horne, Lee and Bob Elliott, and

Bobby Short. Short was co-host with Jean Bach of one of the greatest of all Bach parties—a celebration of their forty years of friendship. It was a black-tie dance, and it was given in the winter of 1981 at the Carlyle, and it was presided over by Count Basie's band. The guest list caromed from Tony Bennett to Kurt Vonnegut to Jack Lemmon to Ira Gitler. Jean Bach wore a brilliant full-skirted red dress with a half-moon neck and puffed sleeves, and she looked like an anemone. She has, she has said, been compared with every famous blonde of the twentieth century, among them Doris Day, Shirley Temple, and Ingrid Bergman. She has a handsome nose and blue eyes and a square face, and her smile slips to one side.

Bobby Short recently talked about his old friend: "Jean and I met in the winter of 1942 at the Sherman Hotel in Chicago. She was married to Shorty Sherock, who was in the Alvino Rey band, and I was singing in the Dome in the hotel. I was a baby just out of high school, and what drew me to Jean was not only her love for Duke Ellington but the fact that she could sing note for note Ben Webster solos and Cootie Williams solos and Johnny Hodges solos. And—she *knew* my idol, Ivie Anderson. Jean was by far the most elegant and beautiful and sharply intelligent person I had ever met. We resumed our friendship in Southern California the following year; then I lost track of her and didn't see her again until Paris in 1952, when our friendship got off on a good adult level. In December of 1981, we celebrated its fortieth anniversary with the dance at the Carlyle. The Basie band's sheer aural power, contained and condensed in those small rooms, was mind-blowing. Jean and I talk at least once a week, and we have never had a quarrel or a disagreement. She never schemes, never makes demands. She's very human, so she's vulnerable; and she's very courageous. She's also loyal and unchanging. She's not one way in Albany one week and another way in New York the next week. And her energy is boundless. She passes information on in the most unassuming manner—it never comes across as a lesson or as an act of self-aggrandizement. She still corrects me, but in the gentlest way. In earlier days, I was sometimes out of work, and I'd always turn to Jean and she'd tell me what to do, and what she told me was invariably right. Our friendship always makes me think how awfully difficult it is to let your friends know in what high esteem you hold them."

THE NEST

The day the birds were lifted from my shoulders,
the whole sky was blue, a long-imagined effect
had taken hold, and a small passenger plane
was beating the earth with its wings
as it swung over the bean fields toward home.
A fat car barely travelled a narrow road
while I waited at the bottom of a hill.
People around me were speaking loudly
but I heard only whispers, and stepped away.

You understand, I was given no choice.
For a long time, I was tired of whatever it was
that dug its way into my shoulders for balance
and whispered in my ears, and hung on for dear life
among tall narrow spaces in the woods
and in thickets and crowds, like those of success,
with whom one mingles at parties and in lecture halls.
In the beginning, there was this or that . . .
but always on my shoulders that which had landed.

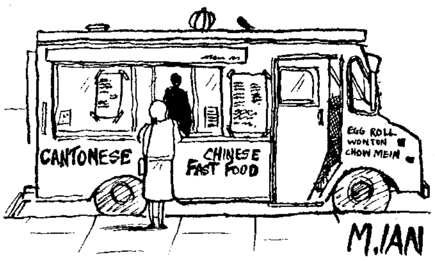
That was life, and it went on in galleries
and shopping plazas, in museums and civic centers,
much like the life of any responsible man
schooled in the marriage of history and culture
and left to learn the rest at the legs of women.
In furtive rooms, in passing moments, the sea
reopened a door at its depth, trees spoke
from the wooden sides of houses, bodies became
again the nests in the naked tree.

After that, I was another person,
without knowing why or how, and after that,
I lived naked in a new world where the sun
broke through windows to grasp entire families
and crept between trees to wash down streets
without disturbing any object, in a world
where a solitary kiss blew down a door.
The day the birds were lifted from my shoulders,
it killed me—and almost cost me a life . . . .

—Marvin Bell

• •

Jean Bach's urge to pass information on resulted four years ago in her writing a unique sixty-four-page paperback book called "200 Ways to Conquer 'The Blues.' " It was sold in supermarkets and fit in a woman's purse. It sets forth advice on how to fight depression—a condition that twenty-five per cent of the nation is said to be sometimes sunk in. The book is full of folk (and urban) wisdom:



Use the stairs. Whenever possible, use your legs instead of the elevator. It's good for the circulation and, as you develop your vigor, your spirits will rise.

Conceal eyesores. A worn place in the rug doesn't mean much to the casual visitor, but it can become a horror for the person who lives with it and has to see it every time she walks across the room. Think about placing a small scatter rug over it. A folding screen is very useful for hiding all kinds of eyesores. Be imaginative. What about a potted palm?

Open a window. Let some fresh air into the place. A nice breeze feels good and you never know what wonderful, new ideas will blow in on it.

Fake feeling good. You may have the most legitimate reason in the world to be unhappy. You may have lost someone important to you, you may have lost your job, you may be a stranger in town, you may be

"This gives my confidence a real boost."

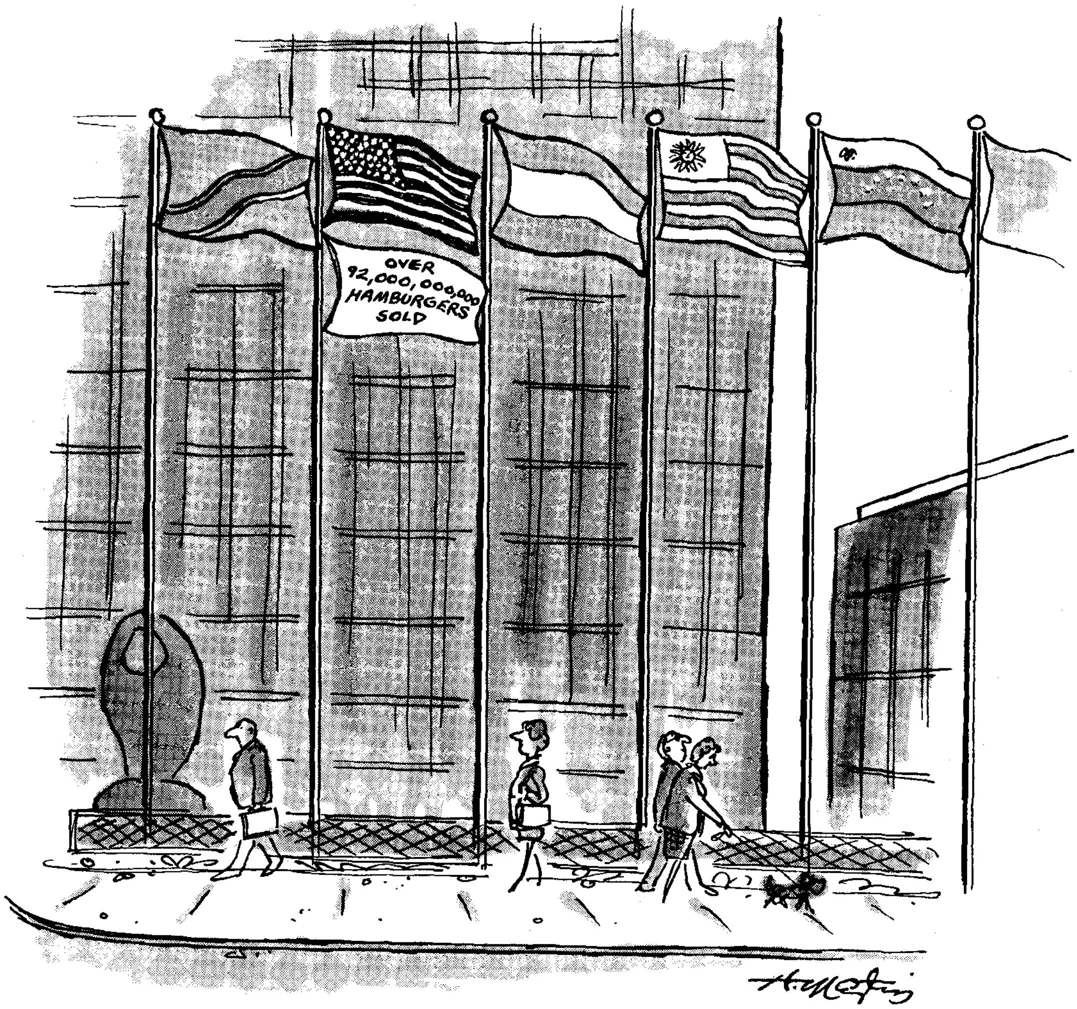
• •

recovering from a broken romance. But when you're with people, don't wear your depression like a badge. You're going to have to learn to fake cheerfulness. Believe it or not, eventually that effort will pay off: you'll actually start feeling happier.

DON'T leave your bed unmade.

Absorbing the information she dispenses is an act Jean Bach loves. She said recently, "I was sitting in bed one night doing my homework for the show—reading Peter Prescott's memoir about Choate, as a matter of fact—and suddenly I thought, This is the essence, the best thing in the world, the reason I do what I do: acquiring information."

LATE this spring, a teen-ager from Milwaukee named Penny Whitlow came to New York to talk to Jean Bach about a summer job at WOR. The daughter of an old friend, she met Jean Bach a few minutes before the "Arlene Francis Show" in the WOR studios, at Broadway and Forty-first Street. Jean Bach, dressed in a white sweater and a black pleated wool skirt, took Penny Whitlow to the studio, introduced her to Arlene Francis, whom she often calls "La Belle," and sat her down in the control room. There were two guests, and it was a quiet show. The first was Henry Guettel, who is married to the writer Mary Rodgers and is the executive director of the Theatre Development Fund, which administers TKTS. The second guest was Betty Leslie-Melville, who, with her husband, Jock, had written a novel about animal conservation in Africa. After the show, Jean Bach took Penny Whitlow to her office. It's the size of a walk-in closet, and contains three desks—one for Arlene Francis, one for Jean Bach, and one for Mildred Fairbairn, an elegant cousin of Arlene Francis's, who answers the telephone and takes messages and fends off publicity people. Jean Bach asked Penny Whitlow if she'd like to have some lunch at Lord & Taylor, where she had an appointment to have her nails done. The two women picked their way across Thirty-ninth Street and went in a side door of Lord & Taylor and up to the Café, on the fifth floor. The atmosphere was old Schrafft's—uniformed waitresses, a nice smell, and the treble vibrancy of massed women. Jean Bach ordered a sandwich platter, and Penny Whitlow a shrimp salad. She said that her mother had told her that Shorty Sherock had died not long before, and she asked Jean Bach what he had been like. "He was darling," Jean Bach said. "He was of Polish and Czech extraction, and he was very handsome. I met him at the Three Deuces in Chicago in 1941, and we were married a few weeks later. He was with Gene Krupa at the time, but he spent every extra moment at the feet of Roy Eldridge, whom he worshipped. When Krupa went out of town for one-nighters, Roy started coming along and sitting in, and the next thing we knew Shorty was out and Roy had been hired. It was simply: Who needs this impostor when we



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have the real thing right there? Shorty and I had a little apartment we'd paid a month's rent for, and we hocked the golf sticks and my pearls. Then Shorty got a call from Tommy Dorsey, and we joined him in Bluefield, West Virginia. Raymond Scott was next, and, after that, Bob Strong, and Alvino Rey, and, finally, Horace Heidt. By this time, we were living in Malibu in a roomy house, and I was giving parties. Horace Heidt turned the band over to Shorty in 1945, and we got the summer booking at the Glen Island Casino, in New Rochelle. Travel was still very slow and difficult because of the war, so we took only our key men. Shorty and I were jammed into a drawing room with all the band parts, and I'd have nightmares about losing the fourth-trombone book. A big picnic basket Ivie Anderson gave us lasted the whole trip. We rented a house in New Rochelle, and I became band manager. We went on the road in the fall, stopping at places like Selma, Alabama, where I remember hanging clothes to dry on a ceiling fan. We had either kids or old cripples in the band, and when we didn't have enough money to pay everybody I'd ask the kids if they minded being paid next week, and they'd get real concerned and ask me if I had money for breakfast. It was a strange band. We had a soft, floating Basie-type rhythm section and an Italianate trumpet section that played a little sharp and real loud, and it was constant war. By 1948, I'd had enough. I'd had measles on the road, and I was tired. Shorty and I were divorced, and I married Bob Bach. We lived on West Fourth Street at first; then we moved to Charles Street. I got a job at WNEW as a scriptwriter. Radio still had live music, and everything was scripted—the badinage between the announcer and the bandleader, the introductions to recordings. I went on to Edward Bernays, in his public-relations business, and from him to an early television show called 'Okay, Mother.' Dennis James was the host, and we had a guest mother every day. People from the audience were asked questions, and if they got them right they won a sewing machine or a Ronson lighter. The show finally sank of its own dreadful weight. I worked for Dick Kollmar's art gallery, and then went with another press agent. One of the clients was a record producer, and part of my job was to go around to radio stations and hand out payola to disc jockeys. I was supposed to figure out on the spot what a particular d.j. was worth—twenty-five, fifty, or a hundred dollars—and hand him the money. I think Dick Clark was the only one who ever refused me. I was with Harry Sobol after that; then I did a year with Rheingold. I started doing the 'Arlene Francis Show' in 1960. We broadcast from Sardi's at the beginning, but it got too difficult. One of our early guests was Carl Sandburg, and when Arlene asked him if God was dead he picked up a piece of celery and started eating it, and all you heard over the air while the great man pondered was *crunch, crunch, crunch*."

After lunch, Jean Bach and Penny Whitlow descended to the beauty salon, and Jean Bach had her nails done by a pleasant gray-haired woman named Stella. Jean Bach told Penny Whitlow what some of her daily tasks would be at WOR. Then they took a Fifth Avenue bus to Eighth Street, and walked a couple of blocks to Jean Bach's house. It was once the studio of Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney, and it still looks like a studio. The living room is two stories high, and has a huge north window. The room has a fireplace, a grand piano, and assorted pictures (ink drawings by Salvador Dali, a pencil self-portrait by E. E. Cummings), and to one side there is a tiny bedroom and bath known as the Blossom Dearie Suite—so named because the singer had been wont, after practicing on Jean Bach's piano, to stay the night. A stairway leads down to a dining room and kitchen, and another stairway leads up to the master bedroom. Jean Bach and Penny Whitlow were greeted by Lena and Lana. Curtains were drawn over the great window, and the room was cool and dim. Jean Bach made some tea, and then sat down on a sofa, pulled off her shoes, and put her feet on a coffee table. Penny Whitlow said she couldn't remember whether Jean Bach was born in Milwaukee or Chicago.

"Chicago, dear," Jean Bach replied. "But I grew up on the east side of Milwaukee. I was an only child, and my parents were a Scott Fitzgerald couple. They associated with the well-fixed. They were blue-eyed and good-looking. They rode well. They sang and played the piano. They loved to dance and had a passion for dance bands. When I was ten and eleven, they'd take me with them to hear Ben Bernie and Hal Kemp. They'd invite the bands to dinner or to late-Sunday-morning champagne breakfasts. My father was George Enzinger, Jr., and he'd grown up in St. Louis. His father was a piano teacher and church organist. Daddy remembered a policeman knocking on the screen door and asking 'the professor' if he would teach him to play the 'Maple Leaf Rag.' He did, note by note, and it took six months. Old Mr. Enzinger was plugged into Bach, though, and I remember him whistling Bach fugues up and down the halls. My father was plugged into anything that was avant-garde or anti-establishment. He'd gone to the University of Missouri School of Journalism, and he had his own advertising company. He made monthly trips to New York, where he hung out with the now people of then, like Marion Morehouse, who married E. E. Cummings. She was a fashion model, and Cecil Beaton, or someone like that, said she was one of the two great beauties of the twentieth century. My father would bring back sheet music from the newest shows—songs like Dietz and Schwartz' 'Smokin' Reefers.' And he'd pick up the newest records—Louis Armstrong Hot Fives and Ethel Waters' 'Shake That Thing.' Once, my mother went to California and took the Waters record with her, and when she got back it was broken. My father got very pale and took it into his office and closed the door and spent hours trying to put it together with glue and cardboard. But ordinarily he was a gay, light-hearted man. He'd sit down at the piano at cocktail time and play Chopin, and dinner would be announced and we'd all have to sit and wait, whether the soufflé fell or not. My mother was Gertrude Cole. She was born in Canada, where she lived until she was twelve. Her father was F. F. Cole, the buckwheat king. She was the fourth of six children and the one with all the pizzazz and good looks. When

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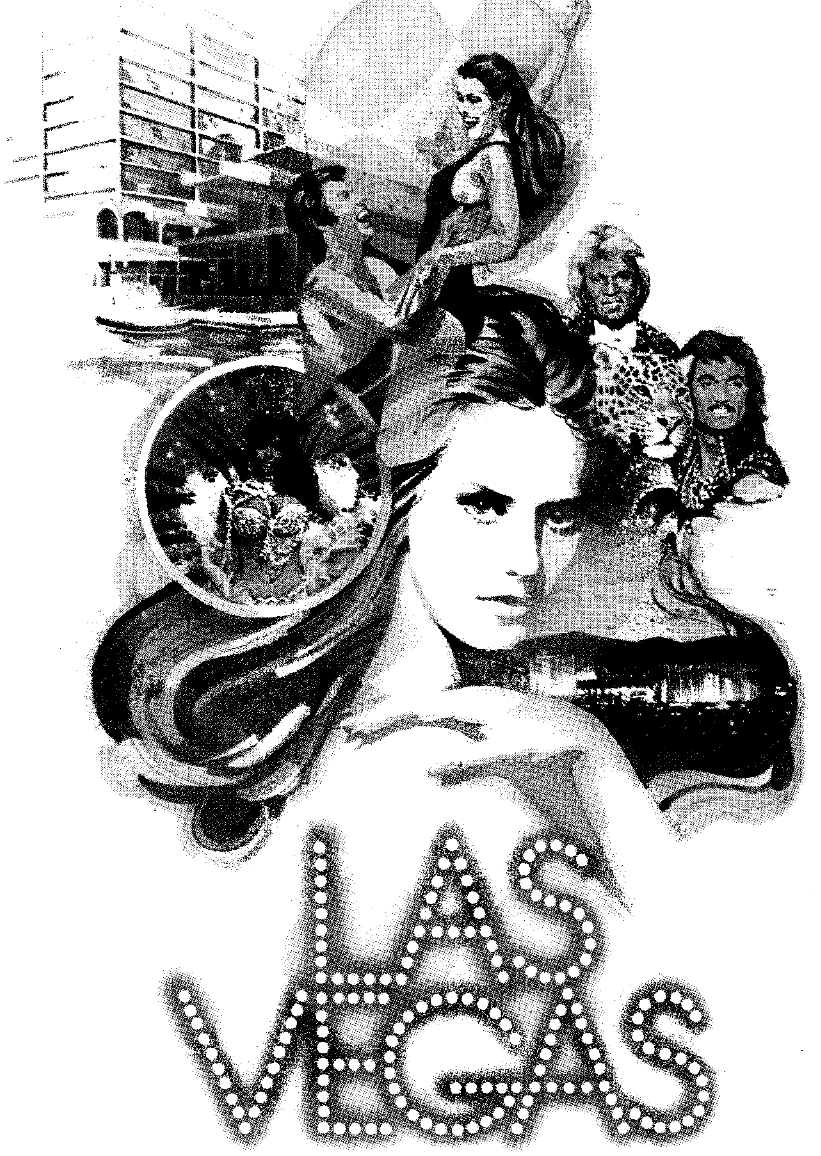

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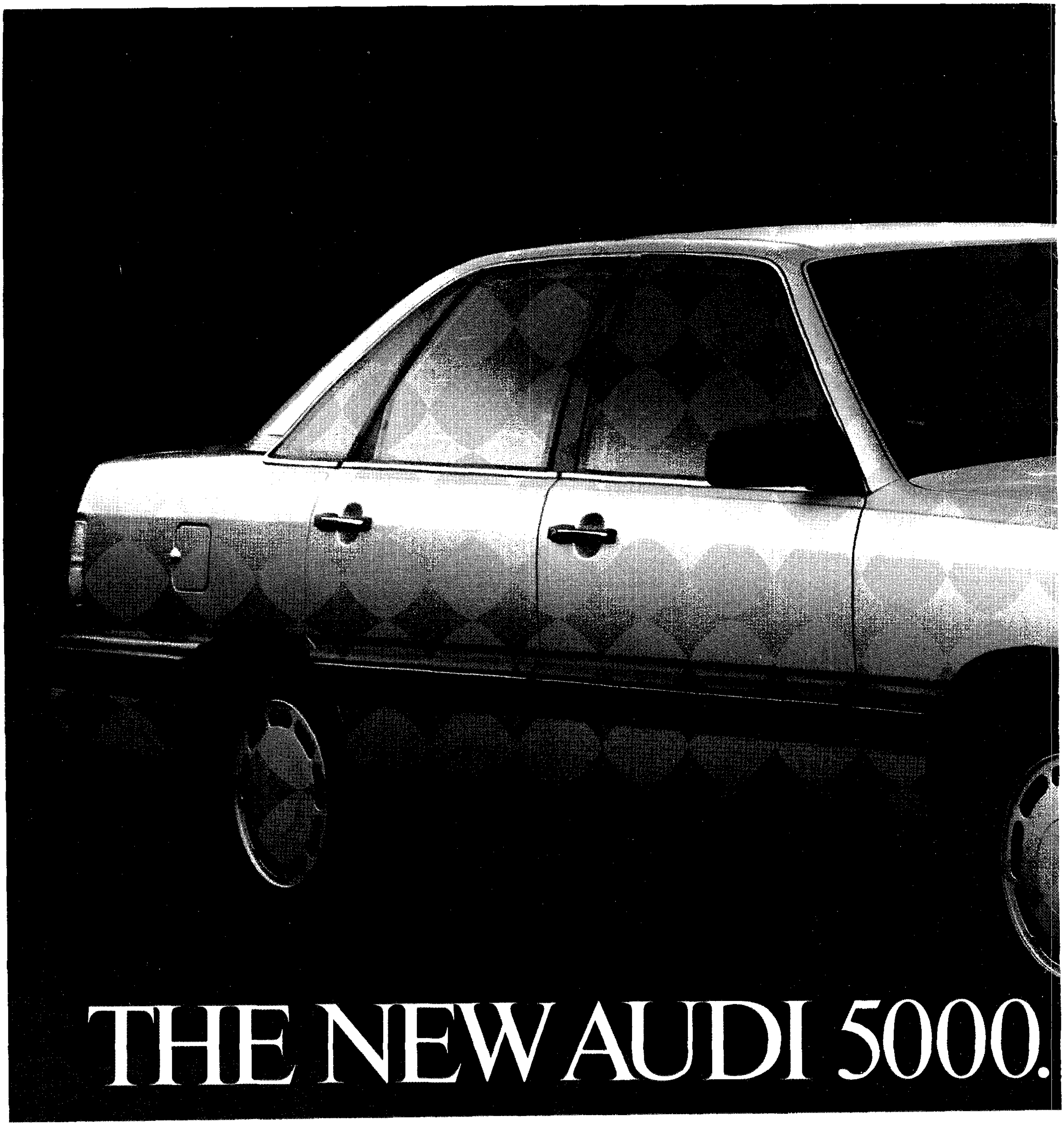

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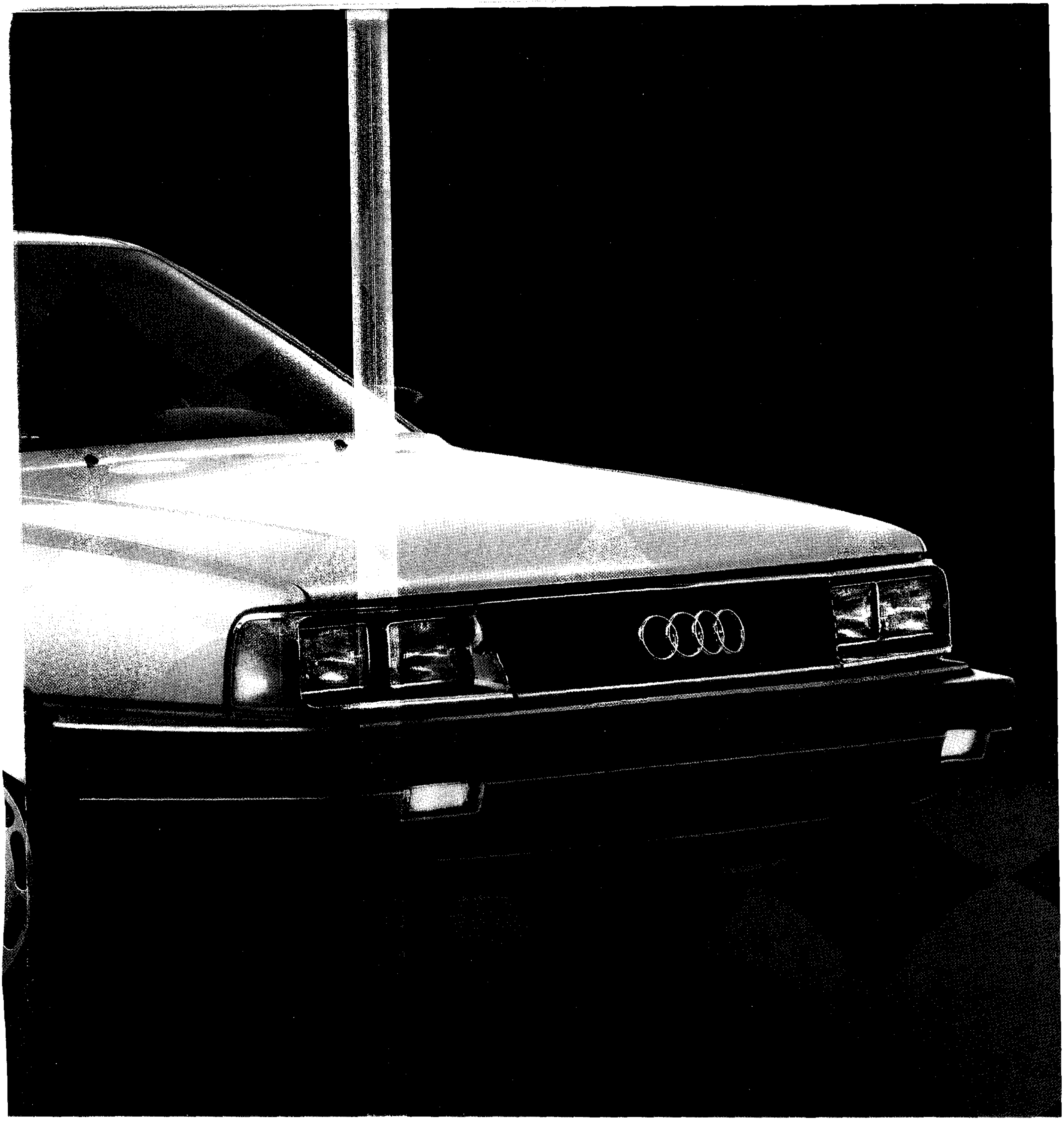

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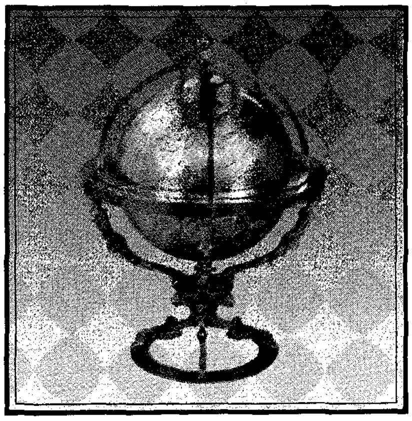

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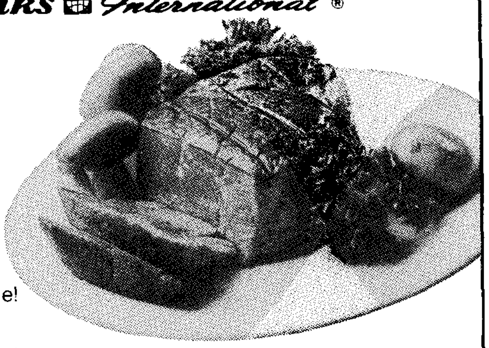
Cole died, the whole troupe moved to Chicago, where they owned land but never seemed to have enough money. Mother taught nursery school at the Hebrew Institute, and she went to the University of Chicago for a while. She had a sister, Viola Cole-Audet, who had trained to be a concert pianist with Harold Bauer. Aunt Viola had a salon in her studio in the Fine Arts Building, and that's where Daddy first met my mother. She thought his name was Anderson, and she told Aunt Viola later that 'that nice Mr. Anderson looked so clean I bet I could have used his toothbrush.' The twenties were a goofy time, Penny. There seemed to be nothing but house parties and evening clothes day and night. I remember walking past the music room in our house in Milwaukee on the way to kindergarten and seeing a man in white tie and tails passed out under the piano. There was so much drinking! A German gentleman named Best would go down in our cellar and make liebfraumilch and put it in nice long bottles. So my parents' marriage turned out to be founded on sand. It had no substance. As long as there were parties, they were all right. They were divorced in 1936, and a year later my mother married Eric William Passmore. He was a lawyer and a liberal and a fashion plate, and he eventually became very powerful. He had met Mother when I was one, and had always adored her. In the fifties, he bought her the house she lives in now, and it has Tiffany stair rails and thirteen fireplaces and I don't know how many bathrooms. Eric died in 1979, so, as you know, I go out on weekends a lot to see her. My father married Irene Castle in 1946. They lived near Chicago, and her friends were famous movie stars. She gave Sunday-evening soirées and posh charity balls, and she'd be invited to the South Side to judge dance contests. Then she and my father moved to Arkansas, where she built a house. He died there in 1959, at the age of sixty-six.

"We moved back to Chicago when I was thirteen, and I went to the University School for Girls. I was class president and editor of the yearbook. I went to Vassar, but I wasn't the drudge I am now, and when my parents were divorced I dropped out and moved into a two-story house with my father in midtown Chicago. I got a job on the Chicago *Times* as a kind of society columnist for young people—for débutantes, who were very big then. Then I moved over to the Chicago *American*. I was already into jazz, and I'd report on the music they had at the deb parties. Jonah Jones told me a little while ago that I gave him the first mention he ever had in a newspaper. My byline was simply Jean, and I also had a record-review column. I guess I was the first jazz groupie. I'd heard Benny Goodman at the Congress Hotel in 1935 and 1936, and Jimmy Dorsey had taken me to hear Earl Hines at the Grand Terrace. When I was at Vassar, I heard Charlie Barnet at Yale and the old Count Basie band at the University of Virginia. Billie Holiday was singing with him, and I ran into her in the ladies' room. I was gushy, and she wasn't too enchanted. I went out with Roy Eldridge in my late teens. He had a La Salle convertible, and I remember one night he had the guitarist John Collins and the drummer Doc West in the back seat and they'd missed a couple of days of 'Terry and the Pirates' and he filled them in on what had happened—but in swing talk: 'This little cat, he had eyes for this chick. But, man, you know, she was called the Dragon Lady, and she was sly . . .' He went on like that, with passion, for half an hour. I also went out with John Bubbles, who had been Sportin' Life in 'Porgy and Bess.' Daddy knew Abbie Mitchell, who was in 'Porgy,' too, and she introduced us. I visited New York in 1938, and I was backstage at the theatre Bubbles was playing when Stepin Fetchit sent word by one of his footmen that if I wanted his autograph I should stop by where he was working and he'd give it to me and take me on a tour of Harlem. So I went, and what a scene! Stepin Fetchit was slithering around his dressing room in one of the brand-new cashmere suits he'd inherited from the tailor he shared with Rudolph Valentino—who had died before he could wear them. Stepin Fetchit had a piano, and Herman Chittison was sitting at it. Chittison had worked for him early in the thirties, and later Stepin Fetchit had rescued him from some disaster in Egypt. When I arrived, Stepin Fetchit said, 'What do you want to hear? "Tea for Two"? Fine. "Tea for Two," Chittison,' and Chittison played 'Tea for Two.' Then we toured Harlem in his car and wound up at Jimmy Daniels'.

"In my day, Chicago was very important musically. There was the Club DeLisa and the Grand Terrace and the Regal Theatre, where it was essential to know the stage doorman,



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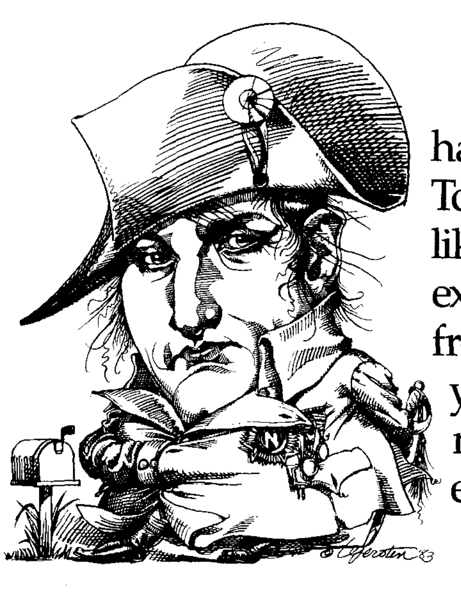

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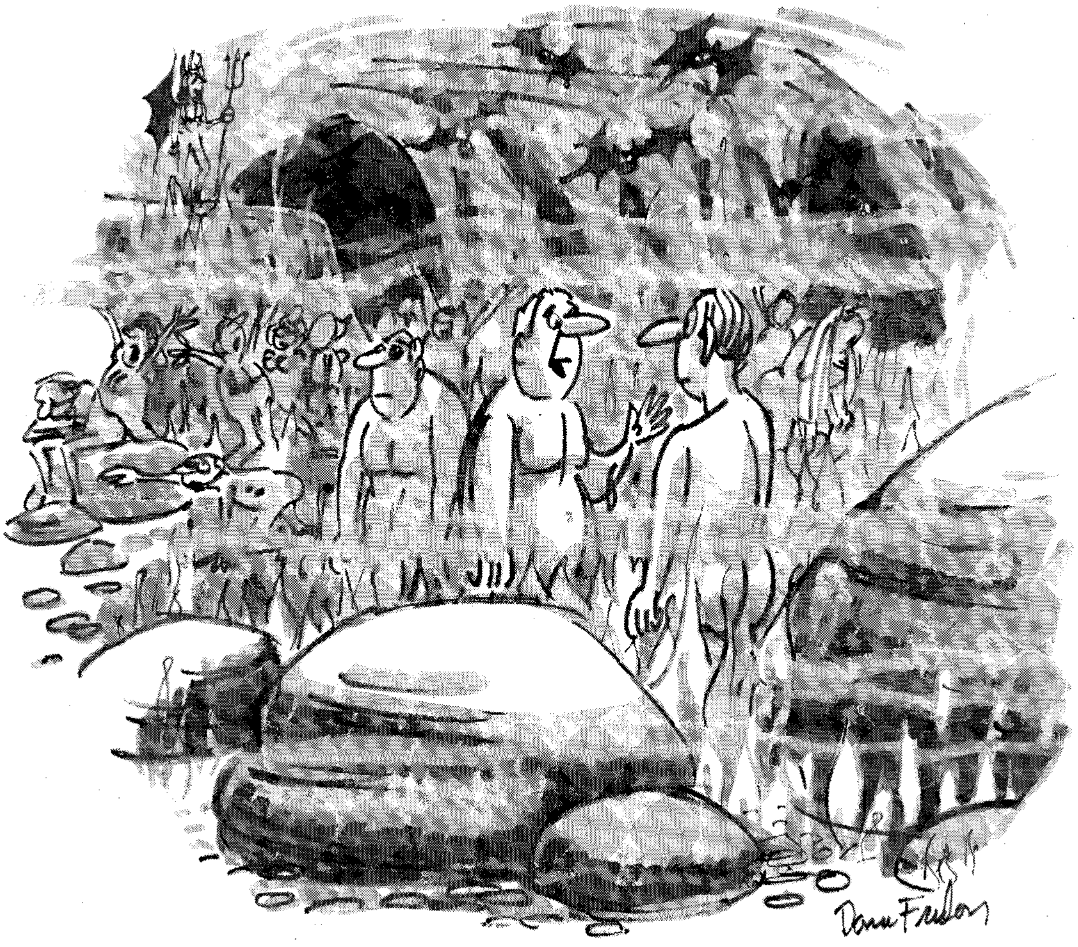

"My motto was 'Go with the Flow,' but I had no idea the flow would end up here."

Bob Redcross. There was the Three Deuces, where Roy Eldridge and Art Tatum played, and the Congress Hotel and the Pump Room, where John Kirby was, all got up in white tie and tails, and the Panther Room in the Hotel Sherman. Ellington spent a month there in 1940, and I went every night, except the one night when Daddy *made* me stay home. I became the No. 1 Ellington fan. I was in the recording studio the day the band did 'Conga Brava,' and Ellington was already dispensing his jive. They'd do a take, and he'd say, as if it mattered, 'Now, Jean, how's the tempo? Should it be slower or faster?' I'd take him seriously and say, 'Well, maybe it should be slower . . .' I was in the studio when Duke and Jimmy Blanton recorded their famous duets. Ellington had told me, 'Come around. I have a novelty—a bass player who plays in tune.' And there was this kid in a crazy navy-blue pin-striped suit that would knock your eye out. When I first knew Ellington and was a fat eighteen-year-old, I told him that he and Stravinsky were my favorite composers, and he said, 'I'm jealous of Stravinsky.' "

Jean Bach laughed and looked at her watch and told Penny Whitlow that she had to go to a Fortune Society meeting, and asked if she would like to come. Jean Bach explained that she was on the executive board, that the society had been founded by a former theatrical press agent named David Rothenberg, and that its purpose was to help rehabilitate former convicts. She said that after the meeting it was early to bed, so that she could get rested for a party she was giving the next night. "I hope you'll come," she said. "It's more or less built around Henry Quarles. I'm sure your mother knows him. He's a lawyer and an Ellington scholar I met recently in Milwaukee when I went to visit my mother. I don't need to tell you that Milwaukee can be very heavy going sometimes. There are a lot of right-wing Republicans and people who like to run down Jews and blacks, and I was going crazy, so I called Henry and he asked me to an Ellington Study Group meeting. They played records and told stories and cheered me up. Later, he wrote and asked me if I was going to their annual meeting in Washington, D.C., and I wrote back and said that I couldn't but that the Blossom Dearie Suite would be vacant and wouldn't he come and stay and I'd give a little party for the group after the Washington meeting. About fifty are coming, including Pat Willard, who's doing an Ellington biography; members from Holland, Belgium, and West Germany; Joya Sherrill, the Ellington singer; Steve James, Duke's nephew; Brooks Kerr; Harold Taylor, who used to be head of Sarah Lawrence and played clarinet at Ellington's seventieth-birthday party at the White House; and such locals as Richard Sudhalter and Dan Morgenstern and Ira Gitler. We'll have ham and macaroni-and-cheese and thin-sliced cucumbers in vinegar. I'm aiming at quantity, because I'm panicked about running out of food. I don't know why, but Ellington fans are heavy eaters. Let's go over to University Place and get a cab." Jean Bach picked up her pocketbook and turned to Penny Whitlow. "Your mother has always wondered why I live in New York. I live here because of the tempo and the fast track, because there are always so many more choices. I live here because it ruins you for any other place. You'll see."

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

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NEW YORK—Israeli producer-director Menahem Golan, who just completed filming "Over the Brooklyn Bridge" on location in Brooklyn and Manhattan, says he's signed Katharine Hepburn and Nick Nolte to star in a macabre comedy about the elderly.

The new movie, "The Ultimate Solution of Grace Quigley," will begin filming in New York in September. Golan will be the producer. The movie will be directed by Anthony Harvey.

"The story deals with the elderly people of New York and what to do with them—she shoots them all," Golan says. "It's a very funny story."—*Oakland (Calif.) Tribune.*

We all need a good laugh.

An important message from **PAUL NEWMAN** and **JOANNE WOODWARD**

"We share our love with seven wonderful children we have never seen.

"We'd like to tell you why."

The seven children the Newman family sponsors are Pedro, Gustavo, Carlos, Johnny, Andres, Jaime, and Laki.

"For 16 years we've been Save the Children sponsors. We began by sponsoring a desperately poor little girl from the mountains of Colombia—a child who lived in a one-room hut and could only dream of attending school.

"It was a joy to share our good fortune with her and to know that she was blossoming because someone cared enough to help. It made us want to help other children in the same way. And now we sponsor seven children around the world. Children we have come to understand and love. Thanks to Save the Children.

"If you've ever wondered 'What can one person do?'—the answer is 'You can help save a child.' If you are touched by the plight of needy children, there is no better way than Save the Children to reach out to them with caring, comfort, and support.

"Please join us as a Save the Children sponsor. We've seen the wonders they can work. You'll see how much you really can do—in the eyes and in the progress of the child you sponsor. You'll bring new hope to a child you'll know personally, as we do, through photographs...reports...and letters you can exchange, if you wish.

"You'll see despair turn to hope, and you'll feel the personal reward of knowing what your love and support can do.

"The cost is so little. The need is so great. Won't you join us as Save the Children sponsors?"

A sponsorship costs only $16 a month—less than many other sponsorship agencies. Just 52¢ a day. Because 50 years of experience has taught us that direct handouts are the least effective way of helping children, your sponsorship contributions are not distributed in this way. Instead they are used to help children in the most effective way possible—by helping the entire community with projects and services, such as health care, education, food production and nutrition. So hardworking people can help themselves and save their own children.

Fill out this coupon...and share your love with a child.

☐ Yes, I want to join the Newmans as a Save the Children sponsor. My first monthly sponsorship payment of $16 is enclosed. I prefer to sponsor a ☐ boy ☐ girl ☐ either in the area I've checked below.

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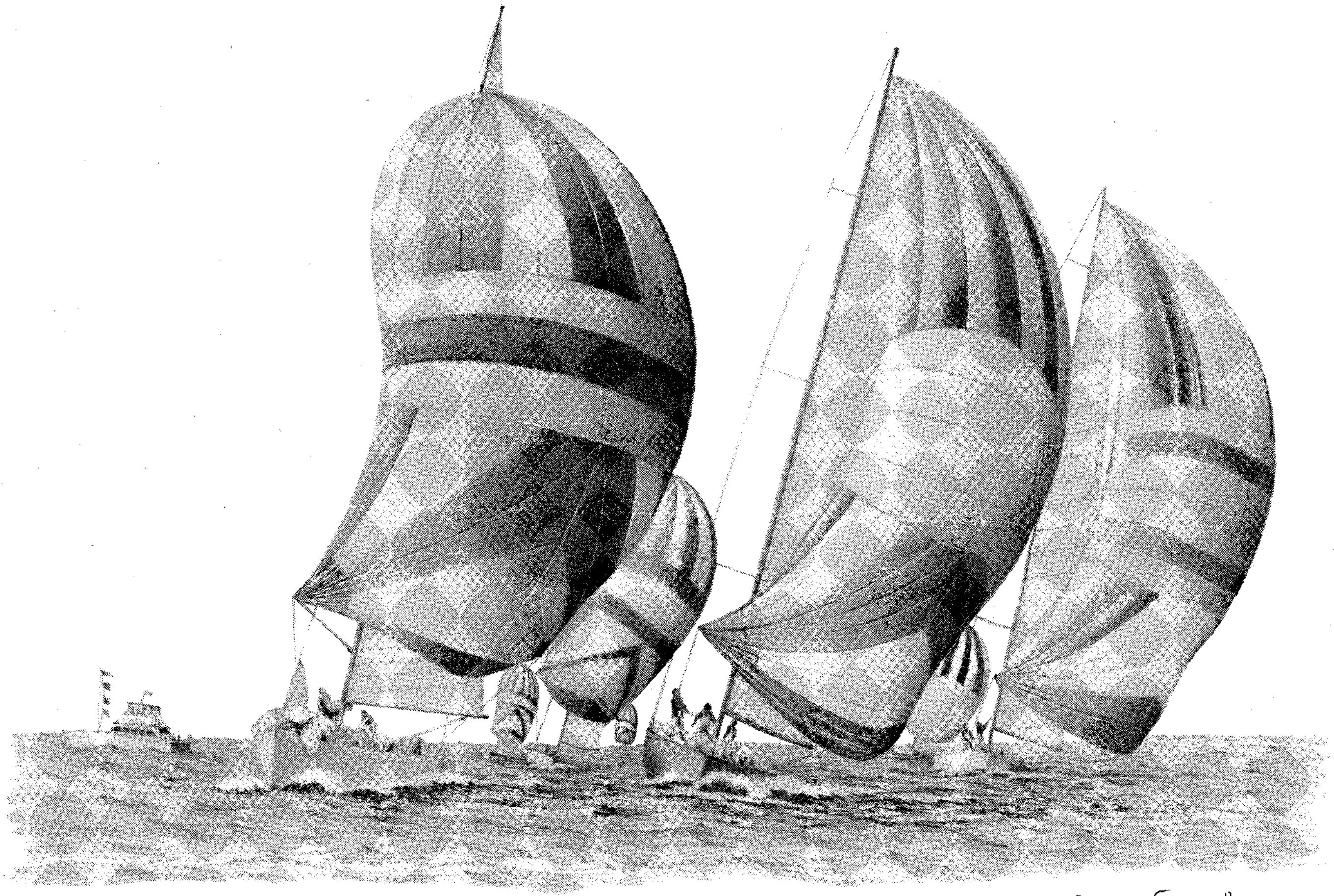
THE SPORTING SCENE

RACING TO BERMUDA



Consuelo Eames Hanks

ALTHOUGH organized racing among sailing craft goes back at least as far as the seventeenth century, the subsidiary sport of yacht racing on the open sea is less than a hundred and twenty years old. Its official and well-recorded beginning was December 11, 1866, when three American schooners—Vesta, Fleetwing, and Henrietta—set out from Sandy Hook, New Jersey, for the Isle of Wight, some three thousand miles across the North Atlantic. The event was widely publicized at the time, not least because Henrietta was owned by twenty-five-year-old James Gordon Bennett, Jr., whose father was the proprietor of the New York *Herald*. Even without the institutional connection, the contest had obvious journalistic merit—just about everything, in fact, except sex: all the owners were socially prominent members of the exclusive New York Yacht Club; they had put up a winner-take-all pot of ninety thousand dollars; their yachts were elegant and large (over a hundred feet on deck); and a mid-December dash across the hostile Atlantic was a genuinely death-defying effort. The race seems to have originated in an argument between Pierre Lorillard, the owner of the centerboard schooner Vesta, and the brothers George and Franklin Osgood, who owned the keel schooner Fleetwing, over the respective merits of centerboard and keel yachts in general and their own vessels in particular. Each side had put up thirty thousand dollars, the date and course had been arranged, and then young Bennett appeared, looking for a piece of the action. Since his Henrietta had already been beaten in coastal races by both Fleetwing and Vesta, Lorillard and the Osgoods were happy to have him (and an additional thirty thousand dollars) aboard. Lorillard and the Osgoods saw no reason to accompany their yachts in an uncomfortable and possibly dangerous winter crossing, nor was their presence required, for the schooners were crewed entirely by uniformed professional seamen. Bennett, however, announced that he would sail in Henrietta, and for the race he replaced his yacht's regular skipper with the redoubtable Captain Samuel (Bully) Samuels, well known in the Liverpool packet trade as a hard driver of ships and men. Besides Bennett, the only amateurs involved were the six "judges" who sailed, two by two, in the competing yachts, and one newspaperman, aboard Henrietta.

The race started in conditions as good as could be expected for the time of year—a brisk northwesterly to push the yachts on their way—and Vesta, with her centerboard raised, took an early lead over the two keel schooners. The North Atlantic soon showed its teeth, though, and by December 19th a gale struck all three yachts, which were by then well scattered and out of one another's sight. Bully Samuels—of all people—hove Henrietta to, in order to ride out the storm with less strain on the yacht, while the two other schooners flew before a southwesterly wind until, at about nine in the evening, Fleetwing shipped a sea that washed from the cockpit eight of her crew (which totalled twenty-three); only two of them were recovered. After that, the weather moderated to a good sailing breeze, and Henrietta was the surprise victor, in thirteen days twenty-one hours and forty-five minutes. Shorthanded Fleetwing was only eight hours and fifteen minutes behind her, followed forty minutes later by Vesta—which had been nearly an hour ahead of the field at the Scilly Islands, the entrance to the English Channel, where she had taken on a local pilot whose expertise had cost her well over nine hours' wasted time in the ensuing two hundred miles to the finish.

Over the next thirty-nine years, only three real ocean races, all transatlantic, took place. In the last, in 1905, the hundred-and-eighty-five-foot schooner Atlantic set a west-to-east record, of twelve days and a bit over four hours, that stood for seventy-five years, and then was broken by Eric Tabarly's trimaran, Paul Ricard, which to many conservative yachtsmen looks less like a sailing vessel than like one of George Lucas's special effects from "Star Wars." Even the smallest entry in the 1905 transatlantic, the schooner Fleur de Lys, was over a hundred feet long, and yachtsmen seemed resigned to the idea that deep-water racing would remain restricted to very large yachts and their very rich owners. This was an attitude that infuriated at least one man. Thomas Fleming Day, founder and editor of the boating magazine *The Rudder*, never required much ignition for his notably short fuse, and he was seldom—in print, at least—in doubt about anything. It was his opinion that offshore racing for relatively small yachts and nonprofessional crews would make yachting "what it should be—a sport for men—real men."

In 1904, using *The Rudder* as a bully pulpit from which to browbeat his audience, Day promoted a coastwise race from Brooklyn to Marblehead, Massachusetts, a point-to-point distance of three hundred and thirty nautical miles. (The nautical mile, of about six thousand and eighty feet, has been used as a matter of navigational convenience by generations of saltwater mariners, to most of whom the reasons for its persistence remain obscure; suffice it to say that the nautical mile is technically useful in classical celestial navigation and is certainly no more irrational than the statute, or land, mile, of five thousand two hundred and eighty feet.) Day's race, which ran along the south shore of Long Island and out around Cape Cod, was nothing much for professional coasting skippers, but it was a memorable accomplishment for inshore yachtsmen, who apparently had never even considered such a passage. Seventeen owners of boats under the maximum permitted size of forty feet had, in Day's phrase, "signified their intention of competing," and nine actually turned up. Of the six finishers, Day's twenty-five-foot yawl, Sea Bird, was dead last. In June of the following year, Day and *The Rudder* set up a second coastwise race—two hundred and fifty nautical miles from Brooklyn to Hampton Roads, Virginia, just inside the entrance to Chesapeake Bay. Twelve skippers brought boats to the starting line, and three of the yachts—including the winner, Tamerlane, in which Day sailed as skipper—had been built specially for the race. Day's successful stimulation of coastal racing seems to have temporarily severed his ties with reality. In the July, 1905, issue of *The Rudder*, which presumably went to the compositor before the results of the Hampton Roads race were known, he wrote, "Next year, if things go well, we are going to have a race across the Western Ocean, which will be the real thing. It will be by boats manned wholly by amateurs, navigated by amateurs, and, if such a thing can be discovered, the cook will be an amateur. . . . The boats in this race will be limited to forty feet, same as Brooklyn rule, and crew to six seasickproof mariners. I've got two boats already promised to start, and if crews can be had, why, off they go." Day's new project surfaced again in September, in his personal column in *The Rudder*, and a rather defensive tone was now apparent: "Some people seem to think that the proposed Western Ocean Race is a bluff, and that we have no intention of pulling it off. . . . So far as I am concerned the race will be put through."

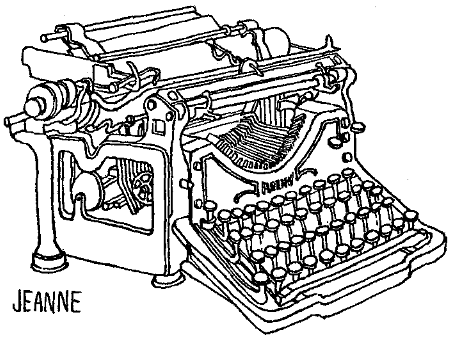
But that was the end of it. Perhaps Day came to his senses unaided, or perhaps a lack of response killed the project, but it did not appear in his pages again. One can only remark that it was probably fortunate for *The Rudder*, for Thomas Fleming Day, and especially for any competitors that the transatlantic race aborted peacefully. The small cruising yachts of the turn of the century—far smaller in terms of usable space than their advertised lengths would suggest to today's sailor—were designed for genteel afternoons afloat or, at most, decorous weekend voyages. A nominal fifty-footer of that period, with half her length devoted to unusable overhangs at bow and stern, would very likely have sunk beneath the weight of water and stores needed for a transatlantic passage; and she would not have had to subside very far to submerge, given the tendency toward gracefully low freeboard. In 1906, a transatlantic race for yachts under forty feet would have been a kamikaze exercise, no less.

Day regrouped, however, and his magazine's February, 1906, issue announced a new target: "Sir Thomas Lipton with his untiring zeal for the advancement of yachting, and as another expression of his kindly feeling toward American yachtsmen, placed in my hands a valuable trophy to be given for a long distance ocean race. Consequently I arranged for a run from New York to Bermuda to take place this coming Spring. The officers of the Brooklyn Yacht Club, with their usual enterprise and pluck, came forward and offered to accept the trophy and manage the race, and I gladly placed it in such able hands. This race will call for a good boat and for courage, skill and experience in those who man it. The crews will be wholly amateur."

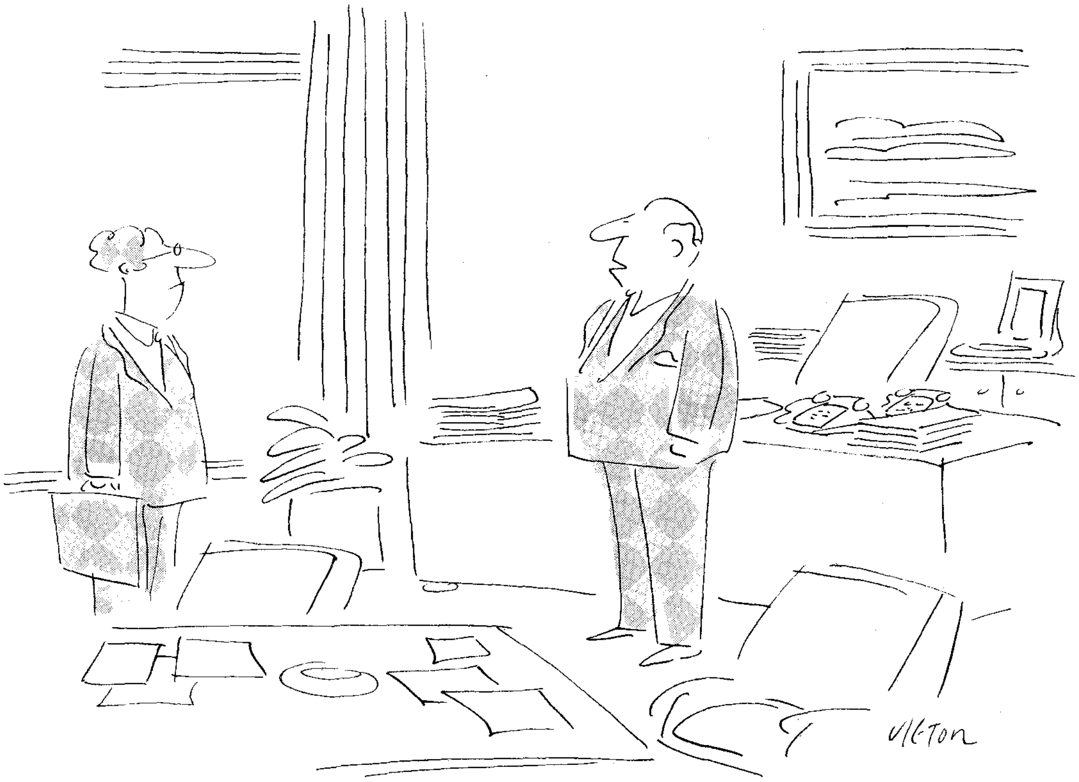
FOR today's deep-water yachtsman based on the East Coast, Bermuda is not just an obvious target but an almost inevitable one—the only middle-distance ocean passage available. Bermuda stands alone, about five hundred nautical miles east-southeast of Cape Hatteras, and is an increasingly popular way point for yachts voyaging between the New England or mid-Atlantic states and the West Indies, or even Europe. (About seven hundred boats making such passages paused at Bermuda in 1982.) As a terminus, Bermuda attracts hundreds more boats each year, either individual cruising yachts or racing fleets, which sail from Maine or Cape Cod or New York or Chesapeake Bay, or even from Florida. Bermuda, of course, is an archipelago—between a hundred and twenty and three hundred and sixty-five islands and islets, depending on who is counting (and, perhaps, the state of the tide at the time of the count). The dozen or so main elements, joined by a system of bridges and causeways, form a ragged fishhook about twenty-two nautical miles long from the end of the shank, at Catherine's Point, in the northeast, to the tip of the point, the old Royal Navy base at Ireland Island, in the southwest. There are three semiprotected sounds and two popular harbors—one harbor associated with the present capital city of Hamilton, inside the curve of the hook, and the other at the northeastern corner, fronting the former capital, St. George. The archipelago's main axis is more or less parallel to the New England coast, which is about six hundred and fifty nautical miles to the northwest, and presents to the navigator setting out from, say, New York a bull's-eye about thirteen nautical miles across.

To Bermudians, visiting yachtsmen are primarily a subspecies of tourist, and tourism has for many years been the islands' largest industry. Tourism as a business began in the eighteen-seventies, coincident with the development of reliable steamship transportation from America and the discovery by Northerners of Bermuda's remarkably benign winter climate. Average daytime temperatures in the islands are 67 degrees Fahrenheit during February, and nights are generally about ten degrees cooler. By contrast, Savannah, Georgia—at almost the same latitude as Bermuda—has average temperatures of 50 degrees in December and January and 52 in February. Visually, Bermuda is a pleasing rather than a stunning island, lacking the impressive peaks of the Windward Islands, to the south, as well as their intensely green, impenetrable-seeming forests. (Most of Bermuda's indigenous cedar trees died of disease thirty or forty years ago. A number of casuarinas, common throughout the Bahamas, have been planted as replacements.) Bermuda's highest natural elevation is two hundred and sixty feet above sea level, so that from a yacht's deck the hilltops are usually visible about fifteen miles away. Frequent brief showers throughout the year keep the island verdant (though it is often on the verge of a drinking-water shortage), and its well-tended gardens and trim, pastel-painted buildings are on a cozy, orderly, human scale—extremely attractive after a week or so on the open sea. Unlike many places—particularly Caribbean places—that make much of their living from visitors, Bermuda seems to have accepted tourism cheerfully. The population of fifty-five thousand is about sixty per cent black. Racial antagonisms exist and occasionally surface (as they did in 1977, in the form of riots), but both black and white Bermudians seem genuinely at ease with the mostly white off-islanders who patronize their stores, restaurants, and hotels. And since Bermudians have been attuned to the surrounding ocean from the time of their own first settlers, in the early seventeenth century, the islanders are accustomed to people who arrive under their own steam—or sail—and they are willing to put up with the milder foibles of Jack ashore. It may be nothing more than a recognition of self-interest, as some have suggested, but visiting yachtsmen are almost unanimous in their feeling of being honestly welcome.

If this benignity were the whole picture, Bermuda as a cruising yachtsman's mecca would be at once vastly more crowded and considerably less rewarding. The most succinct expression of the essential difficulty is attributed to Mark Twain: "Bermuda is Paradise, but one has to go through Hell to get there." The remark has since been echoed, feelingly, by thousands of small-yacht sailors. Ironically, the Gulf Stream, which helped create Bermuda and gives it its present-day climatic appeal, is what also makes a racing passage to Bermuda so demanding of the yachtsman's skill and stamina. Writers looking for a capsule description of the Stream frequently refer to it as "a river in the ocean." In reality, however, the Gulf Stream is only the most impressive part of a huge system of ocean currents known collectively as the North Atlantic subtropical gyre—a clockwise circulation of water that is driven partly by the prevailing wind patterns and partly by the rotation of the earth. The flow of water is constrained by the land boundaries of the North Atlantic: the east coast of North America; Greenland and Iceland; the British Isles and the Iberian peninsula; northwest Africa; northeast South America; and the Antilles chain. At the two main openings in the land boundary—between Africa and South America, and between Iceland and Great Britain—the gyre, interacting with other current systems, respectively gains and loses some of the immense mass of water it contains. The Gulf Stream is generally considered to be made of two elements of the gyre: the Florida Current, emerging from the Caribbean and the Gulf of Mexico and carrying into the Straits of Florida thirty-three million tons of water per second; and the Antilles Current, running westward along the northern edge of the Antilles, which blends its own sixteen million tons of water per second with that of the Florida Current just north of the Bahamas. The Gulf Stream runs north along the American coast, only a couple of miles offshore at first, and then turns eastward toward Europe; it is about a hundred and fifty or two hundred miles off New England. The inshore edge of the Stream—what oceanographers call its western wall—is relatively well defined. As an eastbound or southbound vessel enters the Stream, the temperature of the surface water rises abruptly—three to five degrees, or even more. The rise in temperature is sometimes accompanied by a change in the water's color, from greenish to a deep, iridescent blue. Patches of gold gulfweed dot the surface, and overhead are towering cumulus clouds. All too frequently, thunderstorms, squalls, and heavy winds also signal a boat's entry into the Stream, which runs first north and then northeast at average speeds of three knots or more in the constricted passage between Florida and the Bahamas, down to two knots or less in the open North Atlantic. The eastern edge of the Gulf Stream is far harder to find. Not only are the temperature differences and visual indicators less clear-cut but the boundary itself develops loops and whorls—called meanders—that occasionally break off to form separate warm-water eddies, and these may be sixty miles in diameter, rotating counterclockwise at two knots or so, and persisting for days, weeks, or even months.



(To complicate matters, there are also relatively longer-lived—up to two years—cold-water eddies, rotating counterclockwise, formed when Gulf Stream meanders pinch off masses of continental-slope water.) The Gulf Stream's speed and local direction are affected by whatever winds have been blowing, and the winds also create the wave patterns on the water's surface. Because the general direction of the prevailing winds—from the south and southwest between Bermuda and New England—is well established, the Stream always flows in the same general direction. But a strong wind blowing from, say, the northeast against the Gulf Stream current can force its surface water against the grain, so to speak, creating in a couple of hours the steep, vicious seas that make memorable so many small-boat passages to Bermuda. Not counting meanders and eddies, the Stream itself is forty to sixty miles wide as it passes northwest of Bermuda, and its influence sets up a southwest-to-northeast current of diminished strength—half a knot or so—that extends right to the islands' fringing reefs. Technically speaking, the Stream proper does not touch Bermuda, but over thousands of centuries it has warmed the water in the general area enough to permit the formation of coral, which grows at a more northerly point here than anywhere else in the world. The foundation of the Bermuda archipelago is an extinct undersea volcano, one of several in the North Atlantic basin but—thanks to the Stream—the only one to have a two-hundred-and-fifty-foot-thick coral cap, which pierces the ocean's surface. Pulverized by ages of wave and wind action, and then cemented by water, the coral has been transmuted into a substance called aeolian limestone, which is what is just under Bermuda's surface sand and soil today.

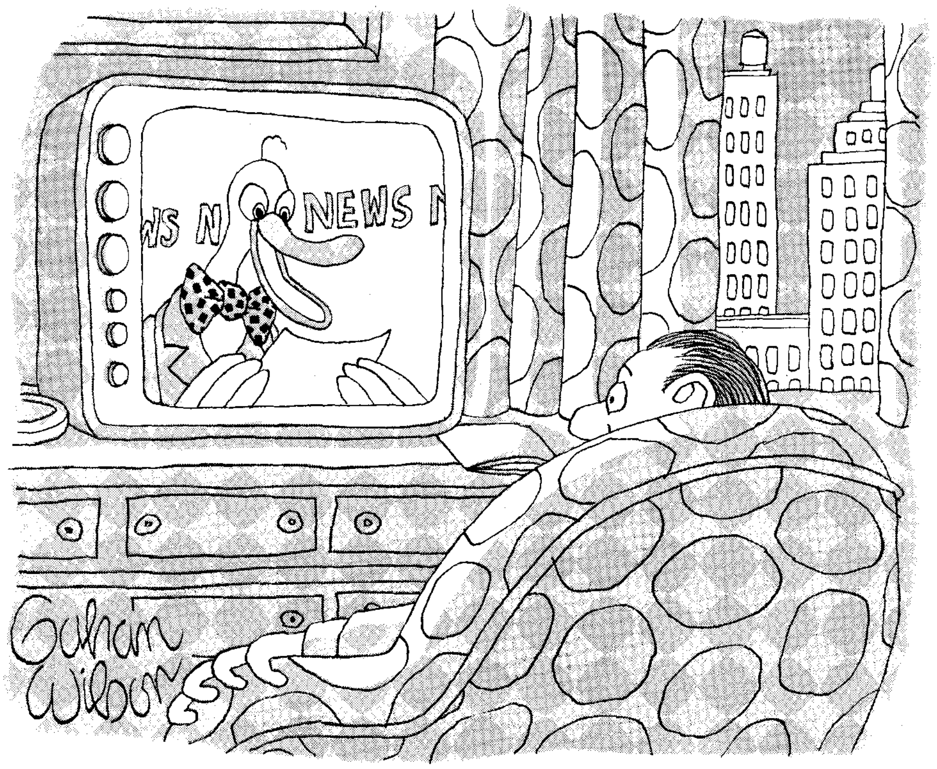


"It's lawyerly, all right. But it's not legal."

• •

IN 1906, the existence of the Gulf Stream had been known to mariners for several hundred years, but many of the important details were still missing. Thomas Fleming Day, writing just before the start of the first Bermuda Race, said, "For a thing so close to our doors, little is known about the Stream. I have talked with many a mariner who has used it and read many a book, and the only thing they agree in is the acknowledgement of ignorance of its character and force." That character and, even more important, that force were matters of some concern to the crews of the yachts that turned up in Gravesend Bay, in Brooklyn, for the start, on May 26th, of the first Bermuda Race. A vessel setting out for Bermuda from New York and steering a course that was deflected only a couple of degrees off the proper heading might miss the islands by twenty miles or so and never see them at all. The distance that the competing yachts would be pushed off course would depend on, among other things, the speed and direction of the Stream's flow while the boats were in it, its width where they crossed it, and how fast they crossed it—all factors that either were known only vaguely or were not ascertainable ahead of time. Without the array of electronic navigational devices that today's oceangoing yachtsmen take for granted, the positions of the yachts would have to be determined solely by celestial navigation—never a very precise method aboard small boats. Nor could Bermuda, once found, be approached in a casual fashion. The side from which the racers would most likely be coming is barricaded by a formidable network of rocks and reefs, extending five or six miles out to sea and rising, thanks to Bermuda's volcanic origins, almost vertically from depths of several hundred fathoms to within a few feet of the surface. In good conditions, by day or night, Bermuda or its lighthouses should be visible from the deck of a small vessel in plenty of time to keep it from running aground. The impressive number of wrecks littering the surrounding reefs suggests that good visibility—or good seamanship—has not always been present.

Four boats had been scheduled to make the start, at three in the afternoon, but one dropped out, for unknown reasons, leaving the thirty-eight-foot Tamerlane and the forty-foot Lila, both yawls, and the twenty-eight-foot cutter Gauntlet—the three boats that had been built for the 1905 Hampton Roads race. Day again sailed in Tamerlane as her skipper. He had no qualms about the voyage, according to his account of the race in *The Rudder*, but the other members of the pioneering band were subjected to a peculiar dose of contemporary humor and might have been pardoned for



"Hi, I'm Goopy, the animated duck, and from now on I'll be bringing you the news!"

• •

wishing themselves somewhere else: "The general public and the majority of piazza sailors," Day wrote, using his favorite term for yachtsmen who disagreed with him, "likewise our dearest friends, considered the undertaking very hazardous, and for days before all hands were in receipt of memorial wreaths and undertakers' cards. Such fears are largely the result of ignorance; the less people knew about the sea the more sure they were that we would all be lost. But those who had experience and who were familiar with the conditions knew that there was little or no danger; in fact, that it is far safer sailing between New York and Bermuda than it is in Long Island Sound. The only real present danger, the one to be guarded against, is that of falling overboard."

A strong south wind and a falling barometer were ominous signs at the start, and shortly after the gun Lila lost the top half of her mainmast and had to return to port, escorted by Tamerlane. Gauntlet, whose crew was apparently unaware of the accident, sailed on over the horizon. It took two and a half days to get Lila back in trim; then she and Tamerlane restarted. Some distance into the race, Lila dropped out for good, but Day drove Tamerlane on to finish in the quite respectable time (for 1906) of five days and a little over six hours, having averaged almost five and a quarter knots and finishing a full day ahead of Gauntlet. Adjusting Gauntlet's time to take into account her two-and-a-half-day head start, the results were still more uneven—a ninety-one-hour difference in the time required to traverse the course. It turned out that not only had the Gulf Stream and heavy winds swept Gauntlet some two hundred miles to the northeast of the direct heading but in her crew of three (to Tamerlane's six) she had carried a navigator who, Day wrote, "kept no log, merely some notes," from which another crew member projected a course to steer. As it happened, Mrs. George W. Robinson, the wife of Gauntlet's owner, became the first woman to make a racing passage to Bermuda—she had not been to sea before, and Day and the other organizers "were all averse to the lady sailing in Gauntlet," Day wrote. "But her having gone and having safely survived the ordeal, will forever silence the piazza sailors and bar-room mariners, who spent their time denouncing the race as dangerous, and calling the backers of it, murderers. . . . Will there be a race next year? Yes! and a big one. Now that we have shown the way and proved that there is no danger and now that a lady has made the voyage, there is no excuse for not going." Day's offhand chauvinism was probably typical among the sailors of his day; it is not unknown among ocean racers now.

The *1907* race to Bermuda took place as advertised, but with some significant changes. Day raised the upper length limit of the entries from forty feet to ninety and removed the amateur qualification; there would be no restriction, he wrote, "as to the number or character of the crew." Twelve yachts entered and finished, nine of them in the large class. The yawl Lila, her crew undeterred by its difficulties the previous year, finished first of the smaller yachts. Day's attention was by then focussed on another of his promotional efforts: a powerboat race to Bermuda that was running alongside the sailing event, in competition for a cup donated by James Gordon Bennett (no longer junior)—the same Bennett who had sailed across the Atlantic in Henrietta forty-one years previously. There were only two entries for the Bennett Trophy (Day but not Bennett was aboard the winner), which signalled a fatal dispersal of Day's effort. Writing almost thirty years later, the yachting historian Alfred Loomis observed, "Skipper Day sold his soul partway down the river. . . . This was a notable example of the three-way process by which the editors of yachting magazines still seek to make both ends meet: They appease the marine engine advertisers, repel their readers, and crucify themselves."

In 1908, Day attempted to vary the attraction by making the two races more of a challenge. He moved the start from Brooklyn to Marblehead, in order to change the rhumb-line course—the direct heading—relative to the prevailing wind. The idea in the case of the sailboats, at least, was to shift the starting line far enough to the east so that the main point of sailing, into the southwesterlies, would be to windward instead of the easy reach that it had been. The wind double-crossed Day by staying in the east for most of the race, making it another reach for the five sailing competitors ("a small but select" fleet, Day called them). And, despite much editorial haranguing ("Heaven forgive me, I have no use for chumps and cowards! . . . What is the matter with you monkeywrenchers anyway?"), only two powerboats turned out. Day was getting tired of the work involved in mounting two Bermuda Races a year, and also offering trophies for and helping administer half a dozen other events, while he was editing a monthly magazine and writing most of it. "It is about time that a club or association was formed to take charge of this ocean racing," he wrote after the 1908 race. "An association of clubs the world over interested in outdoor racing is what is wanted, and I now propose that we organize such a confederacy to be called *The Deep-Water Yacht Racing Association.*" No one was listening, it seemed, and in 1909 the entry list for the sailing race sagged to four boats, all gaff schooners. "A poor entry of sailing craft," Day wrote, "and it was with difficulty that the few entries were obtained." After this uncharacteristic admission, Day rallied for a final blast of his own horn: "There is no question today in any reasonable man's mind but what this Bermuda Race has become the principal annual yachting event of the world, and that it is getting to be too big an undertaking to be run in the slipshod manner it has been in the past at this end. In a measure this has been my fault, as I have tried to carry the whole thing on my shoulders. . . . Having made a success of it, I would like to lay down my baton at the close of an Austerlitz and not wait until a Quatre Bras foreshadows a Waterloo."

Quatre Bras was already over. In 1910, the first series of Bermuda Races guttered out, with only a pair of schooners making the passage. Alfred Loomis later judged that the race had "died of inanition," but perhaps the cause was merely overcultivation of a very fragile blossom. The field lay bare and would remain so for more than a decade, but Day had proved that ordinary cruising yachts, with amateur sailors as the only crew, could race to Bermuda.

DAY'S idea resurfaced at the beginning of 1923, in the form of an editorial in the January issue of *Yachting.* The unnamed author—presumably Herbert L. Stone, who had been the magazine's editor since shortly after it began publication, in 1907—wrote:

> The time seems ripe for again encouraging long ocean racing in small boats. It is just 17 years since Skipper Day startled the yacht sailors of the world by proposing a race from New York to Bermuda for small craft, and pulled off this first off-shore contest. . . .
>
> In those early races many of the boats

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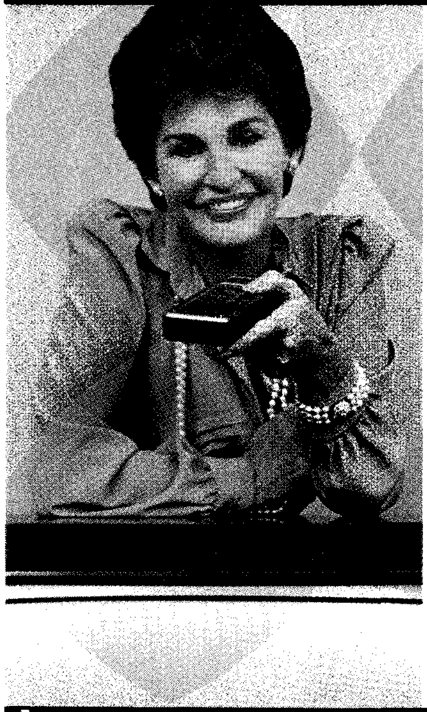

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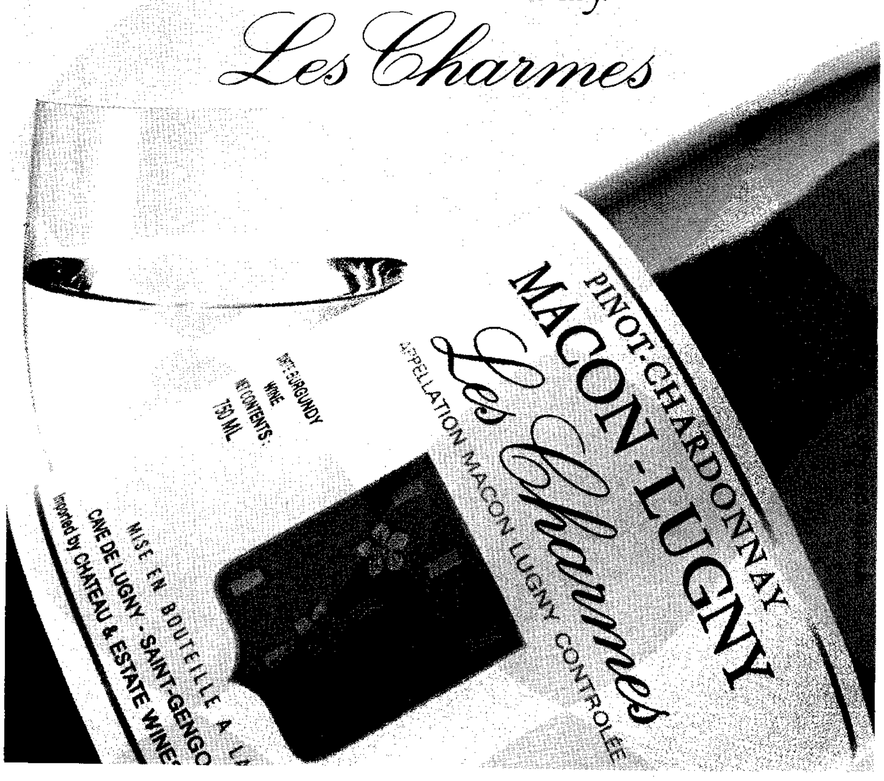

> that went were designed only for ordinary Summer cruising or racing and were not "seagoing" in any sense of the word, yet some excellent passages were made by the little sloops and yawls, and by the larger schooners.
>
> Lately, however, a new type of small cruiser has been developed here that is a distinct departure from the semi-racing cruiser that grew up along the Atlantic Coast and Great Lakes, and that is designed for going to sea. The fleet of small schooners of the semi-fishermen type and the husky ketches that have been turned out by Alden, Hand, Mower, Winslow and others were designed to go off shore—and yet but few of their owners have ever taken them off soundings.
>
> These boats would make ideal craft for the Bermuda race, and a whole lot can be learned regarding comparative merits of design and rig by sending them on a race off shore to Bermuda, or some place of equal distance. . . .
>
> The boats will be limited in size to the smaller craft, probably about 50 feet in over all length, being the top limit.

Stone may have felt his editorial incomplete without a stem-winding peroration in the style of Skipper Day, and he attempted one: "Let's lift the sport out of the rut it's been in the last ten years and show the world there are still as many men who are willing to race on blue water and stand the gaff of a hard four to five days' drive as there have been in the past, and that the breed of 'wooden ships and iron men' is by no means dead."

In the same issue, Stone announced the formation of a committee to organize the race, made up of five Americans (among them Stone himself and the well-known yacht designers C. D. Mower and John G. Alden) and one "Bermuda representative," who was to be named later. It seemed straightforward, and the casual reader unacquainted with the social composition of East Coast yachting would have had no way of knowing that all five Americans on the committee were members—three of them charter members—of a new yachting organization, the Cruising Club of America, that was in the process of edging itself cautiously and sometimes painfully into long-distance yacht racing, a sport that many of its members expressed deep reservations about, as many of them still do. In 1923, the C.C.A. was only a year old, but it was already a considerable force in yachting. It had been the inspiration of William Washburn Nutting, who came to New York from the Middle West about 1907, worked for several boating periodicals, and became fascinated by the sea. Nutting was a self-taught mariner, and, as sometimes

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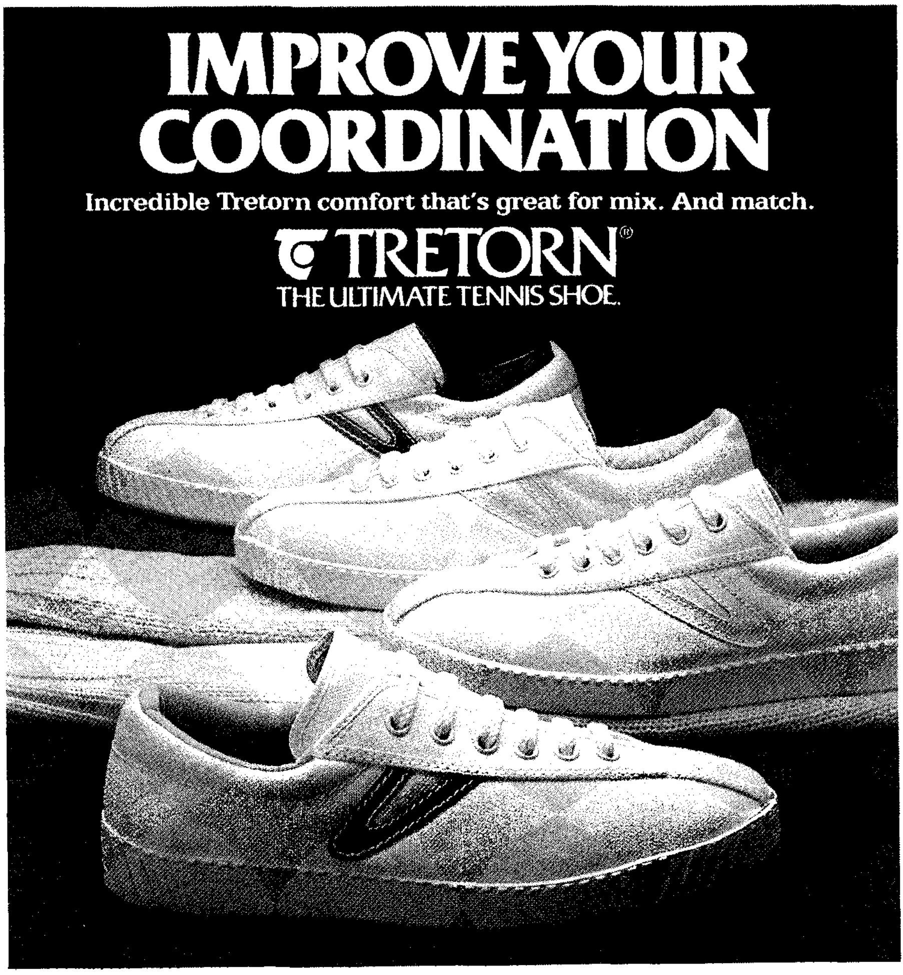
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happens—if one is not drowned in the process—he bumbled his way through some remarkable sailing adventures, such as a single-handed voyage from New Rochelle to Newfoundland. That journey later impelled one authority to write, "One is impressed by his fortitude and his unseamanlike mishaps. He actually fell overboard drifting by Pollock Rip light vessel in a dead calm when he became too absorbed in conversation with her crew."

In the First World War, Nutting, like many yachtsmen, was commissioned in the Navy, as was Lieutenant Herbert L. Stone, on leave from *Yachting*. After the war, on an autumn cruise in the Bras d'Or Lake of Nova Scotia, Nutting and a friend named Casey Baldwin decided to have a yacht built in which they could sail across the Atlantic. Their boat, a gaff-rigged ketch named Typhoon, was launched on June 30, 1921, at Baddeck, on the Bras d'Or, and sailed for England less than three weeks later. Nutting and Baldwin were accompanied by a third yachtsman, James Dorsett—a slender crew for a heavy, forty-five-foot, two-masted boat. Despite being shorthanded, and despite their inexperience in celestial navigation, the three men managed to make a twenty-two-day passage to Cowes, on the Isle of Wight—the center of English yachting then, as it is now. Because transatlantic cruises in small yachts were rare at that time, the British made much of the three Americans; Nutting was introduced to the Royal Cruising Club, which had been in existence for forty-one years, and was entranced by it. Typhoon's voyage home, which began on August 31st and finally ended in New York on November 20th, was a succession of near-disasters: the mizzenmast cracked in heavy weather, and the boat arrived in the Azores nearly out of food; when, later, the crew attempted to heave to in a gale, Dorsett was swept overboard, to be recovered, against all odds, when he grabbed a trailing line; thirty-one days out of the Azores and once again nearly without food, the crew was succored by a passing Spanish freighter. Anyone else might have swallowed the anchor for good, but Nutting—his boat at last tied up to the New York Yacht Club's pier, at Twenty-third Street on the East River—sat down with a group of friends and two smuggled bottles of Spanish brandy to discuss the formation of an American equivalent of the Royal Cruising Club. Over the fol-

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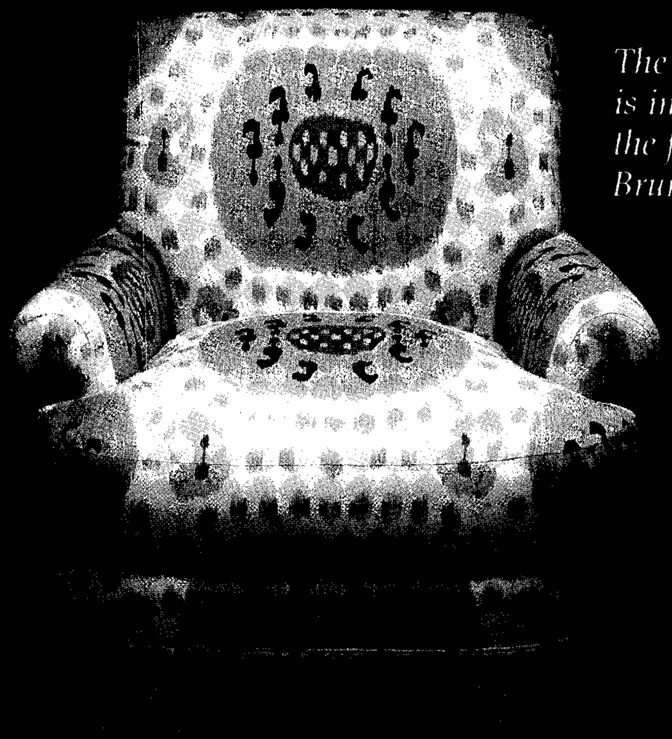

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lowing winter, at a series of meetings, Nutting and his associates hammered out the general structure of their organization, and on May 15, 1922, the Cruising Club of America was formally created, with Nutting as commodore and thirty-six charter members.

The Royal Cruising Club, as its name suggests, placed all its emphasis on one aspect of yachting, and the C.C.A. set out in the same direction, confining its first summer's activities to a series of rendezvous in Long Island Sound and the waters of southern New England. At the end of its first season afloat, the C.C.A. appointed one of its charter members, Henry Wise Wood, a committee of one "on plan and scope." Wise Wood produced a report suggesting ways in which the club's essential objectives—pleasure and service—might be attained. Toward the end of his paper, he cautiously approached the subject of sailing competition, writing, "I am among those who believe that in a sailing craft speed is decidedly a useful factor, as it was in clipper ship days, and that it must be cultivated, if we are to increase to the uttermost our radius of action. . . . I am convinced, therefore, that it is our duty to stimulate the production of fast, as well as comfortable, boats for long-distance, offshore work." He went on, "The question has arisen whether the Cruising Club of America should officially countenance racing. This, I believe, it should do, provided, however, the racing countenanced is of the nature of cruising; that is to say, provided it be offshore, and over long distances. As the term, *long distances*, is indefinite, I suggest we consider an event to be a race only when it is sailed between the ports of two or more countries."

Wise Wood read his report at the C.C.A.'s annual meeting, held at the end of February in the Harvard Club of New York and presided over by the C.C.A.'s new commodore, Herbert Stone—whose proposal for a Bermuda race had appeared in *Yachting* a few weeks earlier. There was immediate disagreement with Wise Wood's recommendations about racing, and he and another charter member, Frank B. Draper, who disagreed, were appointed a committee to consider the subject further. A month later, they returned with their conflicting opinions intact. Draper's report expressed what was and still is the extreme cruising position:

> I am of the opinion that the whole spirit of racing is radically opposed to the spirit of cruising. They are as oil and water.

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> The cruiser approaches the subject of the ideal craft with a wholly different point of view from that of the man with a thirst for racing.
>
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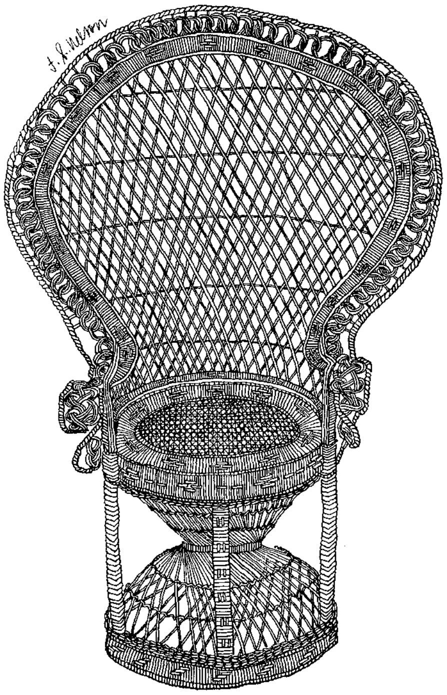
>
> After all these ends have been accomplished he will add all features contributing to speed that are not inconsistent with the demands of his ideal cruiser.
>
> The real fact must always remain that the cruising boat cannot be a racer.
>
> It is a contradiction in terms.
>
> Let us give our attention to cruising. Let the racing clubs attend to the racing.

Given such a disparity of feeling among the members of a club only just launched, it is not surprising that Commodore Stone failed to press for a commitment. Instead, he circularized the membership to get more opinions, and at the same time he and his racing friends went ahead, unofficially, with a revival of the Bermuda Race for the summer of 1923. There was no single sponsor: *Yachting* presented a trophy, and so did the New Haven Yacht Club and the New Haven *Journal-Courier;* the regatta committee of the New Rochelle Yacht Club organized the start; and the Royal Bermuda Yacht Club gave a trophy and—as it had for the entire first series of races—supervised the finish line. Perhaps as a compromise between the C.C.A.'s two membership centers, New York and Boston, the start was arranged for a point more or less in between, off New London, Connecticut. Twenty-two entries appeared for the start, on June 12th, along with an unofficial twenty-third, the yawl Chaos, which had been rejected by the race committee as unseaworthy but whose crew had decided to accompany the fleet anyway. The number of boats was larger than many people had anticipated, but the turnout may have been due as much to Herbert Stone's relentless proselytizing as to a natural enthusiasm for the contest. Beginning with the first announcement, in his January issue, Stone had devoted at least one feature story to the race in each issue of *Yachting* through May. The fleet would be divided, Stone announced, into three classes: Class A, for schooners, yawls, and ketches between thirty-five and fifty-two feet of over-all length (length along the deck, that is, not counting bowsprits, which most yachts of the period had); Class B, for schooners, yawls, and ketches from fifty-three to seventy feet over all; and Class C, for sloops under sixty feet over all. Measurements were to be to the nearest even foot, and the yachts would carry a handicap of one hour per foot of over-all length—so that, for example, a yacht fifty feet long would have to finish more than ten hours ahead of a forty-footer in order to beat her on "corrected" time. Even then, this represented a fairly primitive attempt to make up for potential speed differences among vessels of widely differing sizes, but the committee was obviously trying to encourage participation, and the system, Stone admitted later, "was in the nature of an experiment."

Interest in the race may not have dominated the sport on the Atlantic seaboard (as *Yachting* claimed in its April issue), but it clearly galvanized the membership of the C.C.A., to the point where only one member of the race committee stayed behind to assist with the start. Stone himself went as navigator of the schooner Sunbeam, which finished eleventh on handicap—just ahead of the only single-masted boat in the race, the cutter Flying Cloud, which was sailed by the same Frank Draper who, ashore, was such an adamant opponent of the C.C.A.'s formal involvement with ocean racing. (Under the circumstances, it seemed appropriate that Henry Wise Wood, the C.C.A.'s in-house advocate of ocean racing, was not in the race at all but off cruising in his motor yacht.)

After a slow start, on a foggy day, conditions picked up once the fleet had extricated itself from Long Island Sound and had reached the Gulf Stream, which, Alfred Loomis wrote, "greeted us with a southwesterly buster." Loomis was aboard Seafarer, which was a gaff-rigged schooner, like sixteen other craft in the race. A single entry was ketch-rigged, and three were yawls, one of which—Robert N. Bavier's Memory—had excited much comment before the start. She was "the daredevil of the fleet," wrote the C.C.A.'s historian, John Parkinson, Jr., because she was not a deep-sea cruiser but a New York Yacht Club Forty—a Nathaniel Herreshoff design, of a class intended for inshore racing—and, further, was the only boat in the fleet to sport the radical Marconi rig, which was widely considered too fragile for deep-water work. (Memory was not, however, the first boat in the Bermuda Race with such a rig; in 1907 the yacht Zena, a Bermuda boat, had completed the race under a Marconi rig, but had done so badly that she confirmed most observers, including Thomas Fleming Day, in their prejudice against it.) Bavier confounded everyone by crossing the finish line not only intact but two and a half hours ahead of the second boat in the fleet, the schooner Seafarer. Thanks to the operation of the time-allowance handicap, the over-all winner on corrected time was John G. Alden's schooner, Malabar IV, which crossed the line third. Second on corrected time was the only Bermudian entry, the yawl Dainty, which took a shortcut through the reefs outside the finish line—a practice forbidden in later races. Every one of the boats arrived—even the disbarred Chaos—and seven of them finished within eighty-seven minutes of one another, after six hundred and sixty miles of sailing. The times ranged from four days sixteen hours to six days twenty hours. The Bermudians, said Loomis, "did everything but turn themselves inside out for us," and the first of the new series of Bermuda Races, under the C.C.A.'s wing, if not its formal aegis, was adjudged a great success. So much of a success, in fact, that the race committee soon announced another one for 1924, and—shades of Tom Day—*Yachting* decided to sponsor a powerboat race to go along with it. Fortunately, the 1923 race had been such a strong attraction that its aura pulled in fourteen entries for the following year—a response that was more diminished than it at first appeared, since only four of the original owners chose to repeat. (Only one powerboat signed up for the parallel race, which slipped into oblivion.) Robert Bavier's unorthodox Memory had been sixth on corrected time in



1923. This time, she swept the board: first across the finish line, first on handicap (by more than five hours) in Class A and in the fleet, and first winner of the Bermuda Lighthouse Trophy, a silver-and-gold model of the St. Davids Head lighthouse, which marks the finish of the race. This award, which is given by the Royal Bermuda Yacht Club, is unusual in that the winner of each Bermuda Race receives a full-sized trophy—not the miniature keeper that is usually given after the winner has posed for photographs with the real prize.

The sagging number of entries for the 1924 race was an effective warning. "Every year is too often to get a fleet together for an event of this kind," Stone wrote in *Yachting*. "To be consistently successful, it should be the big event of the yachting year, and it will not be that if it is sailed every year." Instead, it was decided to make the race biennial, with the next one in 1926, and in even-numbered years from that point on. The change was a fortunate one, in that it probably came at exactly the right time—with the race established but the audience for it not yet jaded. Even so, only sixteen boats (and three recidivist owners) made the race in 1926, which, Loomis wrote in 1936, "may be considered the critical year in the history of the race." He went on:

> And while management was placed [officially, at last] in the capable hands of the Cruising Club of America there developed in that organization opposition to racing even of the cruising sort. It is not too much to say that a spell of bad weather in this crucial year would have been a solar plexus blow.
>
> But the weather god was kind; the Cruising Club assimilated its critics, and the crisis passed. The Bermuda race has been rightly regarded in the years since as a fixture which only a nation-wide calamity or a general distaste for yachting—it would amount to the same thing—can disrupt.

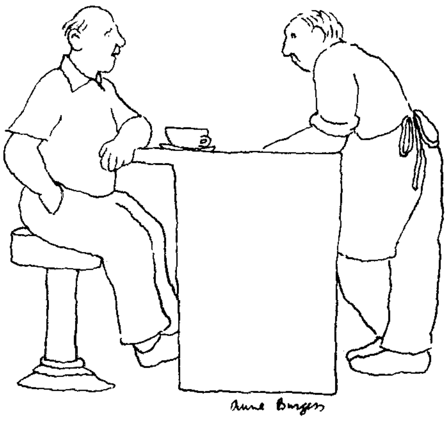
The number of entries tells the story: from sixteen, there was a jump to twenty-four yachts in 1928 and to forty-two in 1930—more than half a year after Black Thursday on Wall Street; then, in 1932, sailing a shortened course that started off Montauk Point, twenty-seven made the race. The number went up before the economy did—to twenty-nine in 1934, and then to forty-three, in both 1936 (when the starting line was shifted to its present spot, off Newport, Rhode Island) and 1938. Like most boating, the Bermuda Race was suspended during the Second World War, but thirty-four boats were back in commission and in the first postwar race, in 1946. From that point on, as the yachting boom hit the United States, the explosion in boat ownership was clearly reflected in the number of entries for the race: thirty-six in 1948, then fifty-four, fifty-eight, seventy-seven, and eighty-nine, reaching a hundred and eleven in 1958. In 1966, the number of starters broke a hundred and fifty. In the 1982 Bermuda Race, a hundred and seventy-eight yachts finished, tying the record 1972 fleet; this number probably approaches the capacity that can be accommodated at the Bermuda end of the course, where most yachts raft together at the Royal Bermuda Yacht Club or the Royal Hamilton Amateur Dinghy Club, with other competitors tied up at various waterfront hotels in Hamilton Harbor.

IN the half century since 1923, offshore racing has become a genuine international sport if a rather limited one. In 1925, the British staged their first race from the south coast of England, past Land's End, around Fastnet Rock, off the south coast of Ireland, and back. The Fastnet Race, run in odd-numbered years, is nearly the same distance as the Bermuda but is very different in character, since about half of it is sailed in the tidally tricky waters of the English Channel. In the world of grand-prix ocean racing, both the Fastnet and the Bermuda have a claim to being the premier event—the Fastnet because it is more demanding tactically, and the Bermuda because of its open-ocean character. (One can—and many do—drop out of the Fastnet and sail into a sheltering port; that option vanishes after the first day and a half of the Bermuda.) Other regularly scheduled ocean races are longer; the Transpac, for example, which, like the Bermuda, started shakily, in 1906, is now sailed in odd-numbered years over a course that is more than two thousand miles long, from Southern California to Hawaii. Several races are considered more strenuous—most notably, the Sydney-Hobart, sailed over a five-hundred-and-seventy-mile course between the Australian mainland and Tasmania. And there are some races that attract more entries, the largest in this hemisphere being the annual run of a hundred and twenty-five miles from Newport Beach, California, to Ensenada, just across the Mexican border, which regularly draws over five hundred yachts. But the Bermuda and Fastnet Races retain a cachet that defies mere statistics.

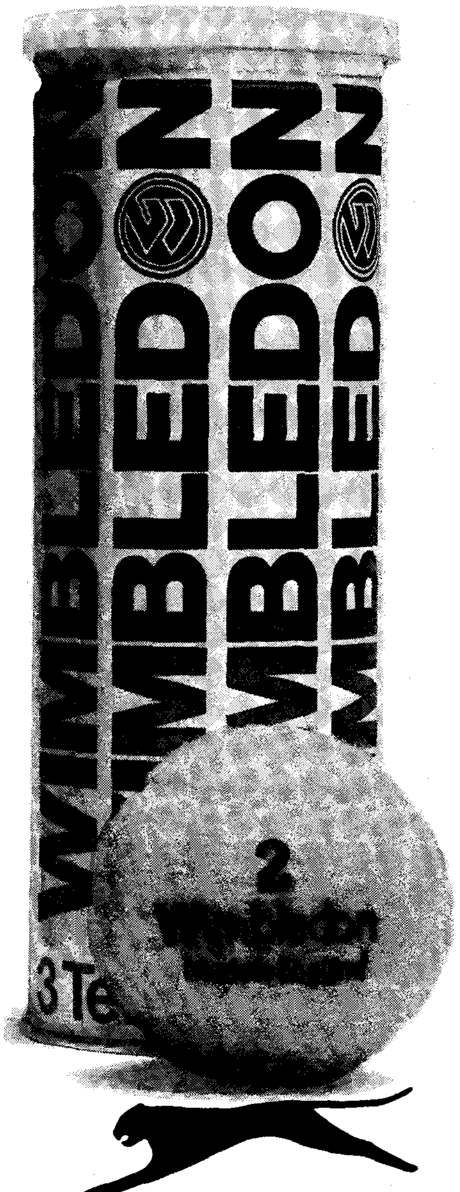
As distance racing has gained in popularity, it has also increased in complexity, and nowhere has it become more elaborate than in the development of the time-allowance systems that attempt to provide level competition among very different boats. The handicapping of racing yachts, which began in the nineteenth century, is based on the long-recognized fact that large vessels generally sail faster than small ones. There are, to be sure, many factors that determine a vessel's speed, but length at the waterline is probably the fundamental one. The reason derives from the action of the wave system that is produced as a boat carves its way through the water; these waves, which are not the fan-shaped wake but another system, perpendicular to the boat's heading, move with the boat, and the distance between them increases with the boat's speed until, at a certain point, known to naval architects as "hull speed," there is a wave at each end of the waterline, and the hull is effectively stuck in the trough between them. Only a great increase in the boat's driving force can enable the vessel to climb up and over her own bow wave and escape from the hull-speed limit by planing—or sliding across the water's surface, as a ski slides over snow. Until quite recently, few sailboats and no ocean racers could plane. A boat might surf momentarily as she rode down the face of an ocean wave, but in general a cruising yacht's displacement was too great, her power plant—the sails—too weak, and her hull the wrong shape for either planing or sustained surfing. The maximum potential speed through the water of a non-planing hull is approximately predictable. In nautical miles per hour, a boat's hull speed is about one and a quarter times the square root of the waterline length in feet; a boat with a waterline length of thirty-six feet, to pick an easy example, has a hull speed of about seven and a half knots. A well-designed small yacht may regularly sail faster than a wretchedly designed large one, but when matters of architecture and of the crew's sailing skill are even close to equal the large yacht will cover a given distance more quickly than the small one. Clearly, this fact of nautical life makes non-handicap racing a bleak prospect for the owners of smaller boats, which start each race at a crippling disadvantage vis-à-vis larger ones. To have any kind of equitable competition at all, it is necessary either to limit entry to more or less identical boats—this is called one-design, or class, racing—or to equalize the sailing times of disparate boats by some artificial means. Theoretically, it is possible to hobble fast yachts to reduce their speed—the equivalent of putting weights on a race horse—but no one has ever seriously suggested the idea. It is also possible, and less impractical, to handicap the human participants, as in golf, but this method has been employed only tentatively and only in low-level racing, as a last-ditch means of redressing gross inequalities in skill. From the beginning, far and away the most common handicapping system has been to adjust a yacht's actual time over a racecourse by some factor that represents her theoretical speed relationship to other boats in the fleet. Early handicaps, like the one employed in the 1923 Bermuda race, were often based on a boat's length alone, because that was the dominant factor in her potential speed. While such a simple arrangement worked out, according to Herbert Stone, "satisfactorily, on the whole," it ignored the important element of the boat's rig and sails and a number of other factors as well, some of them then unknown or misunderstood. A few minor changes in the time-allowance rule were made for the 1924 and 1926 Bermuda Races, but it was increasingly obvious that so elementary a measurement system was extremely vulnerable to a boat that was designed to take advantage of loopholes in the rule. In 1926, just such a yacht—Robert Bavier's new sixty-six-foot ketch, Dragoon—appeared in the Bermuda Race. She was "a fine, able vessel with a long waterline and short ends—in other words, a larger yacht for her overall length than were most of the then existing fleet," said Herbert Stone. "She was also designed to be a fast reacher, beam winds being the condition most likely to be encountered over this particular course." Perhaps because of an unexpected preponderance of light headwinds in the 1926 race, Dragoon failed by about two hours to win on corrected time, but she was easily the first to finish, more than four and a half hours ahead of the second yacht. The possibilities were not lost on the race committee, and for 1928 the C.C.A. adapted a rule invented by the newly formed Ocean Racing Club, of Great Britain. This rule, by which a yacht's time-allowance rating was derived from the formula

$$\frac{L \times \sqrt{SA}}{\sqrt{B \times D}} \times .2,$$

was quite advanced, in that it took into account both of the major speed-producing factors, length (L) and sail area (SA), and an approximation of the principal speed-reducing element, the boat's weight, which was arrived at by multiplying her breadth by her depth. The absolute handicap was then mathematically adjusted to reflect the differences in sailing efficiency among various rigs. A Marconi-rigged sloop or cutter, for example, sailed at a hundred per cent of rating, while gaff-rigged schooners and ketches, which were known to be considerably slower on certain points of sailing, had their ratings reduced by ten per cent. The new system, which was generally referred to as a rating rule, was an improvement over what had gone before, but it could still be circumvented by ingenious naval architects who (spurred on, naturally, by hypercompetitive owners) might choose to design boats that were addressed to oversights in the rating rule rather than to the requirements of seafaring. In response to this anticipated danger, the C.C.A. produced, over a period of years, its own rule—one that approached the problem from a different direction. Instead of weighing speed-increasing and speed-reducing factors in isolation, and creating formulas that would take them into account while ignoring the boat that emerged in the process, the C.C.A.'s rulemakers hit upon the concept of an ideal boat as a yardstick against which to measure real yachts. Opinions about what constitutes a proper yacht—never mind an ideal one—are very personal, and it required both considerable force of character and almost godlike self-assurance to prescribe in so sweeping a fashion. The basic element of the ideal oceangoing yacht, Herbert Stone wrote, was that "speed should not be attained . . . at the sacrifice of the essential qualities of a good cruiser, which include sea-worthiness, comfort, ample stowage space for a long voyage, and all round ability to take whatever comes in the way of weather. . . . The ends were controlled to prevent excessive overhang forward and aft; a normal ratio of beam to length was worked out; a desirable displacement ratio was fixed; draft and freeboard were controlled in the same manner, and mast heights were regulated. Yachts varying from the normal in any of the various factors of the rule were either penalized for any discrepancy or given a premium for exceeding the requirements. For instance, a boat narrower than the norm, or with less displacement, had the excess (sometimes doubled or trebled) added to her rating found by the formula, while one with broader beam or greater displacement had the excess deducted. This results in a wide latitude as to form and sail area, and tends to keep the design of new yachts built to the rule close to the normal."



Even so, the rulemakers, who numbered among them several naval architects, were well aware that their creation might have loopholes perceptible to other designers, and, with a final star-chamber stroke, they settled that possibility in a sentence: "If, from any peculiarity of form, construction, or fitting, the Race Committee or measurer decides that a yacht is not fairly rated by this rule, the matter shall be referred to the Special Committee of Design and Construction of the Cruising Club, which shall award such certificate of rating as it may consider equitable." The C.C.A. rule was, by any standard, élitism triple-distilled, and it worked beautifully. In its various versions—the original rule, established in 1934, was altered from time to time to reflect a grudging admission of progress in design or construction—it encouraged the production of what many sailors and architects regard as an unmatched series of seaworthy, fast, and classically handsome cruising-racing yachts, many of which still compete with success in local regattas, and a few of which still win occasionally in big-league events. The exemplar is perhaps Running Tide, a sixty-one-foot aluminum sloop designed by Sparkman & Stephens and built in 1969; she won her class in the 1970 Bermuda Race, was fleet cham-



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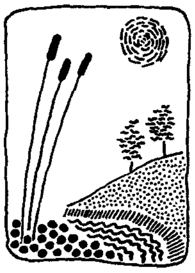
pion in 1976, and won a trophy again in 1980.

The C.C.A. rule remained in effect until 1970, when it was replaced by the International Offshore Rule, or I.O.R., which attempted to fuse the existing measurement system of the C.C.A. and that of Britain's Royal Ocean Racing Club, whose writ ran in the waters of Europe and of Britain and most of its former empire. Each of the two older rules encouraged a slightly different type of boat, and although by the nineteen-sixties the differences between a C.C.A. boat and an R.O.R.C. boat were scarcely visible to the untutored observer, a yacht designed to one rule was at a disadvantage when she raced under the other. The I.O.R.—"the rule to end all rules," according to The Sailing Encyclopedia—supposedly made it possible for yachts to compete equitably anywhere in the world; allowed for design development; and, at the same time, preserved the value of the existing fleet. It was a brief easily as ambitious, in its way, as that of the League of Nations. Almost from the moment of its inauguration, the I.O.R. was greeted in the United States with hostility—with more hostility, that is, than would have been occasioned by its being merely new and unfamiliar. For one thing, the rule was virtually impenetrable except to mathematicians armed with computers; for another, it soon proved to be very amenable to clever designers, whose work made existing C.C.A.-rule yachts obsolete and encouraged the rapid (and hideously expensive) creation of a whole new fleet of "I.O.R. boats," which were recognizable by their snubbed bows, retroussé sterns, pinched-in ends, and skyscraping rigs. To many traditionalists, I.O.R.-style racers were both ugly and—because of their extremely light construction—dangerous. To make it worse, they were also faster than any offshore yachts ever seen before—capable of sustained bursts of surfing, and even, under special circumstances, of near-planing. The new vessels required tough, experienced crews to get the most out of them—young men who were frequently recruited from sailmakers' lofts or boat-brokerage houses, and were seemingly indifferent to the streamlined squalor of the stripped-out living spaces. The Offshore Racing Council, the international body that administers the I.O.R., attempted, with increasing desperation, to plug the rules gaps, but as soon as one loophole had been legislated shut another was discovered, and the result was that an owner who wanted to remain in the front rank of competition had to get a new boat every year or two—the interval depending on the races he intended to sail.



The situation was intensely repugnant to the more conservative element in American yachting, which reacted in two ways. Those not firmly committed to racing simply dropped out entirely or fell away to local competition, where handicapping was accomplished by rough but simple (and comprehensible) methods that worked quite well for the great majority of production-line yachts. Other sailors, many of them prominent in the C.C.A., saw no reason to forgo either the sophistication of modern technology in a rating rule or the philosophical imperatives of the old C.C.A. rule. Their goal was an even chance on the racecourse for the dual-purpose yacht—the classic racer-cruiser—against the kind of skinned-out flier encouraged (they felt) by the rewards and punishments built into the I.O.R. At about the time—1974—that dissatisfaction and frustration with the I.O.R. were boiling over, J. N. Newman, a professor of naval architecture at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, produced a technical paper suggesting that all rating rules to date had been based on inadequate speed-prediction data, and that further basic work was needed to establish the true determinants of yachts' speed. Olin Stephens II, of Sparkman & Stephens and the C.C.A., a man who had assisted at the birth of the I.O.R., endorsed Newman's ideas; and H. Irving Pratt, a former commodore of the C.C.A., set about raising the necessary funds to carry Newman's work forward. After three years and three hundred thousand dollars, a new handicapping rule emerged—the Measurement Handicap System, or M.H.S.—just in time for the 1978 Bermuda Race. As it took shape, after a couple of false starts, the M.H.S. was technically the most ambitious system yet devised. Where other rules relied on physically measuring yachts at a few stated points (one result being that slight distortions of the hull at those points could result in sizable handicap advantages), the M.H.S. employed an electronic measurement system that could reproduce the true shape of a hull on a computer printout, thus closing the "humps and bumps" school of rule beating; further, the M.H.S. Velocity Prediction Program was able not just to produce a single, average speed estimate for a boat, regardless of particular point of sailing or wind speed, but to take these important variables into account and churn out for a given race speed predictions for each competing boat which would be suited to the prevailing conditions forecast. Finally, as an ancillary to the technical parts of the M.H.S., there appeared a set of accommodation requirements, prescribing intimate details like the thickness of bunk mattresses, to insure that competing yachts had at least the minimum life-support elements proper to a cruising boat.

Only five M.H.S. measuring machines existed, and it was not possible to measure all hundred and sixty-two boats in the 1978 fleet, so the M.H.S. and the I.O.R. were both offered, and owners selected the division in which they would compete. As it was, about half the owners chose the new system, and, to the surprise of many, the M.H.S. did exactly what it was supposed to do, producing as winner in its division a forty-foot wooden yawl, then twenty-three years old, named Babe. She was superlatively well sailed by a boatyard owner from Annapolis, Maryland, named Arnold Gay, who was asked the significance of his victory. "We've set yacht design back thirty years," he said. The second boat in the M.H.S. division on corrected time was a sister ship to Babe, owned and sailed by a C.C.A. stalwart, Daniel Strohmeier; his boat, Malay, was named after the yacht in which he had won the Bermuda Trophy in 1954, and she had been named for the 1930 over-all winner, which had been sailed by Strohmeier's father-in-law. "With the M.H.S., I think we recovered some of the spirit of the earlier Bermudas," Strohmeier commented. "One could feel that the winner might be any yacht milling around the starting line."

In the division sailing under the I.O.R., the winner was Acadia, an all-out racer owned by a Louisianian named Burt Keenan, who in 1981 would be barred from offshore racing for a year because of alleged fiddling—not necessarily by him—of his yacht's I.O.R. measurement. Acadia finished nearly a full day ahead of

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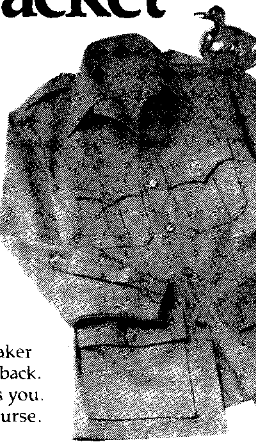

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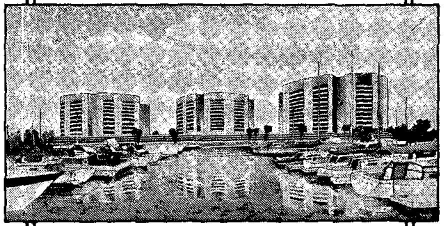

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Babe, although the two boats' corrected times were not, of course, comparable, being based on different systems. Even the most fervent supporters of the M.H.S. would not say that it was perfect, but it clearly delighted many members of the Bermuda Race committee, which shortly announced that for the next race, in 1980, the M.H.S. would be the only allowable measurement system. It was clear that foreign entries could scarcely be expected to obtain M.H.S. certificates in the usual way, and the C.C.A. proposed to provide them with certificates by using their I.O.R. measurement information and line drawings as a basis for calculation. Even so, prospective British entrants were reported in the *Cruising Club News* to be unhappy at the decision. Two of the C.C.A.'s senior members, Patrick Haggerty and Roderick Stephens, Jr. (Olin Stephens' brother, and a designer himself), wrote to the *News* to deplore the elimination of the I.O.R. Stephens, who has specialized in the engineering of seagoing yachts, had frequently spoken out against what he called the "over-rigged and under-built" I.O.R. boats of the late nineteen-seventies, but now he said, "I do not think the way to cure these problems is to drop the use of the Rule, which will only greatly dilute our future efforts to push the Rule in the direction the majority may feel is desirable." Haggerty, in his letter, pointed to "the existence of 10,000 I.O.R. certificated yachts around the world and a going international organization" as reasons to reform the I.O.R. rather than compete with it. The outcry was apparently great enough so that the C.C.A. and the R.B.Y.C. decided to allow boats to race for special I.O.R. trophies within the Bermuda Race, while at the same time requiring these boats to be measured for and comply with the requirements of the M.H.S. It was a limp compromise at best, and one that struck particularly at a sideshow to the Bermuda Race called the Onion Patch Series and officially sponsored by the New York Yacht Club, along with the C.C.A. and the R.B.Y.C. The Onion Patch, which was organized in 1962 and named in honor of Bermuda's most famous vegetable export, is a biennial series of five races for three-boat national teams. It consciously emulates a similar British series called the Admiral's Cup, and, like that series, has for its climactic event the premier national offshore race—the Fastnet in England, the Bermuda here—in which the series entries race both as teams and as individual yachts. Edward R. Greeff, a C.C.A. patroon, a member of the Bermuda Race committee, and the original organizer of the Onion Patch, was especially disturbed by the decision to downgrade the I.O.R. His bitter objections, voiced in a letter sent to (but not published by) the *Cruising Club News* in March of 1980, are perhaps unusual, in that they come from the kind of cruising-racing sailor who might be expected to be wholly negative about the International Offshore Rule:

> For us to ban a rule recognized the world over, is a bad mistake. I am afraid that many of us felt so strongly about pushing the M.H.S. . . . that we have closed our minds and refuse to think about what the I.O.R. has been responsible for and why it still has value. Under any development rule you are always going to get extremes, but the I.O.R. has shown many things to the cruising man—i.e. that beam does not necessarily slow a boat down, that light displacement makes for an easily driven hull and therefore less sail area required to drive the boat at a reasonable speed. The beam has added great spaciousness and comfort below decks, and the boats sail on less of an angle of heel. The advances in hull construction have been tremendous. . . . All of this experimenting could only take place because of the keen and costly competition that goes on under I.O.R. Where else can you find a situation where individuals are willing to spend two or three hundred thousand dollars or more on experimental or throw-away boats? If I were to build another boat tomorrow, she would be of lighter displacement than my Puffin III and also beamier. I would have more room below and need less sail to drive her. Isn't this what we all are looking for? . . . Over the last few years, under the I.O.R. rule, there were many in the Bermuda Race with older boats who became discouraged, myself included. The M.H.S. system was sorely needed. Now I will race again, but now that we have the M.H.S., let's not retrogress and go back to one rule. . . . Why must we force the M.H.S. on everyone? If it's as good as we think, it should be able to stand by itself on its merits. I think the C.C.A. is capable of handling two rules in our Bermuda Race.

The controversy highlighted the importance of the C.C.A. and the Bermuda Race in the rarefied world of international offshore racing. To those familiar with the numbers involved, however, the conflict better illustrated the widening discontinuity between grand-prix-racing yachtsmen and ordinary sailors. In 1979, in the United States, there were somewhat fewer than three thousand I.O.R. registrations and a couple of hundred M.H.S.-certificate holders—most of whom also had I.O.R. ratings—compared with between twelve and twenty-five thousand boats racing under casual handicap systems that involved little or no actual measurement, merely a few nominal dimensions. These occasional racers—many of them might compete only once or twice a season—were themselves a relatively small fraction of the total number of auxiliary-powered sailing yachts with living accommodations, for which no reliable figures exist but which have been estimated at between one hundred and twenty thousand and one hundred and seventy thousand hulls. Even so, fashion being what it is, the rating system of the moment, be it C.C.A. or I.O.R. or, in years to come, M.H.S., has an inordinate influence on the appearance, and even the construction, of thousands of boats whose owners have little or no interest in racing.

The real-world connection to the teacup-size tempest between the I.O.R. and the M.H.S. approaches to racing and, by extension, yacht design was made suddenly and tragically on August 13, 1979, when three hundred and three yachts competing in the Royal Ocean Racing Club's Fastnet Race were caught out between Land's End and the coast of Ireland by a fast-moving weather system of savage intensity. Many boats dropped out and made for English or Irish ports, but many others had too little warning or were too far from shelter to make a run for it. The Fastnet storm, as it was soon called, was one of very few disasters in the history of offshore racing, and it was the worst: fifteen dead, five yachts sunk, forty or more capsized (most of these survived), and nineteen abandoned by their crews and later recovered afloat. The R.O.R.C. set up a special committee to examine the causes of the tragedy and suggest ways of avoiding another. In the eyes of many yachtsmen, however, no elaborate investigation was necessary. Traditionalists, especially on the American side of the Atlantic, found the I.O.R. and I.O.R.-style boats—of which the Fastnet fleet was largely composed—guilty of every sin that their detractors had imputed to them. The R.O.R.C. committee's report, which appeared after four months of interrogation and evaluation, was circumspect in its tone and findings. The investigators felt that while design and construction weaknesses had been important the freakish intensity of the storm was the essential component of the disaster. That verdict allowed everyone to retain the prejudices he had started with,

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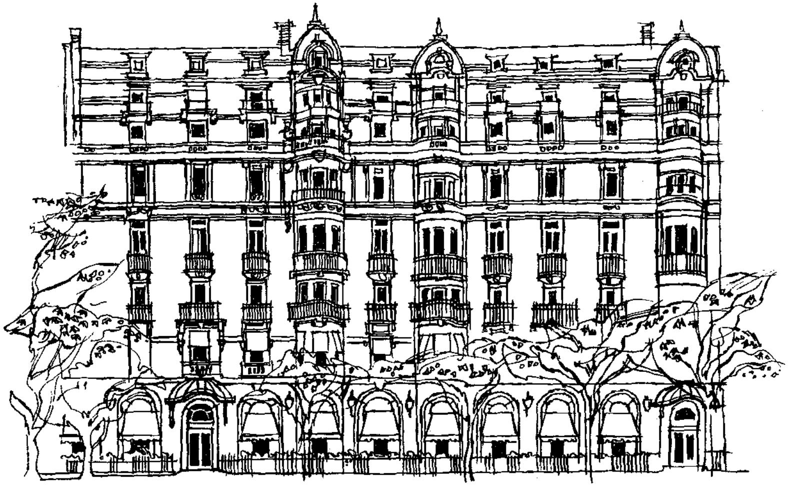

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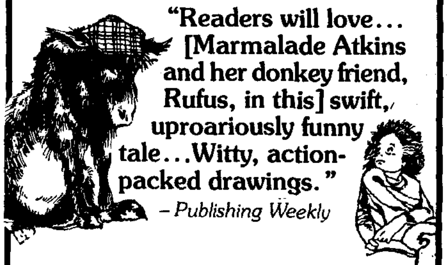

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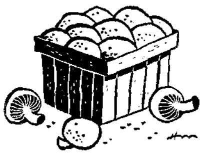
and it was obvious that the 1979 Fastnet would remain a black shadow over long-distance racing and over the already embattled International Offshore Rule for years to come.

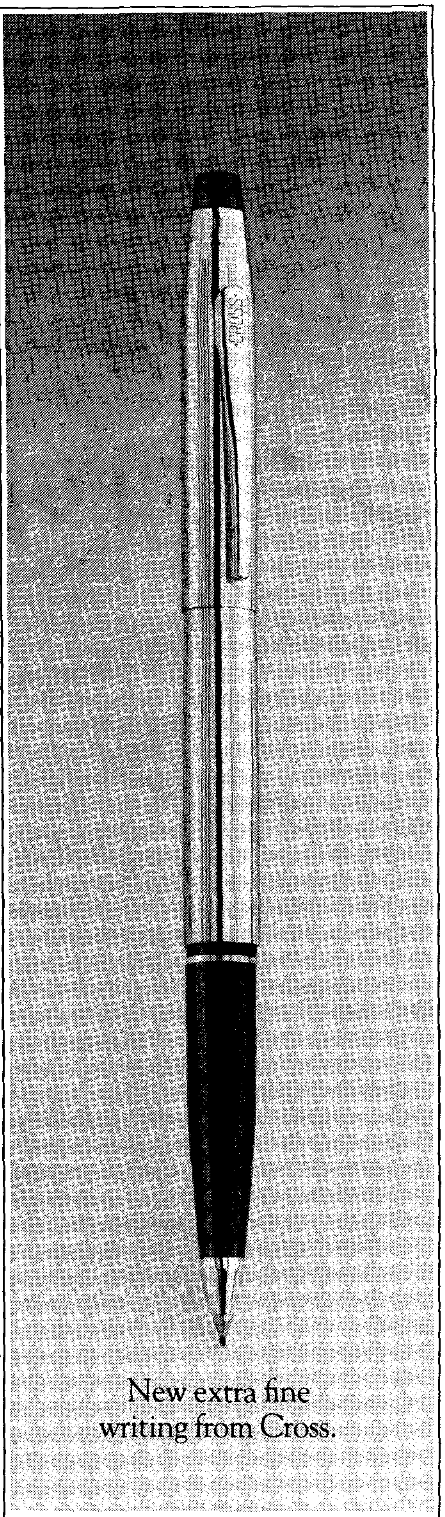
THE results of the 1978 Bermuda Race in the M.H.S. division had been surprising but scarcely stunning. For one thing, both Arnold Gay and Daniel Strohmeier were accomplished racers of considerable reputation, and the M.H.S. boats had been racing only among themselves. When the ketch Holger Danske won the single-division 1980 Bermuda, the mood in the sailing community was either delight or consternation, depending on one's alignment in the rating-rule controversy. Holger Danske is named after a legendary Danish hero, who also appears in the Song of Roland as Ogier the Dane, and she is in looks the antithesis of a modern racing yacht. In 1980, she was sixteen years old and had raced to Bermuda only once before—in 1970, when her performance, under the I.O.R., was unimpressive. With a canoe stern, a long keel, a stubby bowsprit, and lots of well-cared-for varnished wood trim, she closely resembled one of the increasingly popular cruising yachts that have been coming from Far Eastern builders for more than a decade and have made no impression whatever in racing circles. She was not even being sailed by her owner, John Wilson, but by his son Richard and a crew of Richard's young friends, and in prerace figuring she was not so much discounted as totally ignored. To a large extent, though, the surface impression was deceptive. Holger Danske had been designed by a Danish architect, K. Aage Neilsen, who is not widely known in the United States but has an impressive list of successful racing yachts of his design sailing in European waters; she was built not to a measurement rule but simply to her owner's requirement for a fast, sea-kindly yacht about thirty-six feet on the waterline. Her crew of ten, while young, had among its members the cumulative experience of thirteen previous Bermuda Races, a Twelve-Metre campaign, and good placings in such tough venues as the United States Junior Sailing Championships, North American Sailing Championships, the Etchells 22 Worlds, and the Shields Nationals. Six of the men in the crew had made at least one transatlantic passage in the boat, and the yacht herself had crossed the Atlantic six times. Educated in the non-stop demands of round-the-buoys racing, the crew had sailed Holger Danske in the Bermuda Race with the energetic concentration typical of top-class day racing—three hours on and three off, instead of the usual four on and four off. ("The fourth hour of a regular watch is useless for speed," Richard Wilson said later, "with the on-deck watch just waiting to get in their bunks.") The helmsmen took fifteen-minute or thirty-minute tricks at the wheel, steering only as long as their focus was perfect. By sailing as if the race would last only a few hours instead of three and a half days (as it did), the crewmen of Holger Danske kept their boat moving at or near her potential top speed constantly—perhaps the hardest accomplishment of all in a race where one's boat is often out of sight of all competition.

Besides skillful sailing, pinpoint navigation played a large part in Holger Danske's victory. The compass and the sextant, which have remained essentially unchanged for two hundred years, have been overtaken in the last decade by an array of whirring, clicking, flashing electronic boxes that can fix a boat's position or direct her course with a speed and precision that would have been inconceivable (and probably wholly repugnant) to Thomas Fleming Day. Boat speed (to within a hundredth of a knot), distance run, the wind's force and direction relative to the yacht, water temperature and depth—all this information is now available, and with no more labor than it takes to read numbers off a dial. Pride of place in offshore navigation is currently held by the yacht's loran (an acronym of "long-range navigation"), which regularly reads out the vessel's position to within a few hundred yards. The loran's only drawback is its limited range—Bermuda is far enough from the loran-signal transmitters on the American mainland so that the readings are not wholly reliable near the islands. Navigational tricks that would have been miraculous twenty years ago have been made commonplace, and with loran and the other boxes, as with many other electronic devices, a skillful operator can easily transcend the ordinarily miraculous. Like many skippers, Richard Wilson was his own navigator, and he took the job seriously. He spent much of the spring before the 1980 race analyzing the weekly plots of the Gulf Stream which were issued by the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration, and had carefully studied satellite photographs of the Stream that were given to him and the other navigators at a briefing the afternoon before the start of the race. Wilson identified a clockwise-gyrating warm eddy north of the Stream which could, if caught precisely, give Holger Danske a favorable ride down its eastern edge. From there, Wilson planned to hit the main flow of the Stream at a point that —with the force and direction of the current taken into account—would release him at a spot where Holger Danske could pick up another crack-the-whip lift from a back-looping meander that was leaving the Stream. At the same time, he had to be careful to avoid the eastern, north-flowing edge of a cold eddy associated with the back loop. To accomplish this feat, Wilson needed to monitor his loran set constantly, reading the position lines to tenths of microseconds—every change of one-tenth of a microsecond in the readout was equivalent to a position change of two boat lengths in the water. Even the best Gulf Stream forecasts from NOAA are only that—forecasts—but the loran made it possible to ascertain the effect of the current precisely, so Wilson and his crew could correct the yacht's heading continually yet keep her sailing what was nearly a straight line.

The third factor in Holger Danske's upset triumph—and the one that caused the controversy—was a piece of lucky synergism involving the weather and the Measurement Handicap System. One of the touted advantages of the M.H.S. was its ability to include factors of wind speed and direction in a given race when one was calculating the predicted speed of a boat in that race; and in the 1980 Bermuda Race the winds were predicted to provide a good deal of close-hauled sailing. This meant that ketches, like Holger Danske, received a bonus in time allowance to make up for their lack of windward-sailing ability. Instead of a beat much of the way, however, the fleet had a reach for most of it, and Holger Danske's crew took full advantage of the freed wind, constantly changing sails to maintain the most effective combination for the wind direction of the moment. Like two-masted yachts generally, ketches are at their best in reaching winds, when they can put up an impressive variety of specialized sails. The success of the effort aboard Holger Danske is attested by her average speed over the six-hundred-and-thirty-five-nautical-mile course—7.3 knots. Hull speed for a boat of her waterline length is about 7.5 knots, and even though her waterline, and thus her sailing length, would increase slightly as she heeled, Holger Danske probably averaged only half a knot under hull speed for the whole race. With no allowance for handicap, she beat all the other boats in her class on elapsed time and also most of the boats in the two next-larger classes. On corrected time, however, she won by five hours, and that was clearly preposterous. Donald Graul, Jr., a racing navigator who was then *Yachting's* offshore specialist, noted that boats like Holger Danske got "a gift of perhaps 25 per cent more time allowance than they would have had if the computations had been based on actual conditions encountered during the race." Even some of the most urgent proponents of the M.H.S. conceded a problem. Lynn A. Williams, chairman of the C.C.A. technical committee and chief in-house explicator of the new system, said Holger Danske "had the benefit of a handicap for her worst sailing condition and sailed the race in her best."



The M.H.S.'s mistaken calculation of wind averages seemed to derive at least partly from an overabundance of data. Participating in a forum on rating rules staged by *Yachting* early in 1981, James McCurdy, a naval architect and the chairman of the M.H.S. technical committee, observed that the new system's "speed prediction takes into account most of the factors that affect boat speed, many of them never before included in any handicapping system," and went on, "These factors are so interactive, and there are so many, that before the days of computer availability the project would have been impossible. . . . The problem with the M.H.S. is that . . . you end up with an enormous combination of factors. What do you do with them all? . . . I don't think we really do know how to use the tool. We are getting a handle on it. And once we fully understand how to use it it will still be up to the race committees to employ it." At about the same time, the M.H.S. officials announced that they had developed three precalculated wind-direction programs from which race committees could choose. The one most nearly applicable to a straight-line contest like the Bermuda Race was called Linear Random Average, and it



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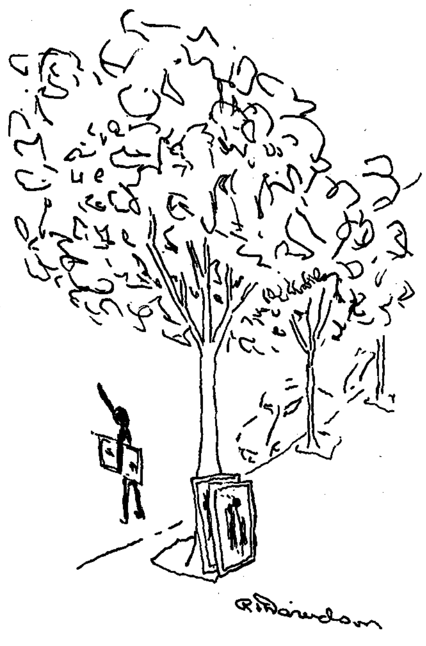
was posited not only on a point-to-point racecourse but also on one over which the wind blew for equal periods of time from each direction. A correction factor for this wind pattern would be applied to each yacht's basic speed-prediction formula, and then the revised speed prediction would be further corrected for the length of the race in question, to produce the individual time allowance. When one contemplates running through this ritual for a race with nearly two hundred entries, it is easy to see why one requirement of an up-to-date race-committee headquarters is the possession of a computer terminal.

Even after the technical difficulties in the M.H.S. had been addressed (if not wholly corrected), the situation left many sailors feeling uneasy. The I.O.R., for all its shortcomings, was the only handicapping system set up to govern international offshore racing. It seemed, toward the end of 1981, to be emerging from a dark tunnel, the blackest point in which had been the Fastnet and the soul-searching that followed. In the United States, for example, I.O.R. registrations had been declining for several years at an annual rate of about a hundred and seventy-five boats, but in 1981 total I.O.R. registrants seemed to have bottomed out at about twenty-four hundred. To many people, abandoning the I.O.R. in important contests like the Bermuda Race meant turning away from the conception of offshore racing as an instrument of progress in yacht design. *Yachting's* Don Graul observed, "There must be some ground between the ideal of everyone having a chance to win a prize and the virtual elimination of the top offshore racing designs from the placings in one of the major offshore races of the world." On the one hand, dropping the I.O.R. from racing would have meant a rejection of the level of competitive intensity that produced design breakthroughs; on the other, it would probably have reduced the incidence of design disasters, like excessively slender masts that required three pairs of spreaders and multiple running backstays to keep them in the boat, or ultra-lightweight carbon-fibre rudders that demonstrated a tendency to detach themselves from their rudder stocks in heavy going.

The debate put the C.C.A. in a difficult position. In one respect, of course, the club has no official responsibility for any races except the ones it sponsors, and no formal role in the directing of yacht racing in the United States or the world. The conduct of the sport of sailboat racing in this country is, on the national level, in the hands of the United States Yacht Racing Union, a nonprofit organization made up of individual and collective members. (The latter are mostly yacht clubs.) Locally, racing is run by clubs, which in theory can do almost exactly as they please—within the restraints, that is, of Coast Guard regulation of the waterways. In reality, though, racing generally and offshore racing in particular are directed almost entirely by a tightly interlocked directorate of yachtsmen most of whom live in the Northeast; nearly all of them, in addition to other affiliations—U.S.Y.R.U. committees or local club memberships—are members of the C.C.A. The organization dominates offshore racing because its members have the time and the money (in most cases) and the knowledge and the passion—"interest" is too pale a word—to devote to often thankless bureaucratic tasks. After 1980, when at the last minute I.O.R.-rated yachts had been allowed to compete for a group of less than equal prizes outside the normal array of silverware, much of the racing community waited with some concern to see if the C.C.A. would fully reinstate the International Offshore Rule for the 1982 Bermuda Race. When they did so—announcing that, as in 1978, there would be separate and equal divisions for I.O.R. and M.H.S. boats—many observers felt as if an institutional crisis had been averted. The Cruising Club had further, in an attempt at a compromise between its gentleman racers and the



grand-prix competitors, announced that in 1982 there would be one official over-all winner, in spite of the incompatibility of the two rating systems. The yacht that beat the second boat in her own division—M.H.S or I.O.R—by the greater corrected time would win the Bermuda Trophy, while the winner of the other class would get a replica of something called the Princess Elizabeth Trophy, a piece of silverware that had been in the possession of the Royal Bermuda Yacht Club since 1948, when it was presented by the future Queen of England.

THE town of Newport is on an island at the mouth of Narragansett Bay, and since Colonial times it has attracted seafarers and been attracted by them. Since the fleet left Newport's naval base, about a decade ago, yachts have provided one of the town's two attractions (the other being the tourist-trapping assemblage of restored summer mansions built mostly by nineteenth-century robber barons). Newport's yachting life centers on its large, well-sheltered harbor, which can be galvanized to carnival atmosphere by a boat show, a Bermuda Race, or—quintessentially—the America's Cup series. In the mid-June days preceding the Bermuda Race, competing boats arrive from the yachting centers to the northeast (Buzzards Bay, Marblehead, Maine) and the southwest (Long Island Sound and the Chesapeake). They drop anchor in the harbor, or tie up at one of the several marinas and yacht clubs, or, if their skippers are part of the inner circle, berth at the floating piers of the Treadway Inn, which is race headquarters. As a structure, the Treadway is no different from a hundred other motor inns—a vaguely modern building able to absorb a travel-stained family or a convention of can-opener salesmen with equal aplomb—but because it is on the harbor and has its own piers it normally plays host to large numbers of summer yachtsmen who want to spend one or more nights in beds that do not move, with the delights of unlimited hot water and an adequate kitchen (where someone else does the dishes) near at hand. There is, however, a difference between having a certain number of yachtsmen as guests and being overrun by the Bermuda Race fleet. On the morning scheduled for the 1982 race start, June 18th, the Treadway—like the rest of downtown Newport—was a roiling mass of sailors and camp followers,

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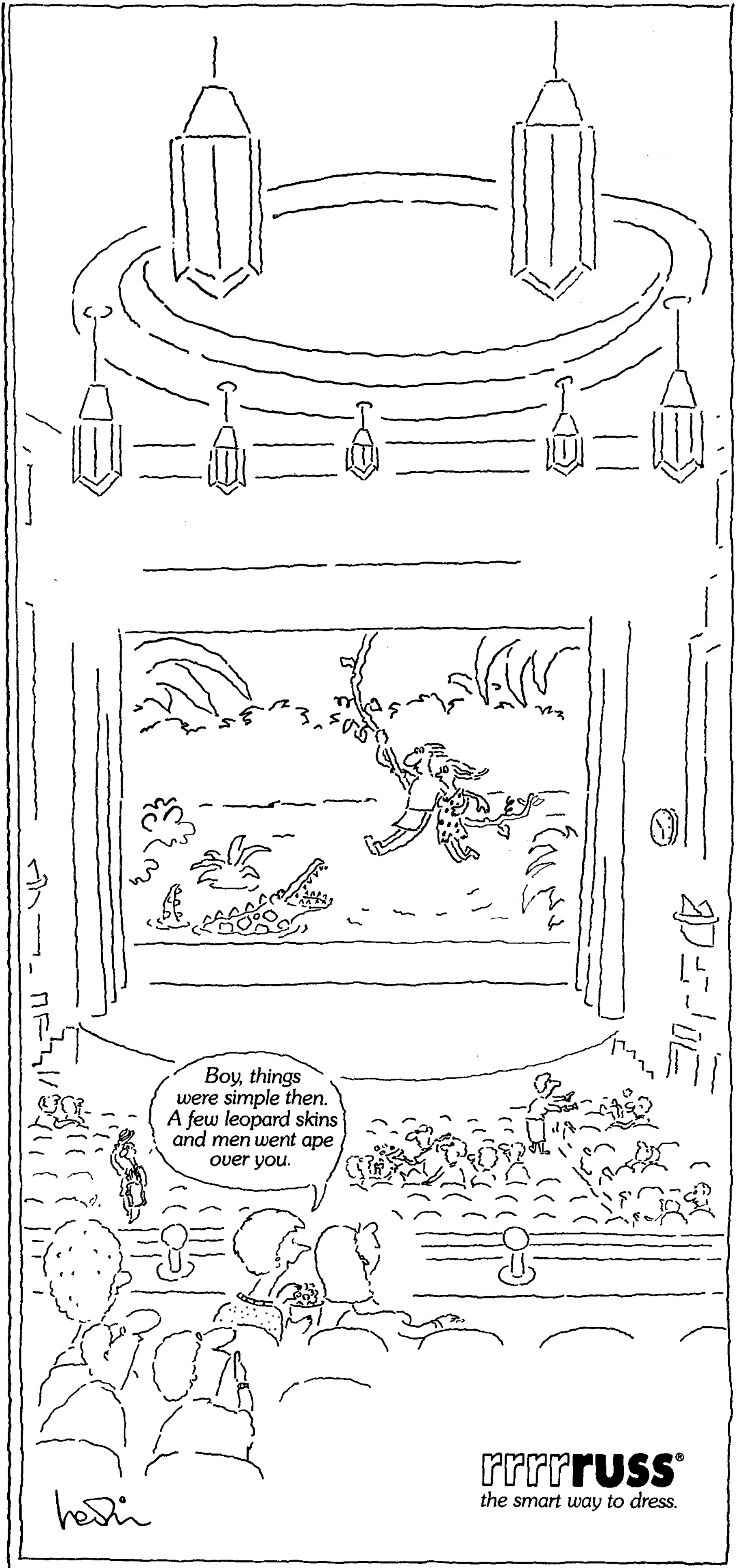
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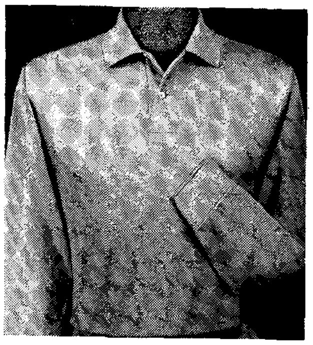

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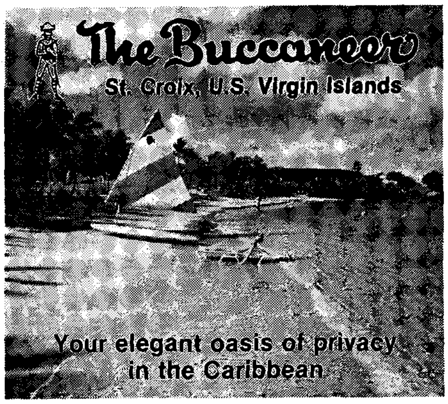
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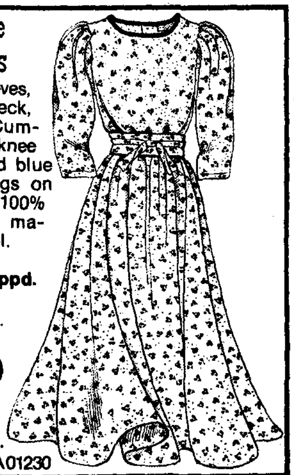

rather like a Cecil B. De Mille mob scene costumed by L. L. Bean. The yachts were shoehorned so tightly into the marina that only parts of most of them were visible, rafted two and three deep, with the inside boats serving as a combination bridge and obstacle course to the outer ones. Crowds cluttered the Treadway's lawn except where someone had spread a sail out on the grass for emergency repair or where someone else, unaccountably, had decided to sand and varnish a couple of wooden grabrails and had propped his half-completed work on a deck chair. Inside, the ground-floor hallways were clotted with a slowly moving swarm of sailors garbed *pour le sport*—in khaki pants, deck shoes, foul-weather gear, and crew shirts. (The legend is on the left breast, over the pocket: "Chasseur," "Viva," "Papillon," or the special-occasion version, "Bermuda '82 Sundowner.") An architect's oversight had put the motel's bank of pay telephones right outside the ground-floor men's room, which meant that a procession of crewmen from the yachts outside, armed with soap, towels, and razors, was constantly filtering through a stationary mass of crewmen waiting their turn at the phones. "Look," someone was saying into a receiver. "We have a little problem. We're sailing to Bermuda this afternoon, and Brooke forgot to bring the sextant."

Out on the yachts, crew members were making last-minute adjustments—there are always last-minute adjustments—to instruments and rigging, and bringing aboard the final blocks of ice to top off the yachts' iceboxes. Aboard Puffin, the forty-eight-foot yawl belonging to Edward Greeff, Rod Stephens, the first mate, was sitting in a boatswain's chair—a plank with a safety belt—at the mizzen masthead, checking the shroud terminals; although Puffin is overbuilt and overrigged by modern ocean-racing standards, a break in one stainless-steel-wire shroud would more often than not mean a mast gone over the side. Below, at the navigator's desk, Ralph Naranjo was plotting the Gulf Stream's position from coördinates furnished to the fleet's navigators the evening before. A stocky, powerfully built man in his middle thirties, Naranjo speaks with the careful articulation of a secondary-school teacher—which he has been—and his explanations of meteorological and navigational mysteries have a distinct classroom flavor. Naranjo was the only one of Puffin's ten-person crew who had never raced a yacht to Bermuda, but—as the skipper was fond of pointing out—he had sailed around the world, making a five-year passage in his own forty-one-foot sloop, with his wife and two young children as crew. Aft of the main cabin, opposite the chart table, was the galley, shaped like the letter U; a heavy canvas safety belt could be rigged across the opening to restrain the cook in heavy weather. At the moment, Emily Potter, the cook, was wedging a last few bags of ice into the icebox. A business executive who single-hands her own small cruising cutter, Emily had raced in Puffin to Bermuda and had cruised in her across the Atlantic; she was one of about seventy women crew members in the race, of whom about forty were cooks. The remaining fifteen hundred or so sailors were male.

The crew lists said something more about what kind of race this was. Yachts with two or three members of one family aboard were commonplace, but some sort of prize ought to go to the sloop Wainscott Wanderer, whose skipper was Stuyvesant Wainwright II; his first mate was Stuyvesant Wainwright III; and Stuyvesant Wainwright IV was also a crew member. (Stuyvesant Wainwright—sans number—was the commodore of the C.C.A. in 1926.) Seven of the ten crew members of the ketch Adele, including the skipper, both mates, and the cook, were named Burnes. Three generations of Nyes—Richard S., seventy-nine; Richard B., fifty-one; and Robert, nineteen—were represented aboard the forty-eight-foot sloop Carina, which had won the Bermuda Trophy in 1970, the year she was built. Previous Carinas—the Nyes keep the name from boat to boat—had won the Bermuda Trophy in 1952 and first-in-class prizes in 1956 and 1966. The present Carina was racing under the I.O.R., despite the apparent handicap of her age. (Thanks to a tic in the rule—part of a readjustment of ratings which was intended to make older yachts more competitive—Carina retained the advantageous allowance that went with her years, although her hull and rig had been extensively modernized according to plans by Scott Kaufman, a young naval architect who specialized in this sort of renovation.) In terms of pure snob appeal, it would be hard

to beat the composition of Sumner Long's crew aboard the seventy-nine-foot Ondine: both the present Crown Prince of Norway and the sometime King of the Hellenes were aboard—and both, it is only fair to add, are excellent sailors. For sheer numbers, Nirvana took it, with a crew of twenty-three; she was also the biggest boat in the race, at eighty-one feet over all. Technically sailing in Class A, in the I.O.R. division, Nirvana was actually competing against two other giant sloops—Ondine and the seventy-nine-foot Kialoa III—known in yachting circles as maxi-boats, which were designed to fit as closely as possible under the maximum permitted I.O.R. rating of seventy feet. (As with the metres of the Twelve-Metre Class, the feet in an I.O.R. rating have only a tenuous connection with linear measurement, being more a form of shorthand for naval architects than anything else.) Maxi-boats occasionally win races on corrected time, but what their owners really strive for is line honors—first to finish on elapsed time. Ondine and Kialoa were both veterans, but Nirvana, which was owned by a necessarily wealthy New York communications executive named Marvin Green, had in her first season won line honors in several important races, including all four events in the Onion Patch Series leading up to the Bermuda Race. In the series, Nirvana sailed as a member of the Bermuda team, by virtue of Green's ownership of property in Tucker's Town, Bermuda. The yacht's performance was generally credited to the presence aboard of a first-rate racing crew, headed by the first mate, Warren A. Brown, who was a Bermudian and who normally raced his own well-known yacht, War Baby.

The Bermuda Race starts alongside Brenton Reef Tower, an eighty-seven-foot-high navigational aid in the form of a steel platform on four huge legs; it is about a mile and a half offshore, and about five miles from the fleet's anchorage in Newport Harbor. The six classes—three I.O.R. (A, C, and E) and three M.H.S. (B, D, and F)—were to start at fifteen-minute intervals, with the first gun at one in the afternoon. The yachts would normally leave Newport Harbor beginning around eleven, so the crews could have a sandwich and get themselves in sync with their boats before the frantic starting sequence begins, but at ten the race committee announced a two-hour postponement of the first start. The local weather was hazy and muggy, with so little wind that it might have been difficult to get the fleet clear of the starting line; the cause of the postponement, though, was not in Rhode Island, but a thousand miles away, near Tampa, on the west coast of Florida. The National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration, as a part of its surveillance of conditions that might affect this race, had been tracking a storm that was now—on Friday morning—slicing diagonally across central Florida, heading northeast at about twenty-five miles per hour. The storm had sustained winds of fifty knots, and if it should continue on its present heading at its present speed it might well hit at least some of the Bermuda-bound racing fleet, probably while they were in the Gulf Stream.

Besides forecasts of weather along the anticipated routes of this and other offshore races, NOAA was responsible for the prerace briefing on weather trends and on the location of the Gulf Stream; this information was prepared and presented by a husband-and-wife team, Dane Clark and Jenifer Wartha-Clark, who do not race, but their boss, Rob Mairs, was also on hand for the briefing—in an unofficial capacity, as navigator of the Class E sloop Dancer. Reflecting on the postponement some weeks later, Mairs recalled, "I had been watching the storm develop with Dane, mostly to see if it would be a tactical help in the race. It was a large area of convection, with lots of embedded thundersqualls—not a hurricane and not a tropical storm but a relatively common type of storm that forms in the tropics at this time of year. Mostly, such storms intensify once they get over warm water. All the upper-air currents were pushing this one northeast, and the forecasters at the National Hurricane Center, in Miami, were concerned that it was moving toward the rhumb line between Newport and Bermuda. On Friday morning, Dane went to the race committee and suggested that they call the Hurricane Center, and they did."

At twelve-thirty, the committee, having apparently contracted the Hurricane Center's concern, announced a further postponement of twenty-four hours—the second time in the history of the race that it had not started on the appointed day. (The previous daylong delay, in 1968, was for an identified early-season hurricane.) Feelings among the racers were mixed. Some of

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them had been waiting for and planning toward this day for nearly two years. Probably a majority thought that the committee had overreacted, responding to the obvious spur of the 1979 Fastnet and to the less specific but equally effective stimulus of several recent liability suits. The most apropos of these arose from an occurrence in Long Island Sound in April of 1978, when a sailor drowned after falling off a twenty-foot sloop during a stormy day race. His widow sued the boat's skipper and the small yacht club that had sponsored the race for twelve million dollars each, alleging (in part) that the club had been negligent in its supervision of the event. In 1981, she settled out of court for four hundred thousand dollars. The money was paid by the skipper's insurance policies, but the potential liability for race sponsors was left up in the air, and it remains a source of anxiety for every club involved in racing. Legal liability is a fairly new concern in organized yachting, which has for decades had a tradition of individual, personal responsibility among skippers and crews; besides the change in mores, the presumed ignorance of landlubber courts passing on nautical matters worries many yachtsmen. One sailor in the 1982 Bermuda fleet, informed of the race committee's postponement, instantly assumed that the matter of potential liability was the trigger. "The officers of the C.C.A. are all so afraid of lawsuits," he said. "Say they start this race, and something happens, and it comes before some judge who's never been to sea in his life. They tell him the boats went off into fifty knots of wind, and he'll agree that's negligence."

Rob Mairs felt differently. "The postponement was a difficult decision for the race committee," he said. "They agonized over it. Practically all of them felt there was a potential for damage and danger, and they were very prudent and conscientious." Prudence, however, is not the characteristic that most ocean racers like to have associated with their names. This feeling was especially evident in the M.H.S. division, where an ability to take whatever may come is something of a substitute for the absolute speed these boats no longer possess. Aboard Ed Greeff's Puffin, Ralph Naranjo observed, "Boats in this fleet ought to be able to take sustained fifty-knot winds without damage. That's what this race is supposed to be about."

As for Ed Greeff, a member of the Bermuda Race committee, if he had an opinion he kept it to himself. But early Saturday morning he said flatly, "There'll be no second postponement." It was a question that preoccupied virtually everyone in the vicinity of Newport Harbor, though few people were able to apply to it the kind of information available to Rob Mairs. "At eight-thirty Saturday morning, we briefed the race committee," Mairs recalled. "We were still unsure as to what would happen, because the storm was still inshore and not yet over warm water, so we suggested a three-hour postponement until the forecast package, prepared by computer, came out, at eleven. On Friday, it had looked as if the storm might scoot by south of us and miss the fleet entirely, but on Saturday morning, when Dane and I went over the new package, the steering currents in the upper air had changed. We got the indication that the storm would now move north-northeast—as it did—instead of east-northeast; that put it much closer to the rhumb line." In addition to this forecasting was an ominous series of radio messages from a tug that was riding out the storm, reporting seventy-knot winds and forty-foot seas. More to the point, as Mairs observed, what had on Friday been a potential threat had by Saturday morning become a real one. "Certainly," Mairs said afterward, "if the fleet had left Saturday, some boats—the leading boats—would have been hit."

These data were conclusive, at least for the race committee, which created a small fragment of statistical history by ordering a second postponement, until 1 P.M. Sunday. The announcement, like the others made by the committee's spokesman, Vincent Monte-Sano, went out over the ship-to-ship VHF-FM radio, and it was received for the most part in silence but with a scattering of sulfurous (and anonymous) broadcast observations. Race committees that use the ship-to-ship radio for race announcements are more and more often targets of this kind of electronic petulance, which allows the objector to vent his anger without revealing his name. On this occasion, the author of one furious objection, which was delivered in a strangled roar that suggested imminent apoplexy, was instantly identified by dozens of C.C.A. members in the radio audience, apparently because near-in-

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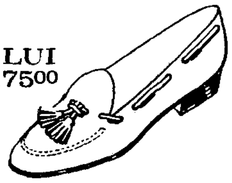

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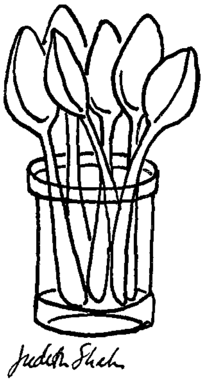
coherent rage was the speaker's customary mood.

For thousands of cruising sailors, the prospect of an extra day and night ashore in Newport would have been delightful, but for the racing fleet matters were rapidly becoming intolerable, as the town's limited accommodations were increasingly strained by the combined presence of the racers and hundreds of new arrivals, who had in many cases already made reservations for the weekend rooms and slip space—and even the restaurant tables—being occupied by the Bermuda fleet. On Sunday morning—brightly sunny, with a warm wind from the northwest—a hundred and seventy-nine racing yachts, together with an unknown number of spectator boats and a handful of official observation craft, headed out for the start with feelings of profound relief aboard. The classic race start is to windward, with the line at right angles to the wind's direction, but in extended ocean races, when the fleet's goal is several hundred miles off to leeward, the committee will seldom bother with a windward start in the wrong direction, and so the 1982 Bermuda fleet went out on a reach, class by class, with a twenty-knot wind to push the yachts along. On such a heading, they could raise their offwind sails—spinnakers, staysails, mizzen staysails—as soon as they had cleared the close-in maneuvering at the starting line; as each class crossed the line, the boats blossomed almost simultaneously with bright-colored nylon as they made off to the southeast at nearly hull speed. Fairly soon after the start, the wind pulled ahead, and the skippers had to come to their first tactical decision: whether to carry on under the intoxicating influence of a cloud of light-air canvas, on a course that would just fetch Bermuda but did not allow for the future effect of the Gulf Stream, or to change down to a more workmanlike set of headsails and begin to work up to the windward side of the rhumb line—to have something in the bank, so to speak, in case of wind shifts or a strong current.



The Gulf Stream sometimes seems to hoard storms—to cache them until some unsuspecting boat sails by and then let her have it. Monday night, as the fleet worked its way into the Stream, clouds built up to the north. By midnight, the yachts were surrounded by heavy, threatening banks of cumulonimbus, backlit intermittently by distant lighting. In the daytime, one can usually gain some appreciation of the weight of an oncoming squall from the shape and density of the cloud bank in which it lurks. At night, the clouds are reduced to half-seen negatives—places in the sky where there are no stars—except when they are momentarily silhouetted by lightning. A cruising yacht threatened by such weather will shorten sail to a minimum consistent with maneuverability; racers seldom allow themselves this option. Aboard Puffin, at two o'clock Tuesday morning the first mate, Rod Stephens, was at the helm, the members of his watch huddled on the windward side of the cockpit, as the yacht beat into a southwesterly. Stephens is a short, slight man of seventy-two whose physical strength would be remarkable in someone half his age. As an engineer, architect, and sailor, he has been around top-flight ocean racing for well over half a century, and his firm designed the yacht he was now steering. Even when he is off watch, Stephens tends to wander about the deck, constantly checking the set of the sails and the condition of the standing and running rigging. When he is at the helm, he concentrates fiercely, and his orders and responses tend to be brusque, perhaps because the situation is always quite clear to him—a replay, often, of something that has happened before in his long career. And, sailing into a harbor, Stephens sees not only what is in front of him but also, in his remarkable memory, the same scene as it was twenty-five and forty years ago, right down to the faces on the ghostly boats.

Just after midnight Tuesday morning, the distant squalls began to close Puffin, which was under a small genoa, full main, and mizzen. The wind rose rapidly, in shrieking, gusting increments, to what Stephens estimated to be fifty knots; the rain came down in streaming sheets that coursed like a waterfall from the trailing edge of the mainsail and off to leeward, visible every few seconds in the repeated flashes of lightning, which were now very close, being followed almost instantly by shattering peals of thunder so loud they seemed palpable on the skin. As the wind strengthened, it

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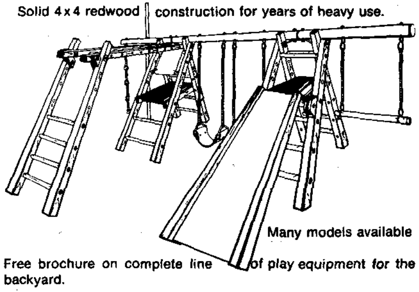

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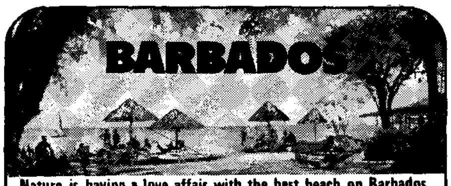

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went around to the west, and Stephens eased Puffin's sheets, allowing her to reach off at full speed, never for a moment out of control. The squalls passed quickly, leaving an airless calm and confused seas—the old swell from the southwest crosshatched by the new westerly swell, the combination making it almost impossible to hold any course. At four, Stephens' watch was relieved and went below. Lying damp in their damp bunks, the men could listen to the noises of the boat's fabric being wrenched erratically by the swells. About an hour and a half later, a new squall swept in, but this time the man at the helm did not ease the mizzen sheet quickly enough to allow the boat to fall off and run before the wind. Instead, Puffin was laid over on her port side at an increasing angle until the watch below—having had enough—scrambled up on deck half dressed to help drop the main and furl it on the boom, with the boat laid over sharply and the rain hitting with the force of hailstones. By the time the genoa was down, replaced by a small staysail, the wind—of course—began to drop as the squall moved on. The almost overwhelming impulse at this stage is to relax for a few minutes and let the yacht jog on under too little sail. And this is where races are lost, as the few minutes become hours. Led by Stephens and Greeff, the crew got the genoa and full mainsail back up. The only damage from the squall was a torn batten pocket.

The rain stopped at six-thirty, the clouds momentarily opened up overhead, and in the watery sunlight the crew on deck had a brief glimpse of a big sloop about a quarter of a mile to the east, under mainsail and towering spinnaker, as colorless as a Doré engraving. All day Tuesday, the squalls continued, with rain and lumpy seas. In a yacht as well built as Puffin, there are no alarming leaks; under the circumstances, there were no leaks of any consequence at all—only a constant trickle of water down the mast (which rises from the cabin floorboards like a tree trunk, to disappear through the overhead). Even so, the main cabin soon acquired, from wet clothing, a swampy miasma, in which everything seemed damp and soggy. It is a truism of offshore sailing that staying dry is a great deal easier than regaining a state of dryness once you've been soaked. With sodden foul-weather gear in the lockers, wet sailbags in the forepeak, and a constant parade of damp personnel up and down the companionway, the least pleasant aspect of ocean racing is always in mind.

Puffin is, all the same, elaborately comfortable compared with most modern yachts. She was conceived at least partly in response to a near-disaster that overtook Ed Greeff's previous Puffin, which was rolled by a freak wave in the Mediterranean and almost lost her deckhouse in the process. The newer boat is, as Rod Stephens has remarked, "built like a Mosler safe"—a big, powerful yacht that Greeff keeps completely equipped, so that (save for food and water) she could probably set out around the world at a moment's notice. As a family cruising yacht, she has permanent berths for four—two in the owner's private cabin aft, adjacent to the cockpit, and two pilot berths, outboard of the settees in the main cabin. This is all very well when the crew is four. When it is ten, as it was for the race, food and personal gear make the yacht very crowded indeed. Beyond the layout, décor marks Puffin as a yacht, not a racing machine. Her bulkheads are varnished teak, set off by a painted white overhead; a gimballed dining table with drop leaves—a splendid piece of joiner work, counterbalanced so that its surface is always level—dominates the main cabin. Plaques on the bulkheads partly document the boat's racing career. Four congratulate her for having completed Bermuda Races in 1970, 1972, 1974, and 1980; there is one for the Annapolis-to-Newport Race of 1971, and one for a race the following year from Bermuda to Bayona La Real, in Spain; another attests to participation in the 1975 Fastnet, and still another to completion of a race in 1977 between Manchester, Massachusetts, and Plymouth, England, in commemoration of the hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of the Royal Western Yacht Club of England. At the cabin's forward end is a stainless-steel fireplace whose front is inlaid with tiles, but instead of some delfty Dutch scenery the tiles are painted with images of puffins—stocky-looking seabirds with Roman profiles that resemble Greeff's own profile to a striking degree. The skipper, who is seventy-three and looks somewhat younger, is by turns courtly and blunt, urbane and abrupt—but, above all else, meticulous. Not only does Puffin exemplify the ancient nautical adage by having a place for everything and everything in its place but those places are almost always engineered, shaped, and padded to receive what goes into them, and nothing else. Compared with more casual vessels, where a piece of gear is expected to fill at least three functions more or less well and to be stowed in any space it can be jammed into, Puffin is like a Chinese puzzle that happens to be forty-eight feet long.

By contrast, the new idea in offshore-racing yachts exhibits a functionality as homey as the inside of an empty refrigerator. John Thomson, a thirty-nine-year-old industrialist and entrepreneur, is, like Greeff, a Long Islander. His boat, which is named Infinity, is a foot shorter than Puffin; but there the similarities end. Where Puffin's living space below is divided by bulkheads, Infinity is an open tunnel from transom to forepeak, with the vista broken only by what appears to be a wooden-sided telephone booth two-thirds of the way forward on the starboard side—the head compartment, which exists because the rules for the Bermuda Race require an enclosed toilet. Across from the head is a galley of the size normally seen aboard a twenty-five-foot weekender—two-burner stove with oven, tiny sink, icebox. The bow and stern areas of the accommodation are bare in order to keep weight out of the ends of the boat and thus improve sailing trim. The major weight is probably the bagged sails—twenty-two of them—which occupy the cabin sole amidships. The companionway, an aluminum ladder, more or less splits the living space. Aft of it are five stretcher-style berths on each side, arranged in a tier of three and an upper-lower. Each berth has its own block and tackle, which allows the occupant to raise or lower one side of the stretcher to keep it horizontal regardless of the yacht's heel. At anchor, ten of Infinity's eleven-man crew can sleep here (the navigator catnaps on the piled sailbags), but under way the off watch always sleeps on the high side, to help level the boat even then. The chart table, just aft of the companionway ladder, is a slightly incongruous piece of furniture, resembling a child's school desk from the nineteen-sixties. The bank of instruments above it, though, would do justice to a medium-sized airliner. Infinity's regular navigator is Don Graul, who occupied the post well before he left *Yachting*, in December of 1981, to become a Thomson employee, like two other members of Infinity's crew. Graul, a stocky, bearded man in his late thirties, is a tirelessly ebullient practitioner of that branch of navigation which pertains to racing. On occasion, he has admitted to friends that he does not particularly enjoy sailing, but he has an almost childlike delight in the operation of Infinity's formidable array of gadgetry, and he takes considerable pride in what he does (which, typically, he refers to as "naviguessing"). Infinity's is not a particularly elaborate setup for a grand-prix racer today: VHF-FM and single-sideband transmitter-receivers, for short-range and long-range communication, respectively; a depth sounder that will read to a hundred fathoms; a hand-held radio direction finder that can be used below or on deck; an automatic radio direction finder that homes in on airport as well as marine radio beacons; an electronic thermometer that reports on the water temperature outside the hull; a machine that receives weather information over the single-sideband radio, and renders it in the form of a simplified map covering the entire North Atlantic; and, as the pièces de résistance, two loran sets, main and backup, that are capable not only of pinpointing the yacht's position but also of calculating a course and distance to any one of a hundred points whose chart coördinates have been programmed into the sets. About the only thing missing from the navigator's array is a satellite navigation computer, which displays an earthly position calculated in relation to the celestial position of a satellite transmitter; this device is not yet allowed in the Bermuda Race (loran was only grudgingly and gradually admitted in the course of the last few years), but it is merely a matter of time until it will be. Surveying his kingdom, Graul observes, "What you have to do in this kind of race is have your boat's position available and repeatable all the time—I work up a position every fifteen minutes crossing the Stream and at least every hour the rest of the way. There's no way you can do that with a sextant. The problem with a sextant, it seems to me, is that the data don't come fast enough and aren't repeatable enough for tactical decision-making."

Graul knows how to use a sextant, but this is not a universal talent among modern offshore-racing navigators. (A boat was said to have dropped out

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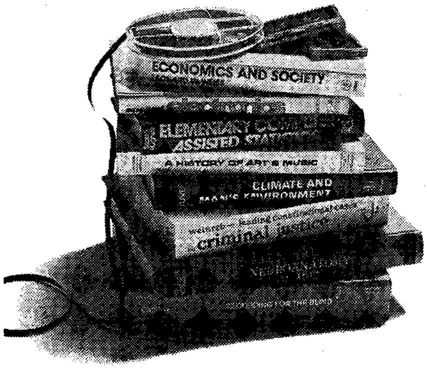

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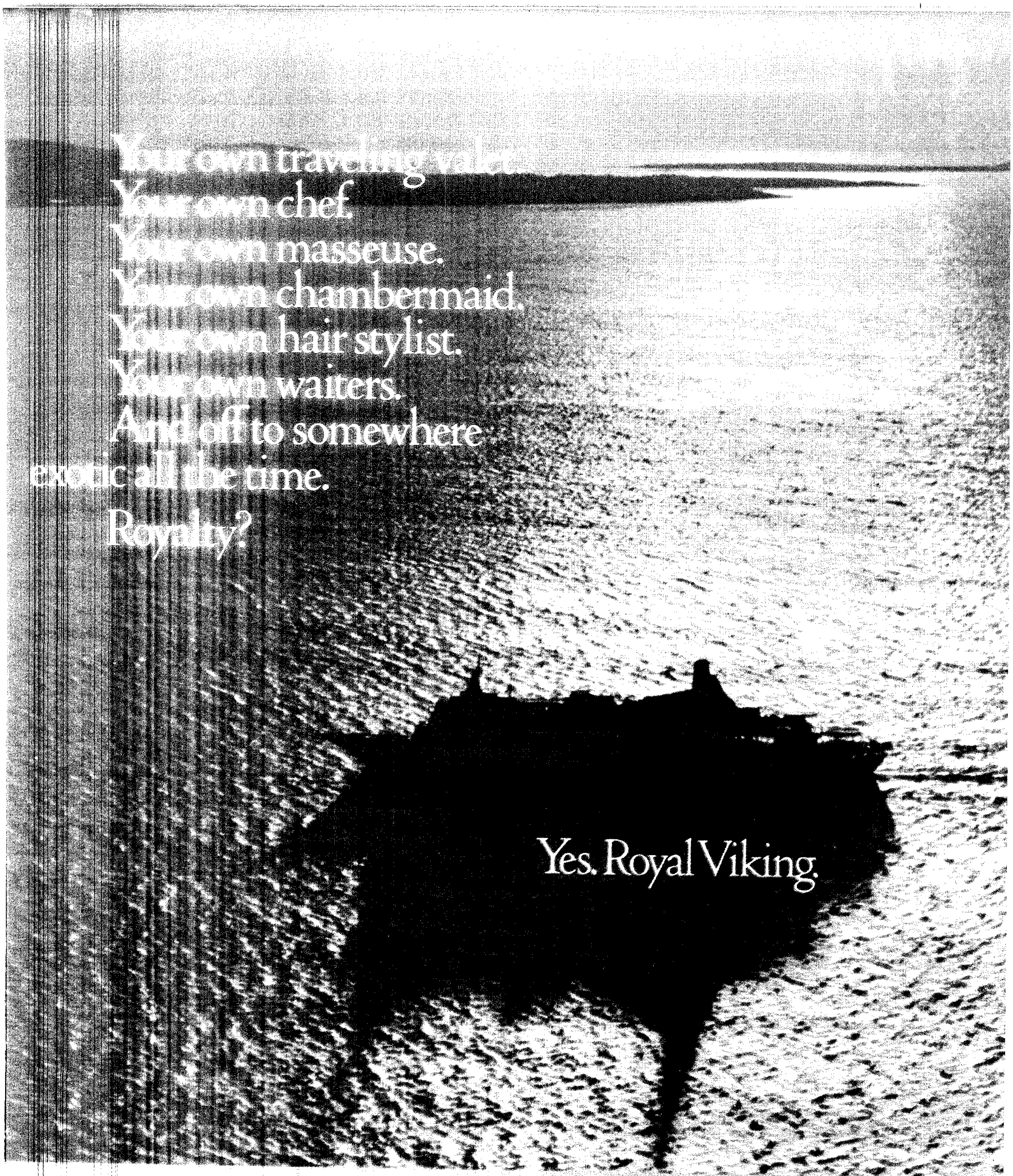
of the Ensenada race a few years back solely because its loran set had broken down, and the crewmen were unable to figure out where they were.) During the 1982 Bermuda Race, after a lightning bolt into the water alongside temporarily scrambled Infinity's electronic synapses, Graul actually took a sextant sight, but his normal work is on a different plane from that of the traditional navigator, who might shoot a round of stars or planets—three or four all told—at dawn and dusk, take midmorning and midafternoon position lines from the sun, and wrap it all up with a traditional noon sun sight. Not everyone is wholly satisfied with the current reliance on electronic navigation, although this kind of navigation has much of the appearance and many of the satisfactions of an electronic arcade game. The Bermuda Race committee requires that each competing yacht have aboard a navigator experienced in traditional celestial navigation, but Greeff has remarked that the decorative sextant that appears on the Bermuda Race participation plaque (which he himself designed) might soon have to be replaced by the representation of a loran set. In any event, loran—like most potent addictions—comes to be taken for granted wherever it exists, and even on a traditionally oriented yacht, like Puffin, the black box is the main authority, and the sextant seldom leaves its case. Occasionally, some purist will suggest that the Bermuda Race ought to abandon all electronic navigation, at least in the M.H.S. division; it is the kind of pious thought that is usually received with a second or two of respectful silence.

Aside from the variables provided by the Gulf Stream, the Bermuda racecourse is a simple one for strategists, and the 1982 race was a simpler one than usual. Most but not all of the leading boats decided relatively early to make a short beat to the west in anticipation of the Gulf Stream's easterly set, and then settle down on starboard tack for a straight drive to the line, off St. Davids Head. What won the race, in individual classes and over all, was a crew's ability to push its boat up to, and even beyond, her rating, in the generally strong and steady winds. In one respect, the best-driven yacht was arguably the maxi-boat Nirvana: when she crossed the finish line, at about five-fifteen in the morning on Wednesday, June 23rd, she not only was first to finish but had broken by more than five hours the course record of two days nineteen hours and fifty-two minutes, set in 1974 by Ondine (predecessor of the boat of that name in the 1982 race). Because of the vagaries of the I.O.R. time-allowance system, Nirvana's record-breaking run was not fast enough to put her first on corrected time in her division, or even in Class A. When the computers had digested the data, Nirvana wound up second in her class, eighth in her half of the fleet. The winner among the I.O.R. competitors was the twelve-year-old Carina, thanks to her crew's sailing skills (by now, the Nye family might be thought to have worn a groove in the sea between Newport and Bermuda), to the strong winds that favored a heavy boat, and—perhaps most important—to the advantage of her rating allowance. Aries, a lightweight forty-six-footer of the pure I.O.R. type, was second in the division, about sixteen corrected-time minutes behind Carina. Sixteen minutes sounds like nothing at all in a race of six hundred and thirty-five miles, but it is in fact quite a substantial margin in view of the equalizing influence of the time allowance. For several hours after his finish, Richard B. Nye, Carina's skipper, could be observed wearing the pensive, hopeful look of a man in the waiting room of a maternity hospital. If Carina won the Bermuda Trophy, it would give the Nye clan and their successive Carinas the second-best record in the history of the race—bettered only by Carleton Mitchell, who won the over-all prize three times, in consecutive years (1956, 1958, and 1960) and with the same boat (Finisterre, a thirty-eight-foot centerboarder). The tenterhooks that the Nyes occupied are in use at the end of a great many distance races that involve handicaps. All too often, the ultimately victorious yacht is miles and hours behind the first to finish, so victory and defeat are up in the air until the boat with the largest time allowance uses up her bonus. In Carina's case, whether she would win the Bermuda Trophy depended not only on her efforts in relation to yachts in her own division but on the corrected time of the yacht finishing second in the M.H.S. division. The victor in that division, and the third boat to finish in her division on elapsed time, was the fifty-seven-foot sloop Brigadoon III, owned and skippered by Robert Morton, a thirty-nine-year-old oceanographer from Newport. Brigadoon III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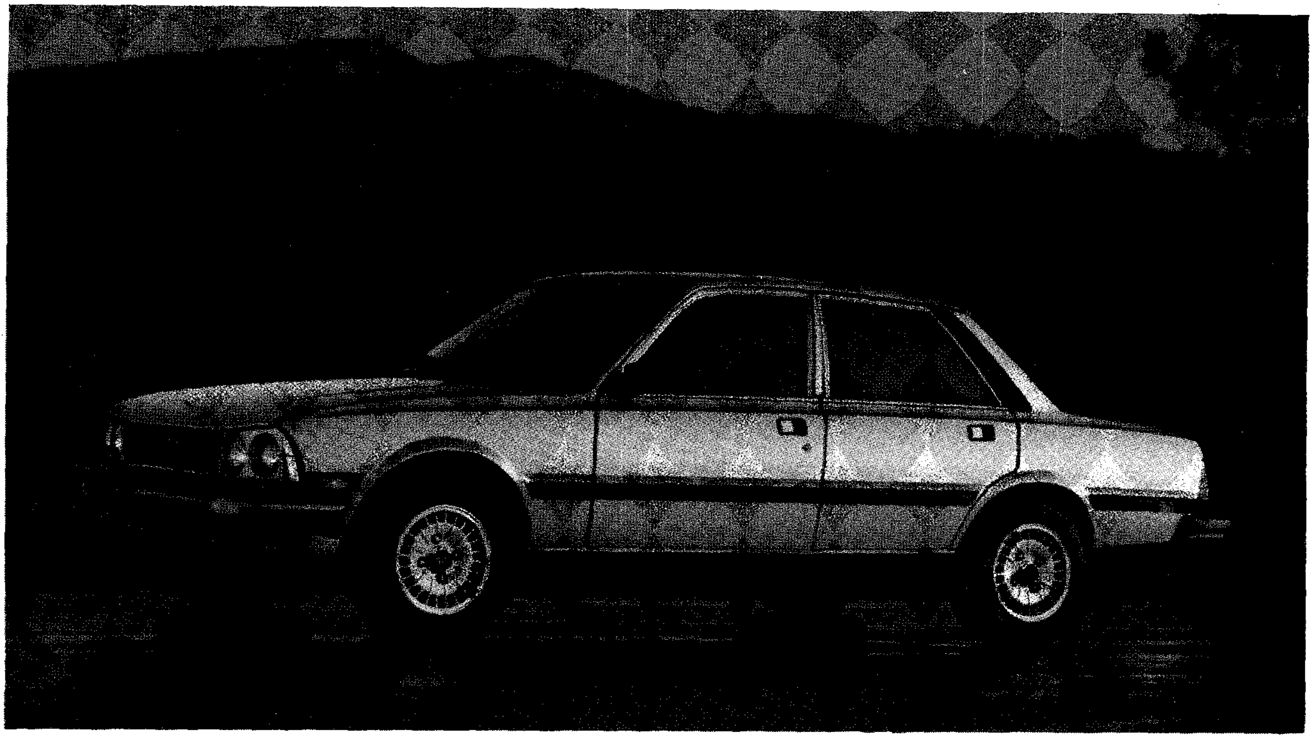

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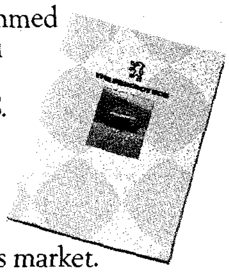

PEUGEOT

was bought by Morton and his father in 1971 and had begun her career three years before that, under the name Equation; she was one of that memorable group of late C.C.A. designs from Sparkman & Stephens which included Running Tide and Tenacious (the latter owned for some years by yachting's all-purpose impresario, Ted Turner, of Atlanta). When all the corrections were at last applied, the boat finishing second to Brigadoon turned out to be a sixty-one-foot cruising sloop named Arcadia, which had been designed by McCurdy & Rhodes (the firm of which James McCurdy, the chairman of the 1982 Bermuda Race committee, is the leading figure) and was owned by Robert Stone, Jr., commodore of the New York Yacht Club, and which had finished fifty-one minutes, by corrected time, after Brigadoon. This corrected-time difference between the finish of Arcadia and that of Brigadoon made Robert Morton the 1982 Bermuda Race's over-all winner as well as the winner in the M.H.S. division. (Morton later remarked that if he had raced Brigadoon under I.O.R.—she is also rated in that system—the result would have been the same, in that he would have won his division and the fleet prize; but then, of course, Arcadia would have been first instead of second in M.H.S., and Carina second instead of first in I.O.R.)

The Bermuda Race, like the other grand-prix offshore contests, usually triggers among yachting journalists some musings about the state of the sport, but in 1982 few things could be said with certainty. One near-certainty was that the race committee had indeed been correct in its double postponement of the start; this was made unhappily clear when news reached Bermuda of the fate of the thirty-seven-foot sloop Tantalizer, a cruising yacht that had set out alone, with a crew of six, from Jamestown, Rhode Island—just across an arm of Narragansett Bay from Newport—on Thursday, June 17th, bound for Bermuda. After two days of good sailing, Tantalizer was overtaken by the storm around midday Saturday, and during the next twenty-four hours she was battered unmercifully by winds whose strength the crew estimated to be seventy miles an hour and by seas that seemed to be higher than the yacht's fifty-six-foot mast. Tantalizer was rolled completely over at about five in the afternoon on Saturday, and one of her crew was swept overboard when his lifeline snapped. With only a small headsail up and the engine dead, Tantalizer could not get back to him, and he was lost. The boat made her way back to Rhode Island, arriving there at just about the time that the first of the racing fleet was reaching Bermuda. While this sort of negative is, of course, impossible to prove, it is hard to avoid the thought that a fleet of a hundred and seventy-nine yachts struck by the same storm could not have escaped unscathed.

Both divisions of the 1982 Bermuda were won by relatively geriatric yachts, but the significance of this fact is not entirely clear. On the M.H.S. side, the handicap system's proprietors are probably delighted that a yacht built to the C.C.A. rule turned up as victor. As for the I.O.R., there seems some small ground for concern that repeated changes (the rule is now labeled Mark III, with an addendum labelled IIIA) in favor of "normal" yachts may excessively penalize the search for design and construction breakthroughs in offshore boats. Still, the two-equal-division fleet appears to be a reasonably successful compromise, and though declaring a single winner in such a race is a little like making the classic comparison between apples and oranges, it seems clear that most of the competitors want an over-all winner, even if the criteria for selection aren't wholly rational. The real question—in the United States, at least—is whether any complex rule like the I.O.R. or the M.H.S. can become genuinely attractive to occasional racers. In events like the Bermuda Race, complexity, like cost, will never be a problem.

—TONY GIBBS

• •

> The Czech's form against Mitton, a formidable serve and volley merchant, was a new chapter in the story. In the second and third sets Lendl went forward regularly in classic grass court style and was unstoppable.
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> —*San Francisco Examiner.*

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THE ART WORLD

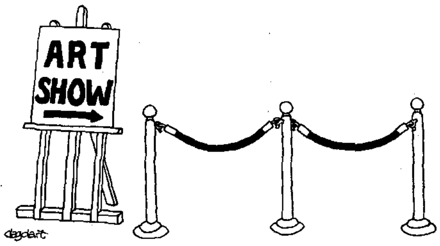
Season's End

THE May auctions at Sotheby Parke Bernet and Christie's rang up sixty-seven million dollars' worth of sales in twelve days, and confirmed what art dealers have been saying *all* season—that the market is stronger than ever. Sotheby's sale of Impressionist and modern art on May 18th took in more money than any other art auction in history (over thirty-seven million dollars), thanks largely to a superb group of paintings from the Havemeyer Collection. More recent art did well, too, in the familiar, highly selective fashion. Christie's knocked down Willem de Kooning's 1955 painting "Two Women" for a million two hundred thousand dollars—a new high for a work by a living artist. Jasper Johns' 1961 painting "In Memory of My Feelings—Frank O'Hara" went for three hundred and sixty-three thousand at Sotheby's, and in the same sale Julian Schnabel's "Notre Dame," a 1979 picture by the most publicized young artist in captivity, brought a hearty ninety-three thousand. For a number of people, the Schnabel sale neatly epitomized the 1982-83 art season, which has been dominated by the attention paid to neo-expressionist painting and by complaints that this attention was the product of publicity, "hype," and rampant commercialism.

As might be expected, the more interesting developments had little to do with either of those issues. The season's major surprise has been the appearance of so much good sculpture—in museum shows and also in the galleries. Sculpture has suddenly emerged, for the first time in years, as the focus of significant innovation in art. Joel Shapiro's show at the Paula Cooper Gallery, in May, carried an emotional charge that was unmatched by any of the stentorian neo-expressionists. Shapiro's new work is larger in scale than most of the pieces in his recent retrospective at the Whitney Museum, but it has lost none of its intensity. References to the human body have taken over. Seen from any angle, the wood or bronze sculptures at Paula Cooper's had the kind of authority that comes from a masterly balance of form and content.

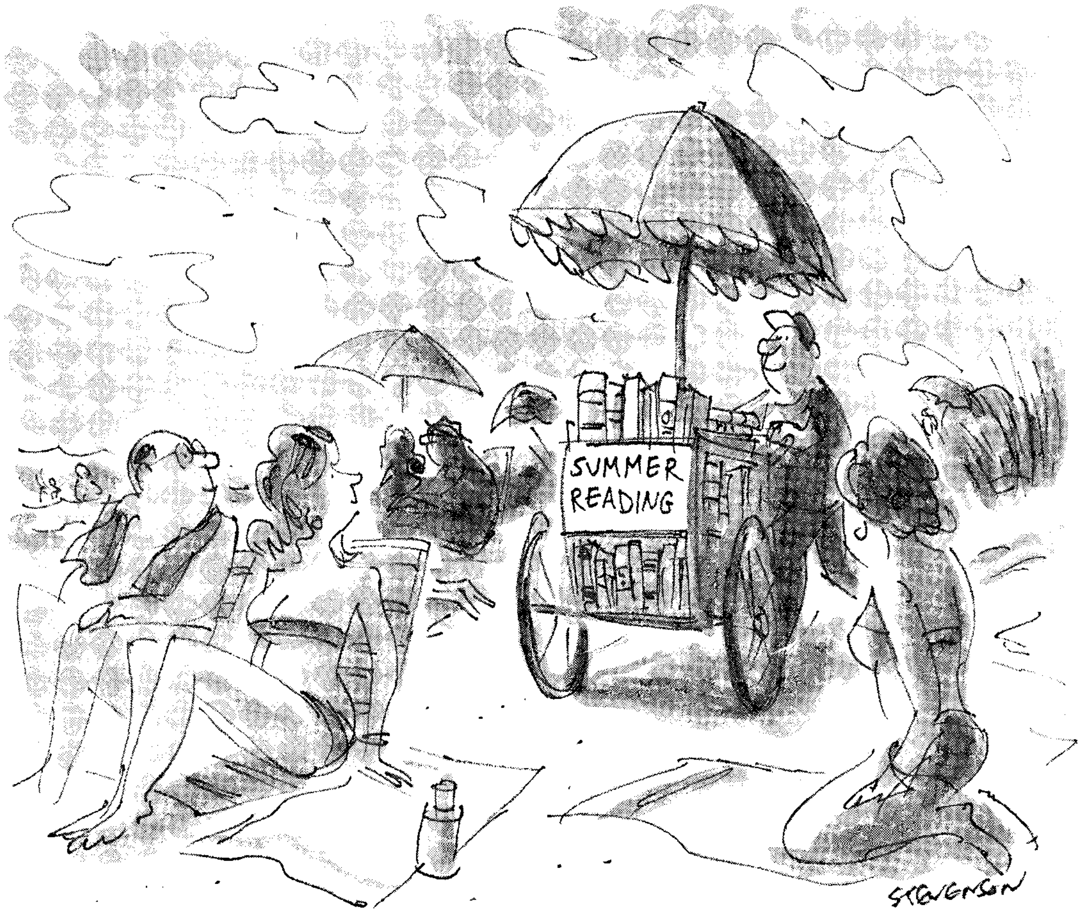
Mark di Suvero's constructed metal sculptures at the downtown Oil & Steel Gallery (as Richard Bellamy chooses to call his splendid premises on Chambers Street) did not break any new ground to speak of, but they generated much the same sense of pleasure, of well-being, that Joel Shapiro's did. Di Suvero, who had not shown here since his 1974 exhibition at the Whitney (and on public sites throughout the boroughs), manages to make sculptures that appear simultaneously playful and inevitable—a combination sometimes achieved by Picasso, and by very few others. Among the other gallery shows of new sculpture which impressed me were David von Schlegell's four huge wooden constructions at the Pace Gallery, each named for a historical personage, to whom it referred abstractly (Ezra Pound was one, Zeno another); Herk Van Tongeren's beautifully worked small bronzes of de Chirico-like architectural spaces, at Cordier & Ekstrom; Bryan Hunt's monumental bronzes in the shapes of falling water, at Blum Helman; Nancy Graves' polychromed, disturbingly aggressive pieces (also in bronze) that resembled large undersea plant forms, at Knoedler's; and Jannis Kounellis's stark, horizontal, wall-mounted assemblages of urban detritus, at the Sonnabend Gallery. There was also a spate of neo-expressionist sculpture on view, by European and American painters whose paintings have often seemed too turbulent for mere walls. Georg Baselitz, Sandro Chia, Julian Schnabel, and Robert Longo all showed work in three dimensions, as did Willem de Kooning, whose ungainly bronzes were troubling his admirers long before expressionism became neo.

In the museums, the focus was, naturally, on more seasoned work. In addition to Joel Shapiro's retrospective, the Whitney gave us the first major show of Ellsworth Kelly's sculpture, which has not been as well known as his painting. Kelly is a Minimalist—a rigorously elegant reducer of painting to its basic essentials of shape and color—but it seems to me that his aesthetic ideas come through more clearly in sculpture than in painting. The exquisitely calibrated curves of his large, simple metal forms articulate and activate the space that surrounds them in a way that makes that space freshly visible. They refer not to themselves but to the act of perception; they sharpen sight.



The Museum of Modern Art, in drastically reduced quarters during the building's reconstruction, put on a Louise Bourgeois exhibition that might have looked better if it had not tried to present her as a major artist; Bourgeois is a unique artist with an obsessive theme—sexuality as nightmare—and her work is, I think, more effective in small doses. The Guggenheim's recent show of Julio González, the David Smith retrospective at the National Gallery in Washington, and the Metropolitan's current exhibition of Henry Moore (through September 25th) were and are rewarding historical shows. Henry Moore, still active at eighty-four, is represented most interestingly by some of the small, early carvings that preceded his monumental (and ubiquitous) public works. David Smith, in the airy East Building of the National Gallery, looked more than ever secure in his role as our most majestic inventor of sculptural form. In the Guggenheim show, González, who died in 1942, emerged somewhat from the shadow of Picasso, with whom he collaborated in the nineteen-twenties on the invention of welded-metal sculpture, but to me his extraordinary craftsmanship only rarely produced autonomous works of art. At the other extreme from craftsmanship and majesty, El Museo del Barrio, on upper Fifth Avenue, has presented the first retrospective showing by Rafael Ferrer, a Puerto Rican artist whose raffish assemblages of junk metal, wire, cloth, old shoes, glass beads, and other effluvia often strike an exhilarating chord of wit and malice.

Not many of the artists mentioned so far turned up in the Whitney Museum's Biennial Exhibition (March 15th-May 29th). The Whitney curators in charge of this perennially controversial selection of "vital work made within the previous two years by living American artists" chose to focus on the neo-expressionist painting and sculpture that have been big news for three years now. In this sense, the Biennial was an accurate reading of the current New York "scene." Julian Schnabel, Susan Rothenberg, Judy Rifka, David Salle, Jonathan Borof-



sky, and Robert Longo were the main attractions, although Keith Haring and Jean Michel Basquiat, ex-graffiti artists who have graduated to SoHo galleries, managed to hold the stage with works of enormous size and apparently split-second execution. Samples of the next-to-latest trend in photography—posed "situations" in which the human subjects seem to be engaged in some cryptic or melodramatic action—were also in evidence, but the very latest trend, which is called "appropriation" and involves photographing works of art by other artists and presenting the photograph as a new work of art, will presumably have to wait another two years, or longer. Recognition was also given to art with a political message (Leon Golub, Jenny Holzer, Mike Glier), to work with a humorous message (Mark Tansey, Robert Colescott), and to good, solid art-as-art (Jasper Johns, Frank Stella). Film art and video art were shown in quantity. Having failed on several occasions to penetrate to the marrow of video art, I was pleasantly surprised to find several videotapes at the Biennial interesting enough to watch more than once. Mary Lucier's "Ohio at Giverny," a twenty-minute, multi-screen video and audio meditation on Monet's house and garden, was actually a lovely work of art, and the popular hit of the Biennial. The show's main emphasis, however, was on what the Whitney curators described in the catalogue as "a resurgent interest in figurative, often expressionistic painting and sculpture," which they viewed as part of a more integrated aesthetic that is replacing "the stylistic pluralism which distinguished the art of the 1970s."

WHAT I am not convinced of is that this sort of work is becoming, or has become, a "dominant" style. It strikes me, in fact, as a transitional phase in which some artists have got themselves stuck. A lot of these huge, turbulently paint-slathered canvases have the look of drawings rather than paintings—rough notations for ideas that might be interesting if they ever got worked out. The principal impression they make is one of quick, impatient execution (no matter how long they may have taken to paint), as though there were no time left in the world. Some of them suggest to me a fairly desperate groping for some other mode of expression—a speculation that is encouraged by the career of Neil Jenney. Jenney made a sizable impression back in the Minimalist early seventies with crude word-and-picture paintings that looked as though they had been done with a gross of children's finger paints. His work initiated a rash of what came to be called "bad painting," and it was an important factor in the development of neo-expressionism here. Jenney dropped out of sight in the mid-seventies. When he reëmerged, three years ago, it was with paintings done in a style of meticulous realism and with strong political overtones. "Meltdown Morning," one of his two pictures in the 1981 Whitney Biennial, showed part of a tree trunk and branch against an eerily incandescent sky. In a recent discussion in *Interview*, Jenney said he had spent the years of his seclusion learning how to paint realistically (Vermeer was his model), because "I couldn't avoid doing the best job I could possibly do." He felt that other artists would come to the same conclusion. "I knew we'd go through this 'bad painting' period and sort-of-expressionist period because people didn't know how to paint and, if you're going to do it, it takes a while to learn and at first you're going to be clumsy and gradually you're going to learn. But refinement is the ultimate position."

Whether or not the new expressionism turns out to be transitional, it certainly has not closed off other options. Minimalist abstract painting is very much alive, as the Sidney Janis Gallery demonstrated in a strong group show last winter; the show was preceded, incidentally, by Janis's stunning Brancusi-Mondrian joint exhibition, in which the historical context of pure abstraction was presented as succinctly and as beautifully as it ever has been, anywhere. Two other galleries—Paula Cooper's and Blum Helman's—have put on group shows of new paintings in which expressionism played little or no part, and many others devoted a fair amount of their

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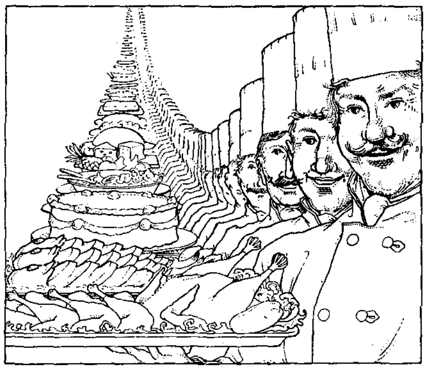

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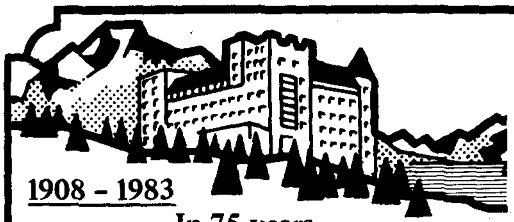

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schedule to artists who have gone back (or forward, as they hope) to imitating the natural world in more or less objective fashion.

It seems to me, at any rate, that pluralism still describes the current situation, and that the voluminous publicity generated by the new figurative or semifigurative expressionism has created a false impression. Julian Schnabel is the most talked-about artist on two continents. Although very little serious attention has been brought to bear on his work, an inordinate amount of attention has been paid to his work habits and his views on art. His dealer, Mary Boone, has been featured in *New York*, in *Saturday Review*, and in *Life*. (*Life* afforded us intimate glimpses of this glamorous young woman painting her toenails, running down a street in Berlin, and pouting impatiently while waiting "for a poky painter to finish a canvas.") The note of soaring prices is regularly sounded, and some of the *Wunderkinder* are presented as celebrities on the order of rock stars. This sort of thing has led to a lot of derision and bad feeling among dealers as well as artists. "I used to think we were part of a noble profession, and I guess I still do," one highly respected Fifty-seventh Street dealer said to me recently. "Now all I hear about is hype and big bucks. Young artists think they have to be famous before they're twenty-five. How can that be good for art?"

The relative quiescence of the Museum of Modern Art somehow makes such questions more troubling. The museum's internal reconstruction is taking longer than anticipated, and next fall's planned reopening has been delayed at least until May, 1984. The Whitney's increasingly active program takes up some of the slack (a major de Kooning retrospective opens there in December), but everyone misses MOMA's presence at the center of things, offering information and historical perspective. The reopening exhibition in the fall was to have been the curator Kynaston McShine's selection of new painting and sculpture, from 1977 to the present; whatever light it might shed is not going to be visible for some time. At the moment, anyway, publicity looms as large as curatorial judgment on the art scene, and that makes people uneasy.

Is there anything really wrong with publicity about new art? It's a puzzling question. I greatly admired Christo's recent "Surrounded Islands" project, in Miami, which was without question the year's most notable event from a publicity standpoint. The artist's feat in surrounding eleven of the small, unused islands in Biscayne Bay with floating "skirts" of polypropylene cloth—six and a half million square feet of cloth in all, at a cost of more than three million dollars, paid entirely by Christo through sales of his work—received front-page notice in the *Times* and other papers, and a considerable amount of network-television coverage. According to a young correspondent of mine in Baja California, the Mexico City *News* devoted three pages to it. Publicity was an integral part of the event, as it is of all Christo's public projects, but it did not take anything away from the work itself. I flew down to Miami during the first week of the project's existence (it was removed after two weeks), and I found it a surpassingly beautiful sight: more painterly than Christo's 1976 "Running Fence," in California; equally responsive, in its way, to the natural environment; and just as upsetting to those who thought it was "not art."

The deep anxiety that some people feel over having to decide what is or is not art is almost certainly heightened by the prevalence of large-scale publicity. Confusion on this score makes older works of art that everybody *knows* are art seem more desirable than ever—that, at least, is one interpretation of the buying fever at Sotheby's and Christie's spring sales (which received, by the way, a huge amount of publicity). The fact is that works of art (and their makers) have figured prominently in the public eye whenever lots of money was being paid for them. Contemporary works are going for very high prices today, and increasing notice is being taken of them as a result. This is not necessarily an impure, or even an unhealthy, situation. Some artists are going to feel neglected and bitter because of it, and others may feel unnerved by the competition, but that should not have much effect on what they do. If it did, then we could be fairly sure, for once, that what they do is not art.

—CALVIN TOMKINS

•

Q. What's President Ronald Reagan's middle name, if any?
A. Wilson, his mother's maiden name.
Some catfish swim upside down most of the time.—*Gurdon (Ark.) Times.*

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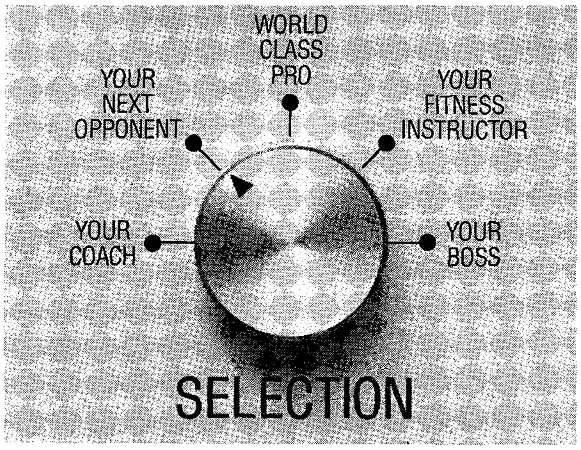

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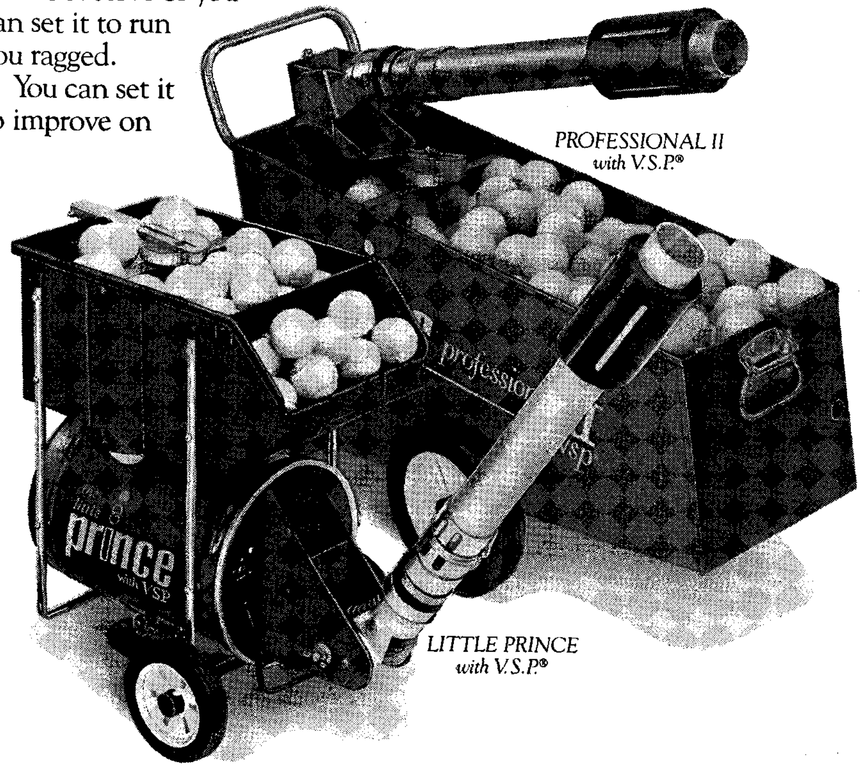


MUSICAL EVENTS

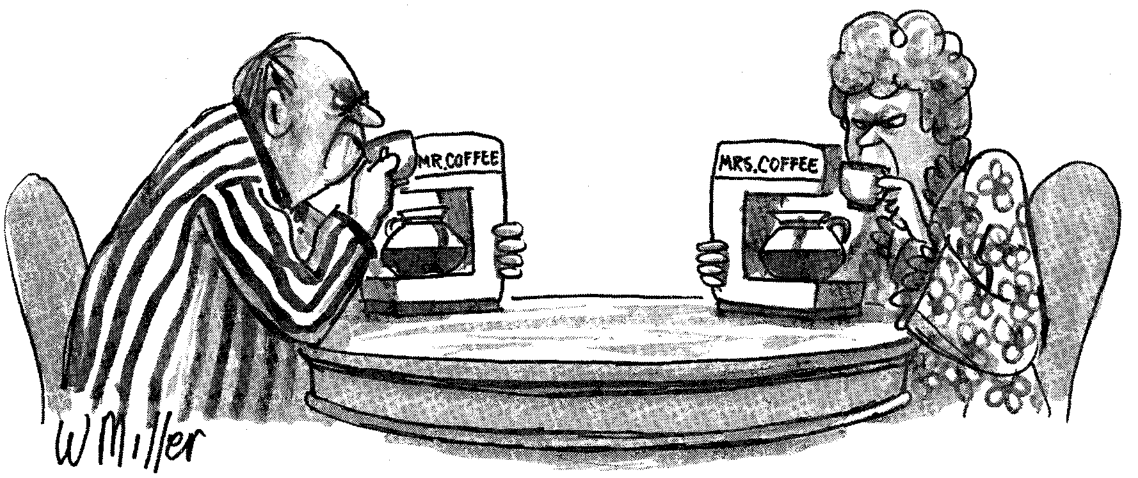
A Torch, a Flame, a Will-o'-the-Wisp

DELIUS'S six operas are strange, beautiful works in which an aristocratic disdain for the operatic conventions yields, at times, to disconcertingly clumsy attempts to observe them. All but the earliest opera, "Irmelin," have been recorded ("A Village Romeo and Juliet" twice), but only "The Magic Fountain" and "Margot la Rouge" remain in print (both on Arabesque). Two at least of the six can hold the stage. "A Village Romeo" (1901), Delius's fourth opera, is a masterpiece: tender, poignant, ecstatic, breathtakingly beautiful, and like no other work in the repertory. A 1972 Washington production came to New York, and for three seasons the City Opera played it. I hope it returns to the State Theatre soon. And "Fennimore and Gerda" (1910), the last of the six, contains several episodes that Eric Fenby, the composer's companion and amanuensis in his last, blind years, rightly describes as "miracles of loveliness." The Opera Theatre of St. Louis gave the American première of "Fennimore" two years ago, and this summer takes it to the Edinburgh Festival. There are "miracles of loveliness" in the four other Delius operas, too, but also theatrical infelicities that make them caviare to the general. I am one of the few people who can have seen "Irmelin" (1892): it has been done only once, by Beecham in Oxford in 1953. Delius's second opera, "The Magic Fountain" (1895), set in Florida, has never been staged, but in 1977 the BBC gave the studio performance that was later issued on record. The third, "Koanga" (1897), set in Louisiana, was highly acclaimed at its American première, in Washington in 1970.

Delius's fifth opera, "Margot la Rouge," was composed in 1901 and was entered for the publisher Sonzogno's competition for one-act operas—a competition instituted in 1883 (when Puccini's "Le Villi" remained unplaced) and repeated in 1889 (when Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana" won), in 1892, and in 1903. "Margot la Rouge" did not win, and it remained unstaged until last month, when it was done by the St. Louis company. A piano-vocal score, prepared by Ravel, had appeared in about 1905. In 1930-32, Delius and Fenby adapted some of the lyrical music of "Margot" to lines from "Leaves of Grass" (starting with "Once I pass'd through a populous city"), as "Idyll," for soprano, baritone, and orchestra. Later, the full score of "Margot" was mislaid. A few years ago, Fenby—with "Idyll," the Ravel piano score, and his own intimate knowledge of Delius's practice to guide him—produced a new orchestration of the opera, which was performed by the BBC and then issued on disc. Fenby's score is convincingly Delian but in places a shade fuller than Delius's original, which turned up again in time to be used for the St. Louis production. Fenby conducted.

"Margot," like "Cavalleria," has a verismo plot. (The libretto, by Berthe Gaston-Danville, is in French doggerel.) In a Paris dive frequented by pimps and prostitutes, a soldier, Sergeant Thibault, dropping in to shelter from the rain, perceives among the girls his former village sweetheart Marguerite, known now as Margot the Redhead. The two recall the past and plan to leave the wicked city, but Margot's pimp turns up and bars their way. In a quarrel, he kills Thibault. Margot kills him. The police enter, asking for Margot la Rouge, and she lifts high her bloodstained hands. As verismo plots go, it's not a bad one, but the dramaturgy is ineffective: more than half the forty-minute opera is taken up with desultory conversation among the clientele, and nothing much of interest happens until Margot and Thibault start reminiscing. The opera consists, roughly, of a ravishing "idyllic" prelude, with a winding English-horn solo; a good deal of musically dull dialogue; and a lyrical duet. The best music reappears in "Idyll."

Frank Corsaro and Ronald Chase, the director and the designer of the Washington "Koanga" and "Village Romeo" and of the St. Louis "Fennimore," collaborated again on "Margot." The opera was performed behind a gauze semicylinder, played upon by slide projections of Paris façades, streets, and bridges, with the singers in pools of light behind. This cinematic mode of presentation can be effective, but often it seems to me more decorative than theatrical: it dissipates dramatic tensions by pulling the eye away from the living actors. (The gauze also puts up a dramatic—and probably, to some extent, an acoustic—barrier between the stage and the house.) Employed by Mr. Corsaro and Mr. Chase for the City Opera's production of Erich Korngold's "Die Tote Stadt," it made much of that score seem like a soundtrack to a Bruges travelogue. In "Margot," the action strayed out from the bar into the streets and onto the quais. The slender work might well seem stronger if concentrated in the single, realistic set of the composer's prescription—one whose seaminess would throw into contrast the lovers' dreams. ("On Sundays, we'll go and gather white violets in the woods and watch our reflections in the streams, silver mirrors, far from evil desires and evil people.") On the whole—if not always—operas are most successfully produced in the way their creators intended, and the dreamy, "drifting" aspects of Delius's music need no visual underlining. It might be better to emphasize the clarity and precision of his forms. Nevertheless, on its own



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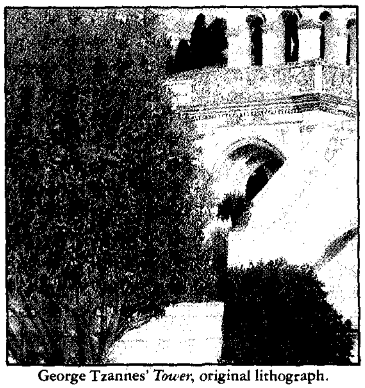
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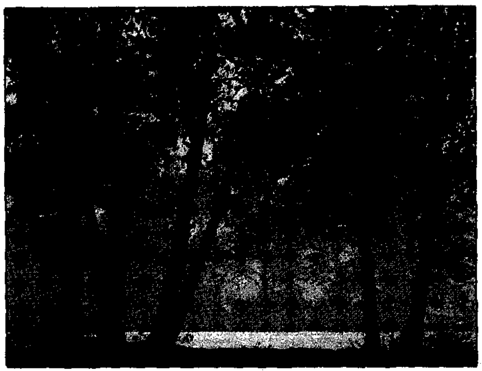
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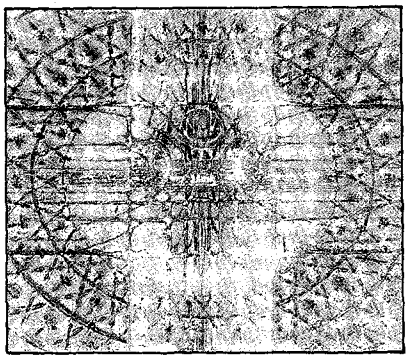
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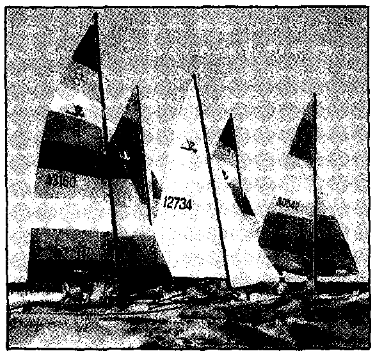
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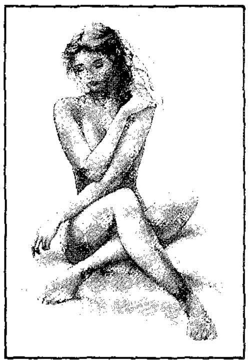
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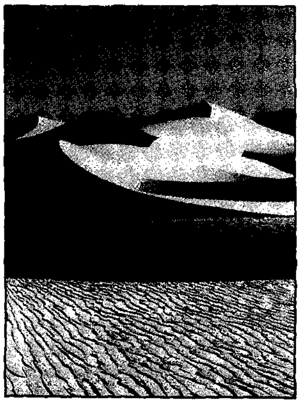
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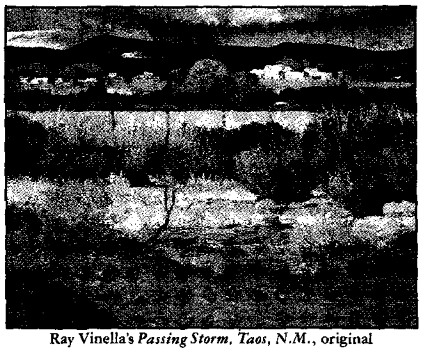
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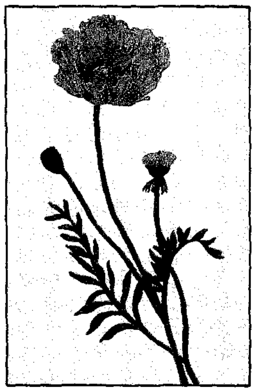
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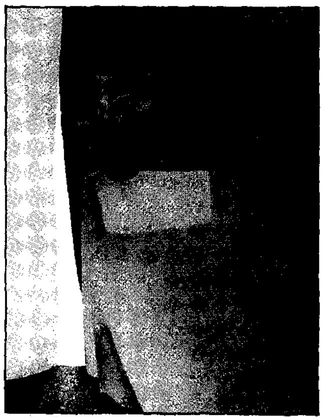
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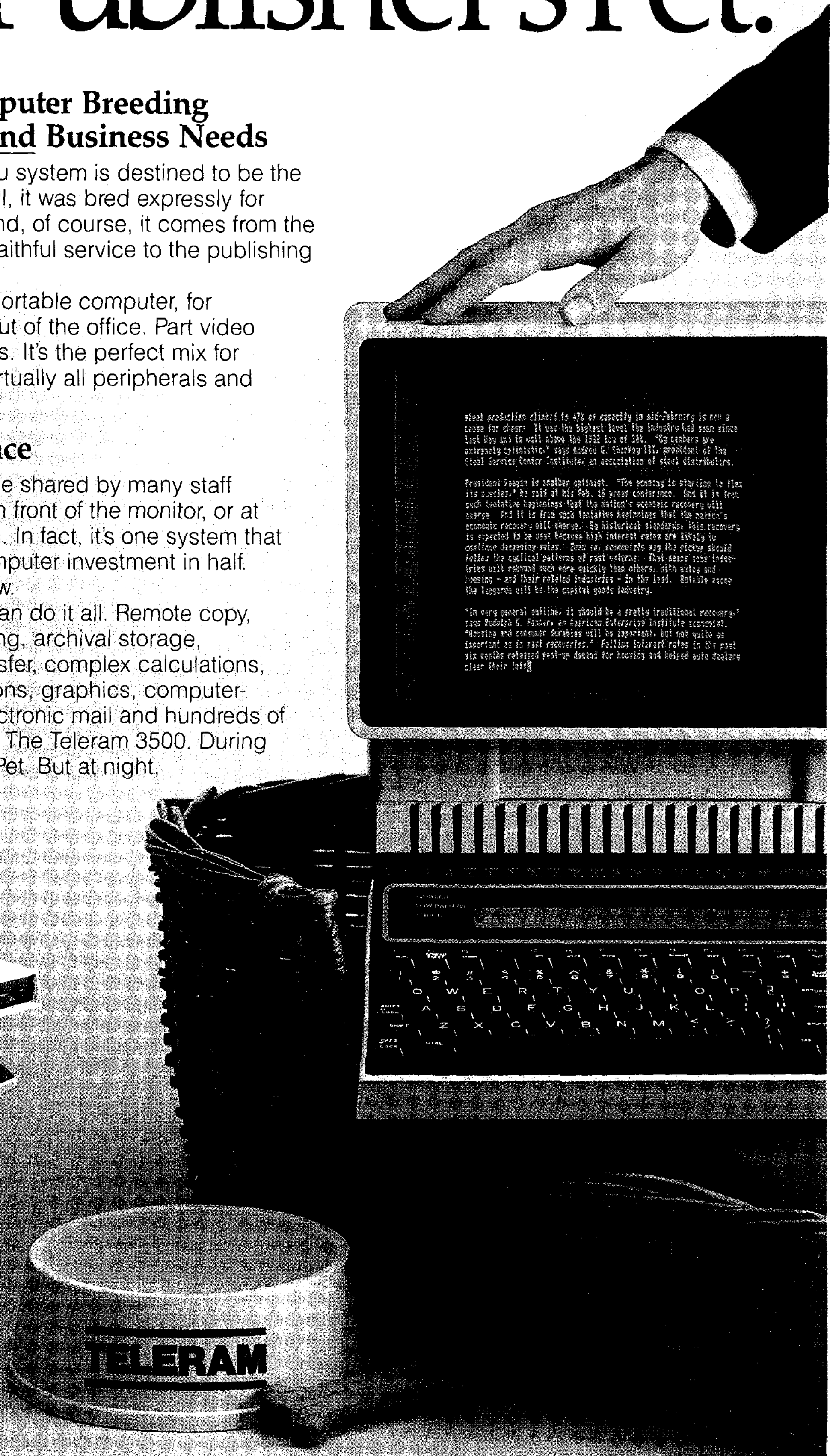

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CP/M* is a trade mark of Digital Research terms the production was adept, sensitive, and good to look at, and the young cast, led by Melanie Sonnenberg, as Margot, and James Anderson, as Thibault, was admirable. The St. Louis Symphony produced some beautiful playing for Mr. Fenby, who was conducting his first opera.

"Margot" was paired with a production of Poulenc's first opera, "Les Mamelles de Tirésias," directed and designed by the same team. It was a smart, entertaining, and stylish presentation—far more successful and poetic than the Met's. Susan Peterson, as the wife who becomes a man for a while, and Allan Glassman, as the husband who turns to childbearing, were both charmingly deft. In small roles, St. Louis young regulars (Judith Farris, David Parsons, John Davies, Joseph McKee) and young débutants (Katherine Henjum, Edmund Alex Robb) were excellent. So was the dapper young chorus. (There is a new chorus master this season, Donald Palumbo.) William Harwood, conducting, showed that Poulenc's exquisitely fashioned score is indeed, as Grove remarks, "both funny and beautiful."

St. Louis continues to assemble some of the most attractive and accomplished of young American singers and to present them in well-rehearsed productions where they can shine. All the operas are sung in English, and so the shows are dramatically alive. The usual pattern is a Mozart, a standard Italian piece, a new or unusual opera, and an adventurous double bill. This year, the Mozart was "Don Giovanni" (done in my translation). The standard piece was "La Traviata." Kerry McCarthy (Violetta), Tonio di Paolo (Alfredo), and John Brandstetter (Germont) could all with advantage have sung more softly at times, and more variously—paying greater attention to words and to phrasing. In the St. Louis theatre, which seats about nine hundred, any forcing beyond the limits of pure, flowing tone is even less forgivable than elsewhere. Subtlety, however, had probably been discouraged by the styleless, erratic conducting of Henry Lewis, on which the show foundered. Colin Graham's stage direction was somewhat overpointed. John Conklin's décor was dowdy. The standard piece often turns out to be the least rewarding of the season's offerings. For next year, "Madama Butterfly" is billed. It could be unstandard if the company revived Puccini's stronger, unconventional, less sentimental first version.

The hit of the season was Berlioz's last opera, "Béatrice et Bénédict." Berlioz described it as "a caprice written with the point of a needle" and as "one of the liveliest and most original things I have done." The St. Louis performance was bewitching. Just about everything was right. The minor reservations that arise at an imperfectly balanced production were dispelled by this one. One left the theatre elated, entranced. In the warm, soft air, fireflies were darting over the surrounding lawns; if nightingales existed in America, they would doubtless have been singing. St. Louis, like Glyndebourne, has evenings when all things seem to conspire for delight. (At Glyndebourne, bats sometimes flitter through the "Figaro" garden; at the last St. Louis "Béatrice," fireflies flickered in the theatre.) Berlioz's opera, as David Cairns puts it, "evokes a special, recognizable world . . . the noonday Italian brilliance of 'Benvenuto Cellini' softened to the translucent light of late afternoon;" romantic love that lasts forever may be—as Beatrice and Benedick remind us—an illusion, but "it is a beautiful illusion, with eternal power over the minds of men."

Hero, Berlioz's embodiment of that love, was embodied by Sylvia McNair, a radiant young soprano, limpid and pure and true of voice: a singer so instinctively musical and so joy-giving that I reach back to memories of Sena Jurinac at Miss McNair's age—just twenty-seven—for comparisons. She is less experienced onstage than Miss Jurinac—who had sung her first professional Mimì at twenty-one and three years later became a star of the Vienna State Opera—was at that age, but her free, unaffected singing holds a similar warmth and candor. The darker, more complicated timbres of Susanne Mentzer, a Beatrice with a not displeasing touch of resin in her tone, made a fine contrast; she was spirited, witty, and moving. The warm, carefully graded contralto of Janice Taylor, as Ursula, joined beautifully in the nocturnal duet with Hero and in the women's trio. All three singers were St. Louis débutantes, but I'd admired all three before—Miss Taylor as Pauline in an Ottawa "Queen of Spades," Miss McNair in her student days at Bloomington, Miss Mentzer in her student days at the Juilliard. Michael Myers, the Benedick, was less elegant of tone than a Benedick should be, but he was energetic, passionate, and manly. Mr. Parsons was a frank, winning Claudio. Mr. Davies (Somarone) and Mr. McKee (Don Pedro) were admirable. Mr. Conklin had designed a pretty set—an eighteenth-century architectural capriccio peopled by characters in nineteenth-century dress. It was delicately lit by Peter Kaczorowski—if a trifle fussily during Beatrice's aria, with that tiresome "mood" lighting which underlines each turn of the music.

Sometimes "Béatrice" can seem a "Much Ado" diminished—the play divested of its dark side (Berlioz omitted Don John, his machinations, and all the hurt they cause) and then padded out in an almost masquelike way with musical numbers. Berlioz's claim that the "dialogue is almost word for word from Shakespeare" is misleading. About half is. The dialogue is important, since the musical numbers themselves are theatrically static. In what might be called a pre-Mozart, an almost Handelian, manner, they sustain and make vivid a particular emotion or conflict of emotions. Colin Graham, the director of "Béatrice," had prepared dialogue so skillfully drawn from Shakespeare that the numbers fell naturally into place. The result was not a "Much Ado" manqué but a complete, self-sufficient drama based, as the composer said, on "a part of Shakespeare's play." It was beautifully paced and proportioned. It was well spoken and well acted besides being well sung. John Nelson's conducting caught both the quicksilver brilliance and the soft-pulsing enchantment.

—Andrew Porter

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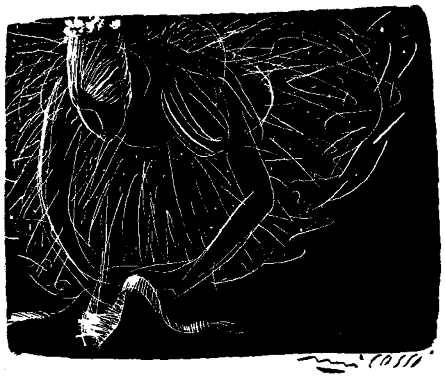
DANCING

Signs and Portents

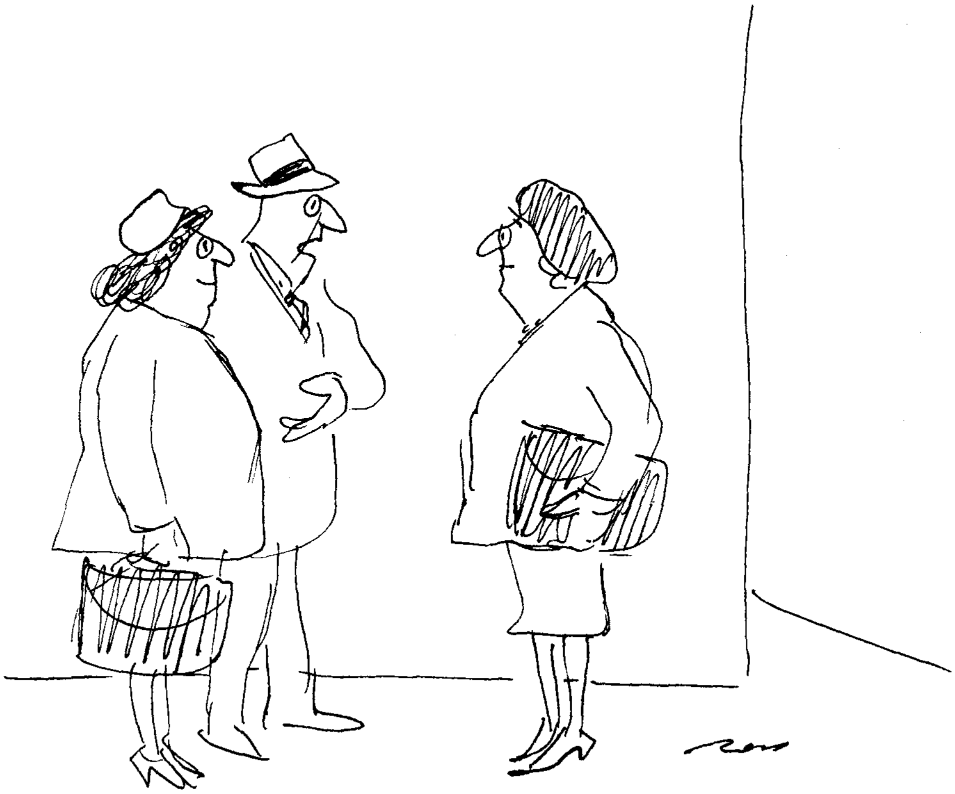
Maria Calegari is one of those tantalizing untypable dancers whose advent makes New York City Ballet the most phenomenal ballerina breeding ground in the world. Calegari's repertory just now includes roles that have probably never before been covered by the same dancer: second pas de trois in "Agon," Ricercata in "Episodes," Choleric in "The Four Temperaments," the "angel" in "Serenade;" she does "Swan Lake" and the *first* movement of "Symphony in C;" in addition to the roles she originated in "Glass Pieces," "Gershwin Concerto," and "La Création du Monde"—roles in which she's as glamorous and aloof as a forties movie star—she dances Suzanne Farrell's role in "Rossini Quartets," Sara Leland's in "Symphony in Three Movements," and Violette Verdy's in "Dances at a Gathering." That's about as broad a range and as improbable a composite image as one can have, yet the complete Calegari may still be waiting to be exposed. In nearly every one of these parts, she reveals some vital new facet; she fills out the steps in a way you hadn't expected, calling on deeper reserves of strength or larger powers of comprehension than could have been inferred from whatever you saw her in last time. Calegari doesn't just take a role, she claims it. She gives apparently definitive performances in her oddball range of parts, but she herself eludes definition. Looking at her, watching her move, you wonder where it all comes from, and she keeps you guessing even about basic characteristics. Is she short or tall, delicate or strong, fiery or cool, dramatic or lyrical, adagio or allegro? A few things are clear: Calegari is thin (very). She has coppery red hair and exceptionally pale skin—so pale, in fact, that her moods seem to inhabit a spectrum of paleness: she can look hothouse or ice-cold or bled-out, as if skim milk ran in her veins. The pallor—a quality she shares with Farrell—is a part of her presence, but it isn't the color of her energy. (It is with Farrell. In her prodigious youth, Farrell's whiteness had a metaphysical impact, like the whiteness of the whale.) It may actually prevent you from seeing her energy. And her turnout is such that in poses en face or écarté she almost loses a dimension, she's so flat. But when she begins to move that flatness disappears. Calegari is one of the most plastically alive dancers in the company.

Her performance in the "Agon" pas de trois is the best I can recall seeing since the original one, by Melissa Hayden, but where Hayden gave the fast movements a fine slamming brio and the slow ones a sinuous play, Calegari gives them all a continuously liquid classical articulation that, without blurring the contrasts, blends them with meshlike intricacy. It's the same dance, more tightly knit. The "Spanish" solo, with its insistent contrapposto, is a good place to see Calegari's angular limbs and trunk acquire solidity and shapeliness. But while she steps into high relief the dance remains mysteriously veiled, its accents now lightly, now forcefully punctuated, its torsions strict or less strict, its continuity a supple twisting weave flecked with nuggets that catch the light. In Spanish-dance terms, she might be Argentinita, whereas Hayden was closer to Carmen Amaya. Calegari could probably stand to gain a few pounds. The bony clavicle, the bony knees under a classical tutu, and the drawn, heavy-lidded prettiness of the face prepare you for Pre-Raphaelite languor, not for incisive expression and baroque richness of plastique. "Plastique" is an old-fashioned word to apply to a Balanchine dancer, but that's the point. In Balanchine's company, there are many brilliant executants of steps; Calegari is also a brilliant executant of shapes. When, in "Agon," she does a step done by the men—a backward lunge-kick braced from the heel—she shows the toughness and curtness of the step and also the mechanism of it. The elastic expansion of the kick as it pulls back from the heel is related to the wonderful effect she achieves when she strikes an arabesque: you see her simultaneously stretching and holding the shape. She doesn't "lock"—doesn't stop stretching once the shape has appeared.



Working for Balanchine, most dancers learn to show a keen moment-by-moment musical responsiveness. Calegari, by the constant vivacity of her sense of design, expresses something more. "Plastique" becomes not only the clear statement of bodily gesture in space and time but the clear sense of that gesture as part of the architecture of a whole ballet. In "Symphony in Three Movements," she has a dual role as the athletic "American" of the first movement and the introverted "Oriental" of the second, dancing a cryptic, jasmine-scented pas de deux with Jock Soto. Calegari keeps the tension of the duality running throughout the duet, tightening her body evasively or releasing it in gestures of broad compliance. Balanchine could have cast two different women. The fact that he didn't poses no mystery to Calegari, and his ruminations on the ballet's subject, which is the Second World War (the war at home, the war in the Pacific), become that much clearer. In "Serenade," the Calegari arabesque appears like a bow drawn taut above the fallen body of the heroine, and it keeps its full-out stretch as the man invisibly turns it full circle, once, twice. This exalted moment never fails to impress an audience, no matter who executes it. Calegari shows us why it's great. Her arabesque is every arabesque anatomized—the arabesque as a sign of the infinite. It's odd to think of Calegari as she used to be some years ago, with her hyperextended joints and too pliant back. She was baroque in a way she couldn't control—she flopped about. Now she's magnetic. The gift she is developing—rare indeed—is the ability to show the way movement works in everything she dances.

Maria Calegari attained principal-dancer status this past year. Valentina Kozlova and Leonid Kozlov were granted it upon entering the company this spring. They were given a handful of roles, which they danced commendably on the whole. Kozlova has the small head, wasp waist, and long legs of the average New York City Ballet dancer. Her thighs are full but the hips are incompletely turned out—not lifted away from the thighs, like N.Y.C.B. hips—and the force of her pointwork doesn't flow from the articulation of her legs. She was trained in the Bolshoi tradition of neoclassicism, which is thought to have features in common with Balanchine; there, however, hyperextended knees would seem to be orthodox, and the placement of the pelvis against the spine is markedly non-Balanchine. Her husband is the male model of a Bolshoi technician; his dancing is buoyant, large, unreproachably clear: a plain, gray style. Like most Bolshoi men, he tends to sink his weight into his hips and thighs; this drops his center of gravity to about a foot below that of the Americans and Danish-Americans of N.Y.C.B.'s male wing. The disadvantage to the Kozlovs of appearing in Balanchine's choreography in the midst of Balanchine's company is obvious. Their best joint appearance was their first, in the Fall section of Robbins' "The Four Seasons." Stylistically, the choreography is hospitable to Russian-trained dancers, and Robbins helped them out some more with a few adjustments. The patented star performances they gave weren't unseemly, but though they tried not to repeat that style of performance in their other Balanchine-Robbins roles, they are all too evidently used to their own kind of stardom. Kozlova, cast in the new Helgi Tomasson ballet, performed diligently and effectively at first. As her confidence grew, she took on more and more of an official Bolshoi presiding-officer manner. Even for dancers trained in compatible schools, it takes two or three years of breaking in for the company style to take hold. Adam Lüders and Ib Andersen, products of Copenhagen's Royal Ballet, are good cases in point. Andersen, who joined N.Y.C.B. in 1980, is just now becoming assimilated, and he—like Baryshnikov in the season of 1978-79—was rushed through role after role in what Balanchine used to call the Strasbourg-goose treatment. The sparing use of the Kozlovs and the indeterminate results of it at the season's end left open the question of why they had been hired in the first place. A look at the company roster reveals a shortage of ballerinas in active service. Some of these women have been put out by injury; some, past their prime, are just fading away. The cadet ranks are full, but no real ballerina candidate has emerged since Calegari. Can it be that the great ballerina breeding ground is going fallow? Right now, all one can say is that the shortage is acute, and Kozlova is a long-term proposition at best.



"Are you kidding? Zelda, here, has seen 'Gone with the Wind' a hundred and eighty times!"

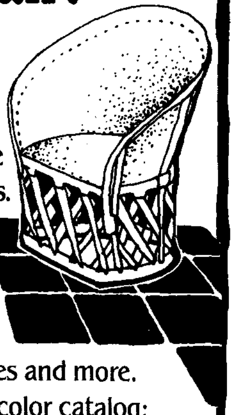
• •

The burden of vacant roles fell most heavily on Heather Watts, who throve on it. Being the workhorse of the repertory seemed to stimulate her; she danced almost nightly for nine weeks and was always fresh. Watts can be underrated just because she is so dependable; some of her performances this season went beyond valiant repping to reveal an interpretive flair. She was especially brilliant in the lighter Balanchine. In the effervescence of "Donizetti Variations" and "Who Cares?" (as the girl who dances "Embraceable You" and "My One and Only") she found a kind of momentum. Watts is always a pleasure to see in pirouettes and jumps. The entrechats with upflung arm in "Donizetti," the retirés sautés in "My One and Only," and the whirling finale (the "Merrill Ashley" coda) were festive moments that branded themselves on the eye. But in the course of a variation or a pas de deux she has a tendency to coast—to stop dancing and fill in with indications about the point of a passage. Watts always knows the "story" of the dance; she isn't always able to project it steadily. Nevertheless, things happened for her this season. They happened for Ib Andersen, too: new hunger, new range had come into his dancing. He also seemed newly centered; the flyweight quality is disappearing, and with it the little-boy look that made him an inappropriate partner for big women. He paired beautifully with Watts in "Donizetti Variations" and with Stephanie Saland in "Robert Schumann's 'Davidsbündlertänze.' " In "Mozartiana," he supported Farrell as if the pas de deux were a dialogue between the two of them—which it is.

Vacant roles in a repertory this size allow for plenty of experiments, and some have to fail. Saland was wonderful in "Davidsbündlertänze" but not in the Symphony of "Episodes." Elyse Borne was charming in another role vacated by Sara Leland, the Explosions Polka of "Vienna Waltzes." But those of us who had seen Leland and loved her randy Belle Watling quality will always miss her. A very big "but" must be lodged against the casting of David McNaughton, Katrina Killian, and Gen Horiuchi in classical roles. These are maverick talents—dancers with the kind of physical and technical equipment which one would more reasonably expect to see in character or specialty roles. (Along with some other more promising dancers who are also being featured—Nichol Hlinka, Stacy Caddell, Lisa and Alexia Hess, Susan Gluck, Jock Soto—they make up a sizable influx of short people; it's as if the company were experiencing an attack of the tinies.) The surprise performance of the season was turned in by Sean Lavery, cast against type in "Who Cares?" One might have expected the technical perfection—indeed, one winced at it only last winter—but where did this loose and lighthearted song-and-dance man come from? "Who Cares?" did no harm to Lavery's technique; his dancing was as pure and his partnering as courtly as ever. What it did do was take the starch—that stiffly conscious *classique* quality—out of him and open up his personality. Lavery must be one of the few male dancers who can grin right out at the public without appearing to be trying to put the make on us. His breakthrough is an individual triumph. But it is also part of the new performing spirit that the company has been showing for the past year. Nearly all the ballets I have been mentioning—"Who Cares?" and "Donizetti" and "Vienna Waltzes" and "Davidsbündlertänze" and "Symphony in Three Movements" in particular—have been good not just because of one or two dancers but because of everyone in the cast. And this ensemble spirit or morale is new; it isn't a quality I have associated with New York City Ballet (or with any other ballet company except the Royal of England). The fact that one can now talk of esprit de corps at N.Y.C.B. means, of course, that the company is reacting to Balanchine's passing with a burst of conviction. It is eager to prove itself anew in all departments. Tomasson's "Ballet d'Isoline," which is very much in the Balanchine-divertissement tradition, was given a company première of massed might. Farrell, partnered by Peter Martins, brought dramatic tension to the ballerina role. Peter Frame led the male quintet. Robert Irving, with his special tenderness for French theatre music, conducted the Messager score. Scenically, it was a two-chandelier ballet. The tutus and tunics were by Ben Benson in his favorite shade of blue (Ben blue). Tomasson may fulfill the hopes that have been pinned on him, especially if he can continue to choreograph, as he has here, sparkling innovative classical dances for men. This could lift the general level of male technique in the company to parity with the female level, and *that* would make it the highest in the world.

Tomasson has been an invaluable interpreter of the Balanchine repertory for something over a decade, and, to judge by "Ballet d'Isoline," he has stored up a great deal of information. When he joined the company, Balanchine had just about completed the run of great roles which were interpreted and inspired by Edward Villella. With Tomasson, as with Martins and the Danish dancers who followed Martins into the company, Balanchine explored a new range of brilliance. The standard in male dancing became softer, more plangent and romantic. This is a generalization, of course; there are aspects of Villella's roles and of earlier roles created for other men which exemplify those values. But the culmination of Balanchine's explorations in the seventies was the development of a masculine style as light, fluid, and complex as the style for women. Tomasson's solo in "Divertimento from 'Le Baiser de la Fée,'" Martins' solos in "Duo Concertant" and "Chaconne," and Andersen's in "Mozartiana" took squareness and percussiveness out of male dancing. As a solution to the problem of technical limitation, they were far more plausible than the attempts of dancers like Rudolf Nureyev and Anthony Dowell to raid the female technical vocabulary, and they were beautiful compositions as well. But Balanchine did not worry about more than one man—one virtuoso—at a time. Tomasson's male quintet, which is of a daring complexity and musical refinement, proposes that the new style become a group endeavor, and it's an exciting prospect.

SOME of the troubles that American Ballet Theatre has been having in its long season at the Met—underfull houses, unenthusiastic or negative reviews—can be laid to the effects of the labor dispute that put the dancers out of work for nine weeks last fall, disrupting company schedules and causing the cancellation of at least one major production. The Met hasn't helped by charging forty dollars for every seat in the orchestra. But most of the problems stem unavoidably from the general condition of ballet in the eighties, which is not favorable to the kind of institution that A.B.T. is. The fading away of the star careers that supported the company through the boom years of the seventies hasn't been balanced by the rise of new stars from within the ranks. That is because A.B.T. is fundamentally a showcase and not, like New York City Ballet, a breeding



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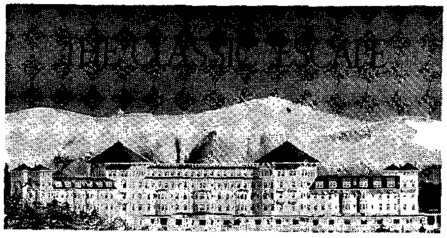

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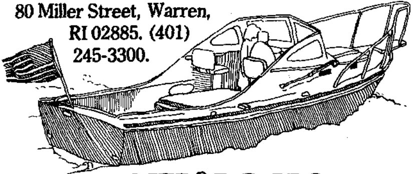

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ground. (That N.Y.C.B. should now be facing a shortage of ballerinas in addition to its perennial shortage of men may be an index to the general discomfort of the eighties.)

Mikhail Baryshnikov took over the direction of Ballet Theatre with the intention of raising technical standards of execution in the corps and strengthening middle-rank soloists. He has done both those things. He also promised to promote talent from within the ranks instead of bringing in outsiders, but he has not been able to make stars of the likes of Susan Jaffe, Cheryl Yeager, Robert La Fosse, and Peter Fonseca. His great successes have been Magali Messac and Patrick Bissell, who are often featured together and who are now the brightest dancers in the company after Baryshnikov himself. The Baryshnikov policy has not affected the A.B.T. star pattern nearly as much as the critics suggest. The careers of Cynthia Gregory, Fernando Bujones, and Gelsey Kirkland are sad stories of great talent sacrificed to unworthy notions of stardom, and the sacrifice—self-willed in all three cases—was under way before Baryshnikov stepped in. The top of the roster shows the usual quota of reliable soloists, hot performers, and public favorites; these people may be valuable, but they don't carry a company. There is the grand Martine van Hamel, who even if she had been dancing at her best this season could scarcely have provided the company with what it needs most—a partner for Baryshnikov. And where else would a partner come from? The few alluring young ballerinas who have turned up around the world are unavailable; their companies cling to them like pearls beyond price. It is suggested that Baryshnikov bring in guest stars in the bad old A.B.T. tradition, to prop a sagging box office. Again, whom could he bring? Stars are not what they used to be. The international scene is a pretty desolate one. The Ballet National de Marseille, which will follow Ballet Theatre into the Met, has never before played Lincoln Center and has been persuaded to bring in, as guests, Natalia Makarova, Rudolf Nureyev, Richard Cragun, and Patrick Dupond, all of whom appeared at their peak with A.B.T. in the flush years. Predictably, the only excitement will be caused by the Paris Opéra's Dupond, who is still at his peak. The years of glittering peripatetic stars are over, and companies like A.B.T. are being forced to cultivate their gardens in economically uncongenial times.

The panacea urged upon Ballet Theatre in the old days (by me, among others) was more and better coaching. The standards in the nineteenth-century classics were being set by the Royal Ballet and the Russian companies; A.B.T., then the only American company to attempt "the classics," lacked the proper style. Today, A.B.T. has a staff of coaches of the best pedigree; the Royal and the Kirov are both represented. However Yeager in "La Sylphide" and Jaffe in "Giselle" may have looked, they did not look uncoached. But they failed to deliver. The starlet system at A.B.T. isn't working out because the plum roles don't seem to mean anything to these girls. Jaffe is really astonishing; she doesn't look uncomfortable in the star spot, like Yeager, yet she has no idea what she's there for—no imaginative grasp of the material, no capacity for expressive movement (as distinct from the striking execution of steps), no sense of identification with the character. The performance is rote-work of a kind I don't think I've ever seen before. If Giselle herself called Jaffe up during the Mad Scene, she'd get a busy signal. And Jaffe is as abstracted in modern works. In Robbins' "Other Dances," she appeared to be concentrating not on what she was doing but on what she would do next; her main worry was making a performance come off. Her partner, La Fosse, was just as mechanical. It's strange to see two strong young dancers throw away opportunity like this. But stranger things have happened at Ballet Theatre.

In a smart move, Baryshnikov revived "Three Virgins and a Devil," the old Agnes de Mille piece. It comes to little more than a sketch, recalling some sophisticated revue of the forties, but Baryshnikov doesn't need a partner in it. His role, which is that of the Devil seducing souls, is fat and silly, and his performance is pure Mack Sennett. He can twitch, cringe, beg, plead, snarl, wheedle, prance on tiptoe, gallop apace, round corners on a hopalong foot, or fall over stiff as a plank and pound the ground, sobbing, to his heart's content. He can thrash his tail, fiddle his fiddle, cuddle up to his victim, sniffling, gulping, batting his big blue eyes. Maybe for a few minutes he can even forget Ballet Theatre and its malaise.

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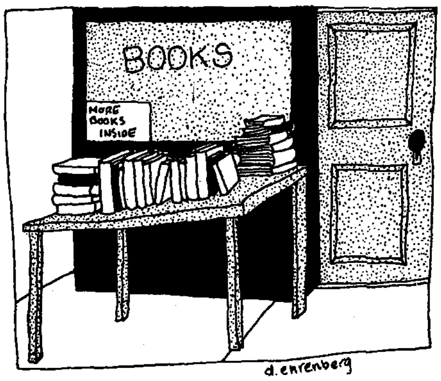
BOOKS

Business as Usual

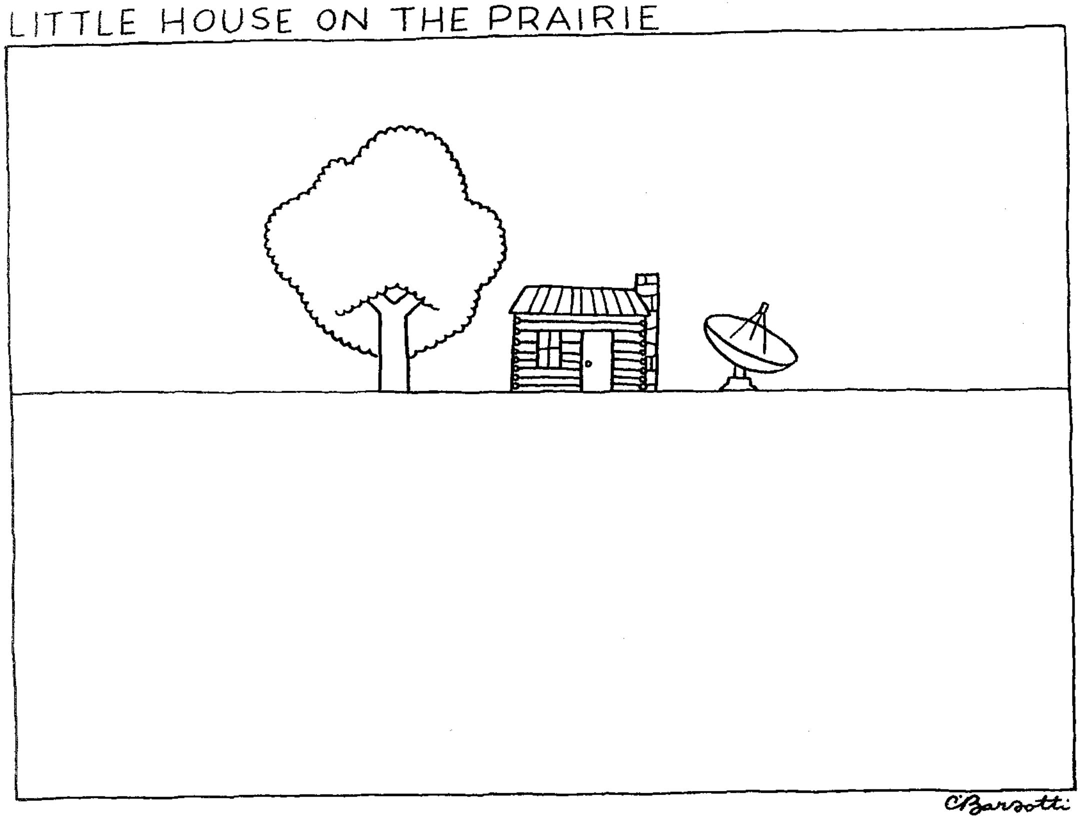
"The Wheels of Commerce," by Fernand Braudel (translated from the French by Siân Reynolds; Harper & Row; $35), is the second volume of a trilogy, "Civilization and Capitalism: 15th-18th Century." The first, "The Structures of Everyday Life," persuades us (though that is not Braudel's purpose) how lucky we are to live now, for everyday life as Braudel portrays it in those four centuries is dull, unremitting toil for the skimpiest of rewards. In "The Wheels of Commerce," by contrast, the same centuries seem busy, exhilarating, and innovative. Wherever the two volumes overlap—on the question of transportation, for example—businessmen find their way around difficulties. In Volume I, roads all over the world are mere rutted tracks, but in Volume II their bumpiness does not deter (for only one instance) a seventeenth-century Armenian merchant from travelling between Isfahan and Lhasa. Indeed, Braudel believes that in this period the greatest profits were made in long-distance trade. The first volume discusses consumption in a world where there was not enough to consume—an underdeveloped world—while the second records development. The world of the first volume seems strange and remote, but the world of the second seems to be part of a continuity that leads directly to the present. Side by side, the two volumes convince me that in advanced industrial nations technology has affected commerce and finance very little compared with the changes it has brought to other economic activities. Nowadays, Americans merely read about subsistence farming and the putting-out system of manufacturing, but our bankers and brokers do the same things they did in Braudel's period—only faster. They also use some of the same vocabulary: the stock-market expression "bull" turns up in a quotation from 1688, and "bear" and "put" were common by the eighteenth century.

The continuity strikes us from the very first chapters, which, in describing markets and fairs, shops and stalls, peddlers and travelling merchants, demonstrate that sociability has always accompanied commerce, from informal gatherings in country stores and chats in city shops to the fancier forms of business entertainment at the great fairs—feasts, plays, sideshows, gambling. Commercial instruments, such as bills of exchange, were developed before this period; Braudel thinks that the Italians, who led Europe's commercial revival, borrowed them from Muslims across the Mediterranean. Europeans were often very creative borrowers. The Genoese, for instance, founded a migratory fair that eventually settled in Piacenza between 1579 and 1622 and dealt in bills of exchange; it was, in effect, a European clearing house or bank for international settlements. Braudel suggests that the revival of secular learning, which began in Italy, grew out of the need to train merchants' apprentices. He mentions that Florence had as many as ten thousand children learning to read in primary school at a time when the city's population was less than a hundred thousand, and that as many as twelve hundred boys went on to study arithmetic and accounting until the age of fifteen. Medici Florence is a noble ancestor for the nineteenth-century business college and the twentieth-century graduate school of business.

Because of these and other similarities and continuities, many of the phenomena that Braudel records seem monitory as well as monetary. In discussing the difficulty of amassing capital for investment, he mentions the comparative costliness of fixed capital in those centuries; roads, canals, bridges, shops, farmland, and machines all deteriorated more rapidly in the preindustrial era than they did after industrialization. Still, his comment that "the deterioration of fixed capital is a pernicious economic ill" sharpens anxiety about the condition of our roads, railroads, subways, bridges, and water-supply and power systems. He notes that before the industrial revolution industry tended to move geographically, so one area after another lost economic supremacy to a successor; he adds that a study of British industry between 1700 and 1950 found that the same pattern—of an industry's rise, plateau, decline, and relocation—continued into the industrial era. Braudel cites instances of industries' moving within a nation (as, today, from Frost Belt to Sun Belt) and also from nation to nation (suggesting comparisons with our automobile industry). The familiar pattern of persuading the state to take over an industry when profits decline appears as early as the sixteenth century. At that time, astute financiers turned the mines of Central Europe over to the princes. Sometimes, however, governments broke banks: the Florentine banking house of the Bardi family collapsed in 1345, when its most important client, King Edward III of England, defaulted. (This occurrence reminds us of some of our banks' foreign loans.) One result of the mobility of industry was the mobility of artisans who followed it, seeking work. Other migratory individuals were what Braudel calls a "sub-proletariat" of vagrants and beggars—a mixed population of the unlucky, the disabled, the incompetent, and, to a lesser extent than the well-to-do asserted, the wicked. The three escape routes for these unfortunates in preindustrial Europe were organized crime, the army, and domestic service. (Of the three, only the first remains in modern America.)



Braudel's volumes are a knowledgeable inquiry into the diverse paths of economic development in history. He finds that markets were native to Eurasia and to the parts of Africa that traded with it but that outside Europe only Japan evolved capitalism. He defines, or redefines, capitalism by distinguishing it from the market economy out of which it grew, and which, he thinks, it aims to destroy. He thinks of capitalism as, typically, finance, and sees the great financiers using their power to dominate or circumvent the market, most often by trying to establish monopolies. Many of the efforts he cites—such as the German Höchstetter banking family's mercury cartel of 1529 and the Dutch Hopes' attempt to corner cochineal in 1787—failed, as did Jay Gould's effort to corner gold in 1869 and Nelson Hunt's attempt to corner silver in 1980.



LITTLE HOUSE ON THE PRAIRIE

The motives behind monopolies and cartels look like laziness—avoiding the competition of the market—or craziness: Braudel thinks of them as a gambling instinct run amok. In any case, his reserving "capitalist" and "capitalism" for large-scale ill-doing accords with the dominant usage among European intellectuals, in which capitalism is a pejorative rather than a descriptive term. Braudel's usage allows him to enjoy the vitality of the market and the élan of businessmen while demolishing a collection of late-nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century theories, including those that link capitalism to rationality or Protestantism, or assign commerce and capitalism a greater role in European history than they played. The market did, however, affect Europe more than Asia. In the seventeenth century, Surat, a port and a trading center in India, was as large as Lyons, and was home to millionaire merchants and financiers, but the "spread effect" of this Indian Venice or Amsterdam on the rest of the subcontinent was negligible, recalling the persisting blockages (caste, for instance) that Gunnar Myrdal cited in "Asian Drama." Not only diverse societies but particular areas in a single society respond differently to economic innovation: in Europe, until the close of Braudel's period, the countryside was organized by the seigneurial system, and its complex customs made a manor or a domain less profitable to an investor in farm property than uncleared land. Custom and tradition are by no means the only inhibitors of development. Political organization may be another; in China, for example, the mandarins insured that no other group challenged their top-to-bottom control of society. Braudel reminds us that the economy is but one element of a society. He lists factors that he thinks account for the swifter growth and greater productivity of the European market economy, but he does not elevate one as a single, or even a primary, cause. He also shows how concepts and values vary with time as much as with geography. The notion of money as a commodity with a price—interest—was abhorrent to early Christianity, which forbade all forms of interest as usury. However, according to Braudel, in the fourth century St. Ambrose of Milan permitted usury while trading with one's enemy in a just war. Braudel points out that the saint thereby sanctioned Christian's doing business with Muslims—who did not yet exist—in the Crusades to come. During Braudel's centuries, war did not necessarily interrupt trade—a reminder of how recent are the paramount claims of the nation state. He shows, too, how long it took European philosophy to distinguish between a usurer taking advantage of distress and an investor financing an enterprise. European practice, rather than European theory, guided the growth of European business, Braudel thinks. Perhaps we should be more tolerant of the errors of economic theorists, given the youth of their subject.

Braudel commands our admiration for his judgment in asking fruitful questions and his diligence in answering them. He works on a large scale—nothing less than the worldwide trading network—and organizes fine details to show his facts as life. When, for example, the prudent brother in an eighteenth-century trading partnership reminds the daring brother of his acute early poverty, we recognize the timeless talent of kinfolk for taking each other down a peg. Braudel also unifies vast historic phenomena: he explains that by the close of the sixteenth century the prosperity of Western Europe had created a new demand for food and raw materials, to which the great landowners of Eastern Europe responded by reënserfing the peasants, and to which the colonists in South America, the West Indies, and, later, North America responded by introducing plantation slavery. The result, alas, was the political backwardness that helped bring on our Civil War, two World Wars, and Latin America's continuing perplexities: an illustration of how the evil that men do does indeed live after them, and an illustration all the more terrifying because these ill consequences were not only unintended but unimaginable.

Braudel's absorbing and imposing volumes leave us awed at the work that he has accomplished and also at the work that needs to be done before we can begin to understand the past. He frequently notes subjects for further investigation and presents his own ideas as a start, not an end, to study and reflection about the relations between a culture's social institutions—the shape of its family, for instance, which he thinks extremely important—and its economic development. In his

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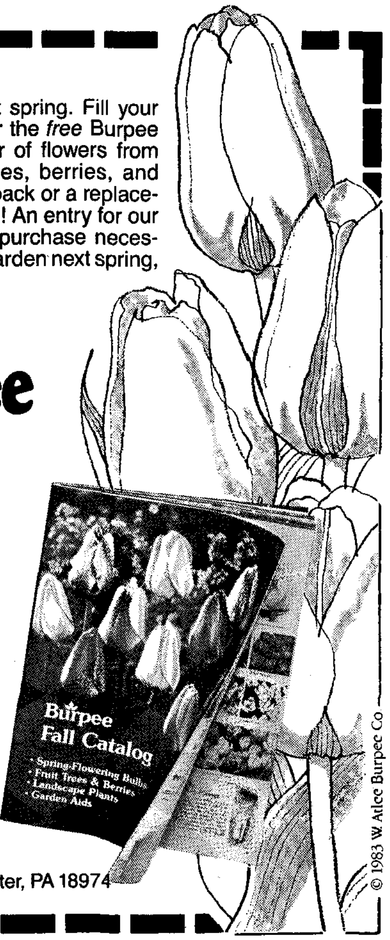

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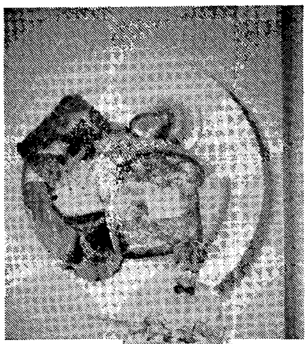

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BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

MODERN BAPTISTS, by James Wilcox (Dial; $14.95). Modern Baptists—at least those in Tula Springs, Louisiana—are permitted to drink. Bobby Pickens, the assistant manager at the Sonny Boy Bargain Store, is one of these, and so is the beautiful salesgirl Toinette (whose favorite drink is bourbon and Tab), whom Bobby seems unable to make aware of his adoring existence. To this end, he steals her watch at work, planning to pretend to find it and so start up a conversation. But Toinette runs at once to Mr. Randy, the manager, and reports the theft, and Bobby is left conscience-stricken—and a thief. And then Bobby's worldly half brother, F.X., walks in (having done a term in prison for selling cocaine) and makes himself at home. Mr. Wilcox is in every natural respect a writer of today, but he is also a precocious master of old-fashioned farce, and this novel, his first, is a wonderfully funny explosion of comedy that is solidly based, as a good comic novel must be, on a serious understanding of life.

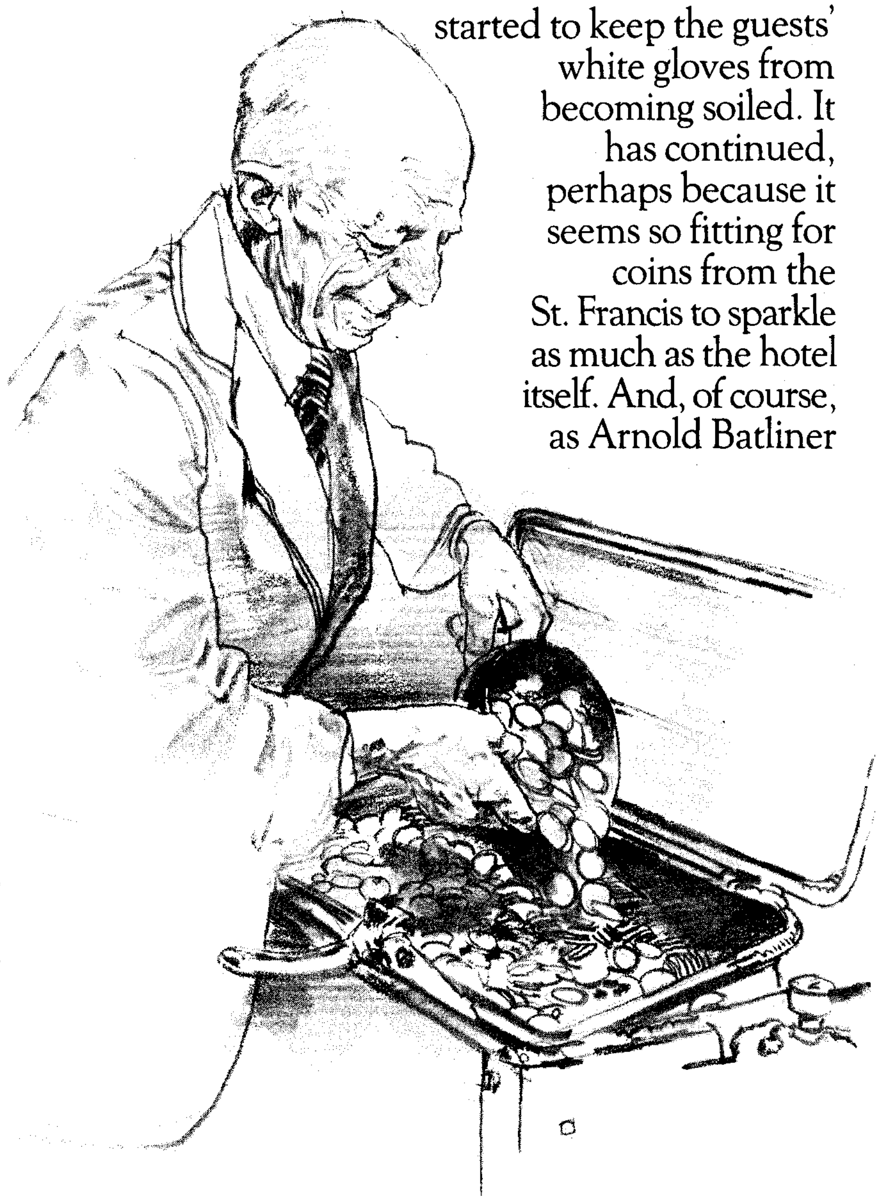
GUSLIAR WONDERS, by Kirill Bulychev, translated from the Russian by Roger DeGaris (Macmillan; $16.95). A delightful collection of fifteen short stories, the author's second contribution to Macmillan's "Best of Soviet Science Fiction" series. There are some high-tech gadgets and some interplanetary cruises, but the spirit is playful and the focus is on a universe that books and microscopes can reveal. "If It Hadn't Been for Mikhail" seems to be about magical metal, but it turns out to be about mushrooms and spores. "Tale of the Turnip" is set on and inside a thriving planet that mines and exports (to Earth, among other places) nutritious ore from gigantic tubers. "A Difficult Child" features an orphaned alien (picked up from a sort of orbiting bassinet) aptly named Ker, with bat wings and a nasty temper, whose favorite answer is "Because." The climax of the story is a bubblists' competition—when the globular craft assemble, the effect is dazzling—but the ending involves a canoe trip.

The last seven stories are set in Gusliar, the sort of sleepy town favored by the sort of aliens who have, say, three legs, red eyes, and forty-clawed paws, and who wear eyeglasses and speak fractured slang. Such a one, appearing before an especially imaginative Gusliarian the instant he turns off his television, explains the risks involved in time travel. "A mistake," he warns, "and it is currants."

GENERAL

Chronicle of My Mother, by Yasushi Inoue, translated from the Japanese by Jean Oda Moy (Kodansha International; $14.95). In an introduction, Jean Oda Moy explains that the three sections of this gentle memoir were written and first published at five-year intervals. In "Under the Blossoms" (1964), the author and his three siblings face the fact that their eighty-year-old mother (widowed at seventy-five) has grown senile and can no longer live on her own in her remote village. In later pages, Mr. Inoue will try out several metaphors to describe her affliction—fog, concealing her past; an eraser, wiping out her memory; a fan, brushing away the details—but the one he returns to is a scratched record: she asks one question again and again (until her children themselves are ready to crack) and then she skips to something else. In "The Light of the Moon" (1969), her children (among whose households she is shuttled, more or less against her will) realize that she only rarely realizes that they are not strangers. "The Surface of the Snow" (1974) ends with her dignified funeral, but up until the end she acts like a spoiled brat; on one occasion, she reminds the author of his five-year-old granddaughter. There are several other unnerving moments, all recalled with a touch of humor. When she asks "That man who's been writing there every day has died, hasn't he?" a moment passes before Mr. Inoue understands that she is talking about him.

Lost in the Cosmos: The Last Self-Help Book, by Walker Percy (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $14.95). A diverting restatement of the by now familiar notion that the loss of some kinds of certainty essential to emotional well-being—a loss common in modern societies—is due to the decay of formal or traditional



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religious faith. Mr. Percy takes this theme through a series of parody variations: of test-yourself quizzes, for example, and science-fiction sagas. He draws on semiotics, Existentialism, newspapers, books, anecdotes, movies, jokes, and random facts. These sources reflect the fragmentation of our culture, and one recognizes in Mr. Percy's comic and grotesque juxtapositions of the grand and the petty something akin to a general confession.

MIRANDA: CRIME, LAW, AND POLITICS, by Liva Baker (Atheneum; $22.95). The story of Miranda v. Arizona—the individuals involved in the crime (kidnapping and rape), the trials, the appeals, and the Supreme Court decision of 1966, along with the attempts to make political profit out of opposing that ruling. Mrs. Baker explains the steps by which the Supreme Court began extending the protections of the Bill of Rights to state as well as federal courts, how the Warren Court had divided on this issue, and how the arrival of Justice Fortas produced the Miranda majority. The Republicans attacked the decision in the 1968 Presidential election, for coddling criminals and hampering law enforcement. Mrs. Baker recalls how President Nixon sought, in selecting justices who compose the Burger Court, a panel that would share his views, but the Court has not reversed the decision, state courts have grown more sensitive to the rights of defendants, and police find they can comply with Miranda and do their work. (When, in response to the Court's decision, Ernest Miranda won a new trial, which excluded his confession, the prosecution found new evidence, and he was convicted.) An irony in this often ironic narrative is that Nixon's former law-and-order Attorney General Mitchell unsuccessfully appealed his Watergate conviction on the rationale of Miranda.

THE LETTERS OF MARGARET FULLER—VOLUME I: 1817-1838 and VOLUME II: 1839-1841, edited by Robert N. Hudspeth (Cornell; $50). Margaret Fuller (1810-50) shares with Poe the honor of being America's first serious literary critic. She was forced into a career by economic necessity. Her father, a lawyer and a farmer, died in 1835, leaving little money to his widow and children. Margaret, the oldest child, supported herself and helped her family by teaching, by writing, and by editing the magazine *The Dial*, which she founded with Emerson. These letters begin with a seven-year-old child's attempts to win her father's approval and progress to a self-portrait of an eager young woman with a sense of fun, a thirst for learning, and a keen appreciation of the arts. The background of these volumes—the cultural life of nineteenth-century New England—makes Margaret Fuller's contributions the more imposing: she stands out in brilliant company.

CHILDREN WITHOUT CHILDHOOD, by Marie Winn (Pantheon; $13.95). This short essay argues that American parents have abdicated authority over their children and ceased to provide the emotional and spiritual protection that modern Western civilization has routinely accorded the young. Indeed, Miss Winn suggests, we are regressing almost to medieval norms, which scarcely distinguished between adult and child. She believes the reasons for this include more frequent divorces and more numerous working mothers; popular misconceptions of psychological theories; the passivity engendered by two generations of television watching; and events in society—Watergate, for one—that have tended to bring all authority into disrepute. Miss Winn describes how the autonomy now offered the young, which is beyond their capabilities, more closely resembles desertion than freedom and has proved damaging to many adolescents. She asks us to recognize that "a highly complicated civilization cannot afford to shorten the period of nurture and protection of its immature members."

LANGSTON HUGHES: BEFORE AND BEYOND HARLEM, by Faith Berry (Lawrence Hill; $19.95 cloth, $12.95 paper). This biography fills in gaps in Hughes' two volumes of autobiography, "The Big Sea" and "I Wonder as I Wander." (Hughes was reticent about his private self to the point of obscurantism.) His experience of the twentieth century was astonishingly varied—the street life of poor blacks in America before the civil-rights revolution; the Harlem "Renaissance" of the nineteen-twenties; Paris in the American-expatriate years; Soviet Russia (where for a time in the nineteen-thirties he lived and wrote as an enthusiast of the socialist experiment); Spain

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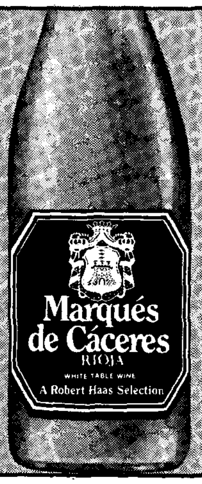

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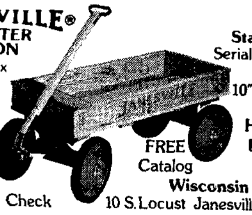

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during the Civil War; and journeys to Africa, Latin America, and the Far East, first as a merchant seaman, later as a cultural emissary for the State Department and as an acclaimed intellectual hero of the Third World. Miss Berry, who is a strong admirer of her subject (she is a founding member of the Langston Hughes Society), is nevertheless a good friendly critic. She leaves no doubt that Hughes was a major poet.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

HELL BENT FOR HEAVEN, by Shannon OCork (St. Martin's; $12.95). T.T. (for Theresa Tracy) Baldwin is a photographer for the New York *Graphic*—tough but not hard-boiled, resolute, resourceful, brave to the point almost of idiocy, an attractive strawberry blonde, and very good at her job, and in this, her third encounter with the evil that lurks in the hearts of men, she finds herself covering a rodeo at Madison Square Garden below the surface of which the most exotic shenanigans boil and bubble. Miss OCork, her creator, is equally good at her job, equally tough and resourceful. She is especially good at describing complicated processes and procedures; at action large (there is a cattle stampede in Times Square here) and small (there is a life-and-death struggle in a crypt in a morgue); and in the fullness of character she lavishes on T.T.

•

Dr. David Armor of Family Health Care, 300 Mulberry Street, Scottdale was the guest speaker at the Little Learner Pre-School, Hunker on Monday, May 23. Pictured from left to right are Mike Wile of Hunker; Robin Humbrecht of Ruffsdale; Lynnley DeBernardo of Ruffsdale; Dr. Armor and Mrs. Jane Lauffer, Little Learner director. Dr. Armor spoke to the three, four and five year olds on X-rays, charts, discs and the spinal column and its relationship to the nerve system.—*Photo caption in the Mount Pleasant (Pa.) Journal.*

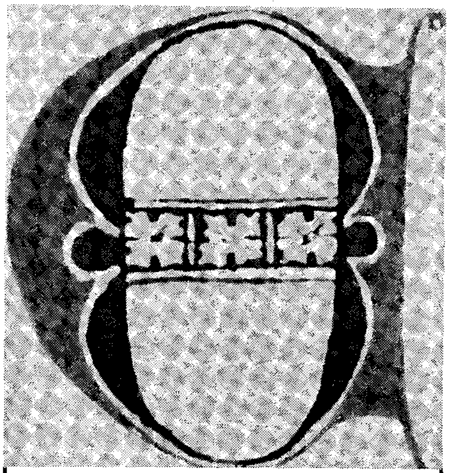
And then it was time for the little learners' nap.

•

I suppose most of us have our favorite television news teams. Mine is the Channel 2 team. The two main reasons I like Channel 2 news are Jess Marlow and Connie Chung, and another reason is that there are no members of the staff who says things like "It has been a busy time for he and his family."

No one is perfect, though.—*Los Angeles Times.*

No.



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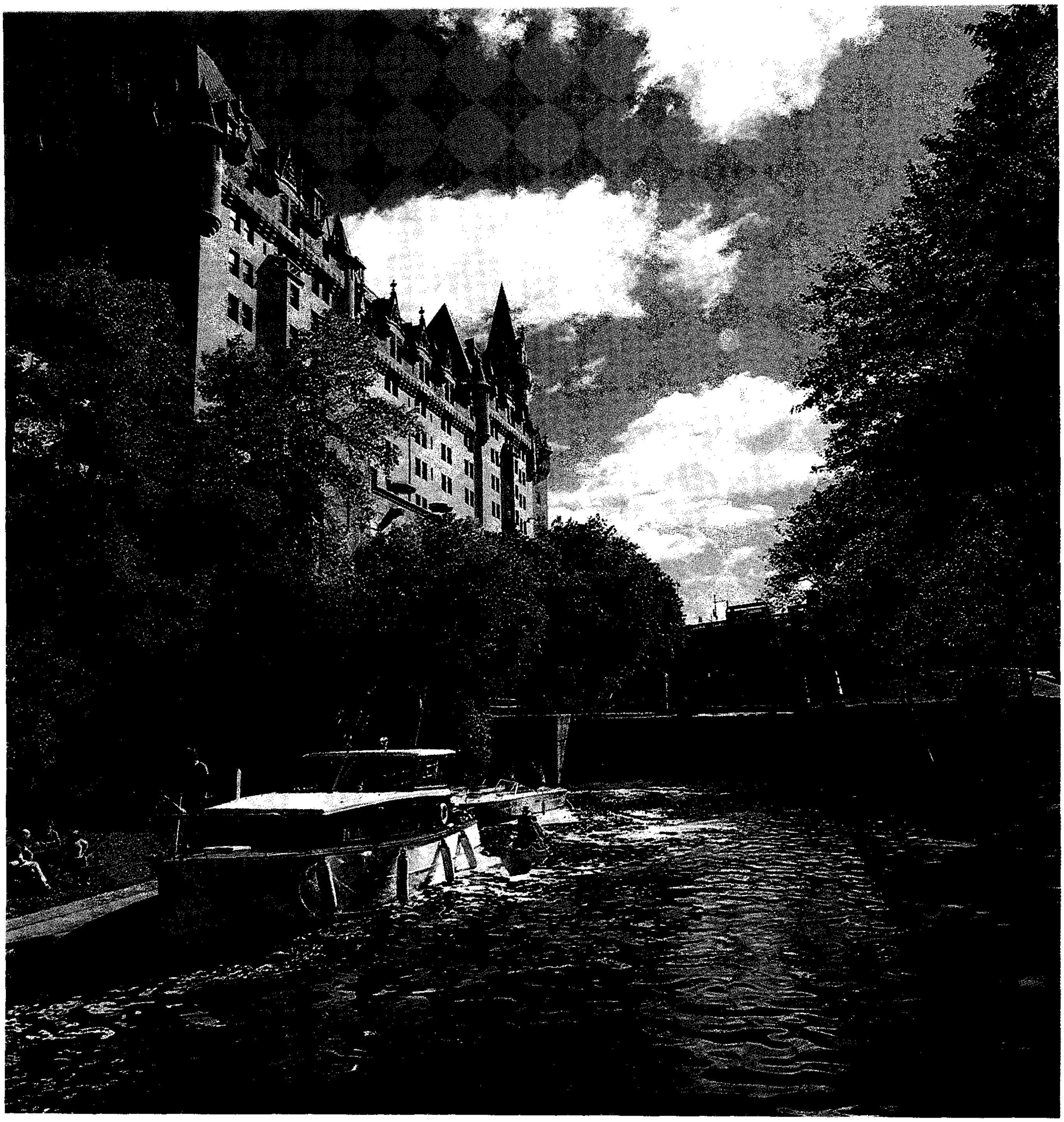

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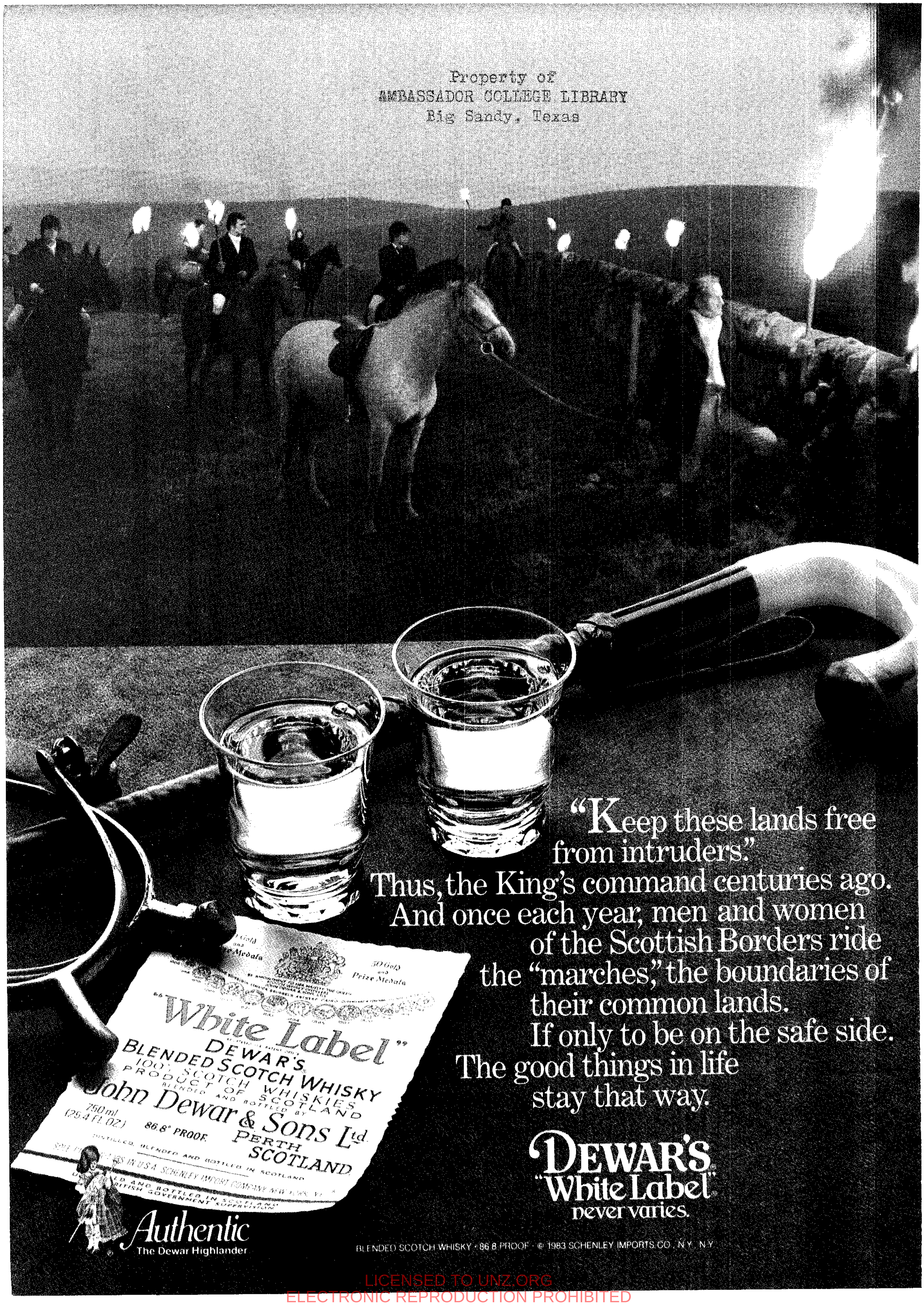
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